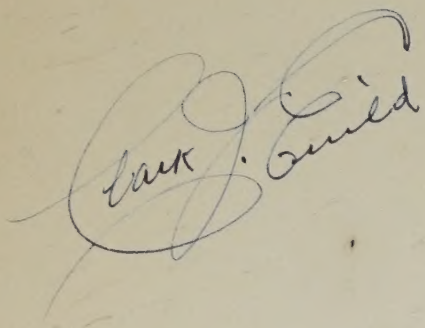

LEGAL LAUGHS

A JOKE FOR EVERY JURY

BY

GUS C. EDWARDS

LEGAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
CLARKESVILLE, :: :: :: :: GEORGIA

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SECOND PRINTING

J. F. TAPLEY CO.
NEW YORK

DEDICATED

to the man whose
practice of twenty-five
years at the bar has made of
him a stronger, better man, and
whose pure ideals of justice and
fine sense of honor and noble
methods of practice lighted
the fires of ambition
in the lives of his
two sons who are
now associa-
ted with
him in
Law,

My Father,

JAMES CALLAWAY
EDWARDS.

and

To My Mother,

EMMA EUGENIA WYNN EDWARDS,

whose companionship and counsel
made pleasant for him the pathway of his progress.

The difference between a good, clean joke and a dirty, rotten one is like the difference between a drink of pure, clean, clear, crystal water and a drink of muddy, filthy water. Both kinds of jokes will make you laugh, and both kinds of water will quench your thirst. But the good, clean, clear water leaves a sweet, wholesome taste in your mouth, like the clean joke leaves in your mind; while the dirty, muddy water leaves a foul and unpleasant sensation after drinking just as the unclean joke leaves the mind stained and contaminated after hearing.

—Gus C. Edwards.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

No originality is claimed for this production aside from the idea. Never before has there been a book of this kind gotten out expressly for the lawyers.

Since my boyhood it has been my ambition to become a member of the profession which my honored father has loved with so many years of hard work, consistent study and application of the fine principles which I know him to hold and exercise in his practice of the legal profession.

A few years ago, while in college, I began to clip out and save anecdotes relating in any wise to lawyers, courts and laws, with the idea of filing them away in such a manner as to be of use to me, when admitted to the bar, in presenting argument to juries. Knowing the value of the apt illustration, and especially of the humorous kind, in court practice, it has occurred to me that other lawyers might desire a codified collection of jokes, and thus the present volume.

In compiling this book, I have used every endeavor to keep out of its pages what is commonly called the "dirty joke." The profane or vulgar joke has no place in this book, and in my mind, no place in the court-house, or anywhere else for that matter.

Also, in selecting these jokes, it has been my desire to eliminate the stale and futile anecdotes and to put in only those which possess laugh-producing qualities sufficient for the purpose.

GUS C. EDWARDS.

Clarkesville, Ga., August 15, 1914.

INTRODUCTORY

The success which rewarded the efforts put forth in producing the first copies of "LEGAL LAUGHS —A JOKE FOR EVERY JURY" is animating, and makes doubly pleasant the work of revision necessary in presenting the second edition of the book. And, as the young lawyer pleaded his youth and inexperience in further support of a poorly-managed case, so, on the same grounds, the writer asks for a tempered decision on the part of the legal and literary professions in considering the former edition.

If this book shall serve the purpose contemplated, that of helping to make the world brighter, happier and better by reason of its power to enliven the public and private lives of my friends at the bar, I shall be glad.

Sincerely,

GUS C. EDWARDS.

Clarkesville, Georgia, May 15, 1915.

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LEGAL LAUGHS

"Keep hold of the cord of Laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far."

ABDUCTION

On one occasion, Governor "Dick" Oglesby went down to Joliet to inspect the State prison, and in one of the cells he found a very ugly man. "How did you get in here?" asked Oglesby.

"Abduction," was the reply; "I tried to run off with a girl, and they caught me."

"I'll pardon you as soon as I get back to Springfield," said the Governor; "I don't see how you could expect to get a wife in any other way."

ABSTRACT OF TITLES

"How about that girl who married the duke?"

"She has entered suit."

"For divorce so soon?"

"No; against the company that guaranteed his title."

ACCORD AND SATISFACTION

There is a lawyer in Chicago, for some years a police magistrate, who was a natural peacemaker and always endeavored to smooth over any slight differences between the persons brought before him.

Once, when the charge involved was for technical assault, it came out in the course of evidence that the

parties were neighbors, and had formerly been on the best of terms.

"This is too bad, too bad!" commented the judge. "And between such old friends! Is this not a case that might be settled out of court?"

"I'm sorry to say that it can't be done, your Honor," remarked the plaintiff, seriously. "I thought of that myself, but the coward won't fight."

ACQUITTAL

A man brought before the court in Biddeford, Maine, on a charge of vagrancy, when asked by the judge to give his name, answered, "David Gohome." The judge contracted his brows. "Your last name again?" he asked. "Gohome." "All right, go ahead," said the judge, "that's a new one on me."

* * *

A young man and young woman were brought before Justice Plowden of London. They had been caught in the act of dancing at 1 o'clock in the morning. He looked over his glasses at the two young people and remembered the days of his youth. He then quizzed the solemn policeman, who declared that the man "Vos a-ketchin' of the young vooman haround the vaist." "Did she object?" asked the magistrate. "Hobject!" exclaimed the model policeman, "not a bit of it! She vos a partner in the hoffence." Mr. Plowden, while recognizing the danger to the British commonwealth in encouraging any expression of mirth and hilarity, drew on a long face and dismissed the culprits. "Go away," he said,

with well-assumed solemnity, "go away and try to be as sad as you can."

* * *

"In time of trial," said the preacher, "what brings us the greatest comfort?"

"An acquittal!" shouted a low-brow, who should never have been admitted by the usher.

* * *

A person looking over the members of the bar, prefixed to a court calendar, wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order, "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under, "Has been tried and acquitted."

ACT AND INTENTION

"You had told your nephew's wife that she was to have your fortune when you died?" the prosecuting attorney asked.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"And you believe that the young woman sought to kill you?"

"I do," said the witness.

"What led you to form that opinion?" inquired the prosecutor. "Did she attempt to poison you?"

"Not exactly that," the uncle confessed. "But she did ask me to have another biscuit."

* * *

A little boy was once brought before a magistrate, charged with throwing stones at railway trains.

"What have you to say in answer to the serious charge?" asked his worship.

"I didn't throw no stones, sir. I was only going to," said the boy.

"Only going to!" echoed the magistrate. "Well, the intent was there, and as a deterrent I shall fine you $5."

On leaving the court the father of the boy was called back and informed that he hadn't paid the fine.

"That's so," replied the parent. "I should have done so; but, as the intent is just as good in law, why, you're paid!"

ADMINISTRATORS, ASSIGNS, ETC.

"Yonder is a lawyer who got very wealthy as an inventor."

"And what did he invent?"

"An heirship."

"Is it possible? One that would really go?"

"It went."

ADMISSION TO BAR

Will Irwin, the author, was holding forth upon the superiority of California over Florida as a winter resort.

"Florida," he said, "is too relaxing. This is due to the fetid air of the swamps.

"There's a story about a young man who was being examined for admission to the Florida bar. The examination ran thus:

" 'Young man, are you malaria-proof?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Can you ride?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Do you own a horse?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Is he a good swamp swimmer?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then, young man, I welcome you to the practice of law in this district.'"

* * *

Senator Bailey, of Texas, was once chairman of a committee to examine candidates for admission to the bar in Dallas county, and, after the examination, he reported to the presiding judge that one of the aspirants had not qualified, having answered correctly only one of the questions put to him.

"Only one?" asked the judge. "What was that one?"

"I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Bailey.

"An important question," remarked the judge, "and what was his reply?"

"He replied without the least hesitation," answered Bailey. "That fact is, of course, in his favor."

"Well, what did he say?" insisted the judge.

"He said," replied Bailey, "that he didn't know."

* * *

In the old days, when oral examinations were still the thing, an examining board was pommeling an applicant with questions from Blackstone, Kent, and other legal lights.

"I didn't study anything about these fellows," complained the applicant.

"What did you study?" asked one of the judges.

"I studied the statutes of the State," he replied. "I studied them hard. Ask me a question about them, and I'll show you. That is where I got my legal knowledge."

"My young friend," said one austere judge on the examining board, "you had better be very careful, for some day the legislature might meet and repeal everything you know."

ADVICE

Breathlessly he rushed into the lawyer's office. "My next door neighbor is learning to play the cornet," he exclaimed. "The man is a public nuisance. What would you advise me to do?"

"Learn to play the trombone," replied the lawyer. "Ten dollars, please."

* * *

Dear Lawyer: I feel that the spirit of the Lord and your advice through this did win. I thank God for the blessing and thank you for your advice.

Yours respect.

* * *

A Scotchman went to a lawyer, laid before him a legal question, and asked him if he could undertake the case.

"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "I will readily undertake the case. We're sure to win."

"So ye really think it's a good case?"

"Most decidedly, my dear sir. I am prepared to guarantee that you will secure a favorable verdict."

"Ah, weel, I'm much obliged tae ye, but I dinna think I'll go to law this time, for ye see the case I've laid before ye is my opponent's."

* * *

A solicitor called upon another member of the profession and asked his opinion upon a certain point of law. The lawyer to whom the question was addressed drew himself up.

"I generally get paid for what I know," he said, stiffly.

The questioner took half a crown from his pocket and offered it to the other.

"Tell me all you know and give me the change," said he.

* * *

A young lawyer who had recently hung out his shingle was retained by a criminal with five dollars and a very poor defense.

"Well, you got a case, son," said the proud father.

"Yes, dad."

"And what advice did you give your client?"

"After listening to his story I collected what money he had and advised him to retain a more experienced lawyer."

* * *

"I see that you are a real estate man," said the caller as he entered the office of a dealer, "but you are probably posted in the law enough to answer a question. If so, I am willing to pay for it."

"I give out no legal opinions, sir!" was the reply.

"But this is a very simple matter."

"But you must go to a lawyer."

"But there isn't one within a mile of here."

"I can't help that."

"The question simply is——"

"Sir, I positively refuse."

"Oh, well, if you are so stiff as all this I'll have to go elsewhere, but I must confess to being a little surprised."

"You are not so surprised as I was about ten years ago," said the dealer. "A man who suspected that a neighbor was stealing his stovewood came to me and asked if he hadn't a legal right to load a stick or two with gunpowder. I told him that he had."

"And he went ahead on your opinion?"

"He did, and a week later I also went ahead. The wife of the suspected wood-stealer was a washerwoman who went out by the day. One evening my wife asked me to drop in there and engage her for the next day."

"Um."

"I was in there when one of the loaded sticks exploded and blew up the stove, the kitchen, the woman and myself, and the doctors didn't get through tinkering at me for about three months. No, sir, you will get no legal opinion from me. Go to a regular lawyer and let him be blown through the window into the yard and lose his hair and eye-brows and have his legs roasted."

* * *

The English are wont to speak somewhat boastfully of the freedom of their judiciary from political

entanglements, but if one may judge by a political speech made by Judge Rentoul, K. C., of the City of London Court, their judiciary mingles rather more freely with the politicians than does our own. Addressing an audience of workingmen at Paddington in support of one of the candidates, Judge Rentoul said: "I hope to see you all again—somewhere—[laughter]—and I want to give you all a word of earnest advice. When you are in the dock at the Old Bailey [laughter] don't pretend to know me, but pass up a note bearing the words 'North Paddington,' and I will do the best I can for you." [Loud laughter and cheers.]

* * *

"There," a self-satisfied "commercial" said, "that's what I think you should do in the matter. I'm not a lawyer, but this is a bit of advice that costs you nothing. What do you think of it?"

"Well," replied his companion, mildly, "it's worth it!"

* * *

During his first year out of college the young lawyer was sitting at his desk one day with that very busy air common to all young attorneys, when a man rushed into the office and exclaimed: "What do you think that wife of mine has done? She has sued me for a divorce and alimony. I want to consult a good lawyer. Here's the paper the sheriff just read to me. What do you think of it?"

The young man, feeling all swelled up like a "pizened pup," took the petition for divorce and alimony

and read it through, then proceeded to ask about the facts in the case, and found that, if the man was to be believed, he and not the wife was the one entitled to the divorce. He then told his prospective client of the cross-bill, and what could be done under it.

"Can I do that?" asked the client.

"You sure can," replied the attorney.

"Well, by gum, I'll have one of the lawyers do that for me this afternoon." And out he rushed.

* * *

Magistrate (discharging prisoner): "Now, then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company."

Prisoner (feelingly): "Thank you, sir. You won't see me here again."

* * *

A young man called upon a Georgia attorney, and, after stating that he "wanted some advice," began to read a letter he had received from a young lady. Thinking that he would soon come to the point, the lawyer permitted him to read to the "Good-by, from your devoted sweetheart" conclusion, before asking: "What can I do for you?"

"I want to know, Colonel," said the youth seriously, "if this girl really loves me, or if she is just kidding."

"Marry her and see," snapped the lawyer, who did not propose to express an opinion on a question so purely academic.

* * *

Jones: "I owe five thousand dollars and have three thousand to pay it with. What would you advise me to do?"

Lawyer: "Why, I should advise you to pay it with one thousand and put the balance into a car!"

* * *

This anecdote is told of Abe Hummel, whose picturesque career is well known throughout the Union, and well illustrates the fact that it is not always wise to put things in black and white.

A client of Abe's, who was in trouble and who was deeply repentant, was in little Abey's office one day, and said to him:

"Mr. Hummel, I have about made up my mind that the best policy for a man is to do right and fear nobody."

"Oh, no," replied Abe, "your motto should be, 'don't write and fear nobody.' "

ALIBI

"She claims she has a perfect alibi."

"What is her alibi?"

"She says she can prove that at the very time the crime was committed her own little girl was brushing her hair."

"That proves an alibi for her hair, but how about herself?"

* * *

"Rastus, what's an alibi?"

"Dat's provin' dat yoh was at a prayer-meetin' what yoh wasn't in order to show dat yoh wasn't in somebody's chicken-coop, whar yoh was."

Waiter—"Have you tried our turtle soup, sir?"

Diner—"Yes, I have tried it, and my decision is that the turtle proved an alibi!"

* * *

Young Attorney: "What rotten luck! That prisoner has a roll that would choke a chimney and a perfect alibi!"

ALIMONY

"Now," said the lawyer who was drawing up the gentleman's will, "is there anything more you wish to have mentioned?"

"You've said I want all my just debts paid, have you?"

"Yes."

"Well, just add that the ladies to whom I have been paying alimony are to have their regular allowances right along."

* * *

An attorney was called on by a woman who said he had been recommended to her as an experienced divorce lawyer. Diffidently admitting the impeachment, he inquired as to the grounds on which she expected to base her suit. "Oh," she said, "I got my divorce several months ago. What I want is a lawyer who will get my alimony away from the lawyer who got my divorce."

* * *

"Your Honor, I don't see how I can pay as much alimony as that."

Judge: "Why in the world didn't you think of that before you got married?"

AMENDMENT

A lady who had testified in a lawsuit in Massachusetts created something of a sensation by subsequently rising and asking the judge if she might correct an error in her testimony. Being granted permission, she stated that, at the time she was asked what her age was, she was so flustered that she gave her bust measurement by mistake.

ANTI-SPITTING LAW

A fussy lady had noticed that the rude man sitting beside her on the street car had expectorated on the floor. The fussy lady immediately signaled the conductor and that official came in to see what was wanted.

"Do you allow spitting in this car?" demanded the fussy lady.

"Well, no," replied the conductor. "But you can come out on the platform if you want to, lady."

APPEAL

"The lawyer fell, and tore his clothes,
And the mishap made him feel
That, as the phraseology goes,
He'd lost a suit on appeal!"

APPOINTMENT OF COUNSEL

An old negro was under indictment for some trivial offense and was without counsel. The judge ap-

pointed a lawyer to defend him who had never tried a case in court.

As he walked forward to consult with his client, the prisoner turned to the judge and said:

"Yo' Honah, am dis de lawyer what am depointed to offend me?"

"Yes."

"Well," continued the old negro, "take hit away, Jedge; I pleads guilty."

APPREHENSION

Police Officer: "In order that the villain who caught and kissed you in the dark may be tracked, we must set our police dog after him. So to trace the scent you must give Nero a kiss."

ARGUMENT

Peter Burrows, an eminent Irish barrister, was on one occasion, while defending a prisoner, oppressed with a cough, which he sought to soften by the occasional use of lozenges. The client whom he was defending was indicted for murder, and it was deemed important in his defense to produce the bullet with which it was alleged the deed was done. This he was about to do, and held the bullet in one hand, and a lozenge in the other, when, in the ardor of advocacy, he forgot which was which, and, instead of the lozenge, swallowed the bullet.

The young lawyer was getting sentimental with the jury. It was his maiden address to that body. "Gentlemen of the jury, I can conclude my plea as to the merits of this case in no better way than to quote the beautiful lines of that famous poet, Mr.—Mr.—, well, gentlemen, just for the moment I have forgotten the poet's name, but no matter; anyhow, he says—um —why—(sotto voce) I'll be derned if I haven't forgotten what he said!"

* * *

The Baboo English of India is usually commercial, but recently a Baboo lawyer offered a fine example in the defense of a woman client.

"My learned friend, with mere wind from a teapot, thinks to browbeat me from my legs," he asserted. "I only seek," he continued, earnestly, "to place my bone of contention clearly in your Honor's eye."

* * *

"What struck you as being the most important feature of the argument?" a lawyer asked a witness in an assault and battery case.

"Well," said the witness slowly, "if you insist on knowing my candid opinion, I am compelled to say that so far as I am concerned myself, I was most forcibly struck by a brick which the prisoner probably intended for his friend."

* * *

A long-winded, prosy counselor was arguing a technical case recently before one of the judges of the Superior Court. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what

he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn.

"I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"There is some difference," the judge quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."

* * *

An Alabama negro was defended in court by Senator Morgan. Having cleared the negro of the charge, the senator said to him, "Rastus, did you really steal the mule?"

"Well, Marse Morgan, it was just like this," said Rastus. "I really thought I did steal that mule, but after what you said to the jury I was convinced I didn't."

* * *

Uncle Mose, a plantation negro, was being asked about his religious affiliations.

"I'se a preacher, sah," he said.

"Do you mean," asked the astonished questioner, "that you preach the gospel?"

Mose felt himself getting into deep water.

"No, sah," he said. "Ah touches that subject very light."

* * *

An Irish barrister against whom a point had just been decided in a recent chancery cause, proceeded as follows: "The other point I have to argue is equally as clear in my favor as the one that has just gone against me." After the laughter had subsided the

opposing counsel arose and said: "Then, my lord, it is only a question of costs."

* * *

Prattle (to his wife)—You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions.

Mrs. Prattle—I should like to know how you came to that conclusion?

Prattle—You say it's no use talking, and then you talk for hours.

* * *

In local courts out West the law is not hedged about by awe, and an amusingly sociable atmosphere is frequently to be found among judge, jury, lawyers, and client. A lawyer in a county court having exhausted his eloquence in behalf of his client on trial for stealing, worked up to this climax: "Gentlemen of the jury, after what this man has offered in evidence and what I have stated to you, is this man guilty? *Can* he be guilty? *Is* he guilty?" The foreman, with a smile and in a genial tone replied: "You just wait a while, ole hoss, 'n' we'll tell ye."

* * *

A gentleman who had the reputation of being a bad shot invited some of his friends to dine with him. Before dinner he showed them a target painted on the barn door with a bullet in the bull's-eye. He said he had shot this at a distance of 500 yards.

During the dinner one of the guests asked him how he managed to fire such an excellent shot.

"Well," said he, "I shot the bullet at the door at a distance of 500 yards and then I painted the target around it."

An Irishman and a Jew were discussing the great men who had belonged to each race, and, as may be expected, got into a heated argument. Finally the Irishman said:

"Ikey, listen. For ivery great Jew ye can name ye may pull out one of me whiskers, an' for ivery great Irishman I can name I'll pull one of yours. Is it a go?"

They consented, and Pat reached over, got hold of a whisker and said, "Robert Emmet," and pulled.

"Moses!" said the Jew, and pulled one of Pat's tenderest.

"Dan O'Connell," said Pat, and took another.

"Abraham," said Ikey, helping himself again.

"Patrick Henry," returned Pat, with a vicious yank.

"The twelve apostles," said the Jew, taking a handful of whiskers.

Pat emitted a roar of pain, grasped the Jew's beard and yelled, "The Ancient Order of Hibernians!"

* * *

Lawyer Lawless was notorious for his longwindedness. On one occasion he had been spouting forth his concluding argument for six hours, and the end was nowhere in sight, when Judge Ballard beckoned his brother John and whispered: "Can't you stop him, Jack?" "I'll stop him in two minutes," John Ballard replied, confidently. And he wrote and passed to Lawyer Lawless the following note: "My dear Colonel, as soon as you finish your magnificent argu-

ment I would like you to join me at the Revere House in a bumper of rare old Bourbon." Lawyer Lawless, halted in the midst of an impassioned period, put on his glasses and read the note that had been handed him, then he removed his glasses again, and, taking up his hat and bag, said: "And now, may it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, I leave the case with you." A minute later he was proceeding in stately fashion in the direction of the Revere House bar.

* * *

"What are you doing?" asked the justice as the lawyer began.

"Going to present our side of the case."

"I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tindency to confuse the coort."

* * *

While one thing essential to a cultured lawyer is a thorough knowledge of Latin, it is not necessary, said Hon. James P. Root, that he should parade his classical knowledge, for he might be "taken down a peg," as was the young lawyer who displayed his learning before an Arkansas jury. His opponent replied: "Gentlemen of the jury, the young lawyer who just addressed you has roamed with Romulus, canted with Cantharides, ripped with Euripides, socked with Socrates, but what does he know about the laws of Arkansas?"

* * *

"Well, I began my thirty-thousand-word hypothetical question to-day."

"Seems to me that will exhaust you. Who'll make the closing argument?"

"My son. He starts law school next week. He ought to be graduated by the time I finish."

* * *

A young lawyer was defending an old convict on the charge of burglary in a State where the court rules allow each side one hour to address the jury. The young lawyer, somewhat nervous, consulted a veteran member of the bar who happened to be standing near. "How much time do you think I should take up in addressing the jury?" he asked in a rather pompous manner.

"Take the full hour," was the gruff reply.

"The full hour? Why, I intended taking only fifteen minutes."

"Take the full hour," repeated the old lawyer.

"But why?"

"Because the longer you talk the longer you will keep your client out of jail."

* * *

"It's a great pity," said the convicted burglar to his counsel, "that you couldn't have made that closing speech of yours at the opening of the case."

"I don't see how that would have improved matters," said the advocate.

"It would, though," explained his client. "Then the jury would have been asleep when the evidence came on and I'd have stood some chance."

* * *

The case had been concluded, and the attorney who had defended a man on a charge of assault rose to

make his final address to the jury which was to decide his client's fate. He was a flowery talker and his argument ran something like this:

"It was a beautiful evening. All nature was smilingly at rest. The birds twittered their farewell to the sun, knowing that the moon would soon be up. And just at this time, gentlemen of the jury, in this peaceful environment, the prosecuting witness came out from behind a billboard and called my client a liar."

The jurors laughed and convicted.

* * *

He was a hardened looking ruffian and in the opinion of the spectators in the law courts, he didn't stand much of a chance.

His counsel, his voice husky with emotion, was addressing the jury.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my client is a very poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take the small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy food for his little ones. Evidence of this lies in the fact that he did not take a pocketbook containing $250 in notes that was lying about the room."

The counsel paused for a moment to make his appeal more dramatic, but the silence that ensued was interrupted by the sobs of the prisoner.

"Why do you weep?" asked the judge.

"Because I didn't see the pocketbook there!" replied the prisoner in heartbroken accents.

In a civil suit in a justice's court, where plaintiff had two attorneys and defendant one, when the second attorney for plaintiff rose to close the argument the justice interfered in the interests of fair play, saying, "Hold on there. No two lawyers can jump on one man in this court."

* * *

On a charge of felonious assault for emptying a shot gun into an enemy during a street row between rough and tough characters, the attorney for the defense, in an impassioned argument to the jury, exclaimed: "This prosecuting witness ought to have been shot. He went down town that morning hunting trouble with a gun in his pocket loaded with bad whiskey."

* * *

A Kansas attorney tried a case in Council Grove. The attorney was up against it, and he turned on the tears and let them flow unrestrained while depicting the woes of his client.

It was a great and tearful speech. In the middle of it a brother attorney who was sitting by was observed taking off his shoes.

"What are you doing that for?" asked another lawyer.

"By gum!" replied the lawyer who was removing his shoes, "I'm getting ready to wade out. It's right sloppy round here already—and he ain't half through!"

* * *

In a case involving the validity of a sewer assignment, which had dragged along for nearly a week, the lawyer for the objectors, a son of old Erin, proceeded

to address the jury in the following manner: "Gentlemen of the jury, I will now proceed to flush these dry sewers with the dew of me eloquence."

* * *

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commenced his argument with an allusion to the old swimming hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water—

And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge.

"Come out, Chauncey," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes is up."

* * *

"May it please the Court," said a Yankee lawyer, before a Dutch justice who presided, "this is a case of great importance; while the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty Republic and whose wings extend from the Alleghenies to the Rocky chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place—"

"Sthop dare! I say vot has dis suit to do mit de eagles? Dis has notin' to do mit de wild bird. It is von sheep," exclaimed the judge.

"True, your Honor, but my client has rights."

"Your gliant has no right to de eagle."

"Of course not; but the laws of language—"

"What do I care for de laws of language, eh? I understand de laws of de State, and dat is enough for me. Confind your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and—"

"Dat vill do! dat vill do! Your gliant charge mit sthealing a sheep, just nine shillin'. De court vill adjourn."

* * *

A lawyer of the good old Southern type had argued for three court days without pause. His brief was a masterpiece of classical learning and legal erudition, but it was tiresome.

"Colonel Parker," said the wearied judge at last, "without wishing to intimate in any way that the Court would not be delighted to listen to your whole argument, I must suggest that the docket is somewhat crowded, and that if you could condense a little, it might help your client's cause."

The attorney smiled his acknowledgment. "Your Honor," he exclaimed, "the thought was in my mind when I prepared my argument! Suh, for the next four days my brief is a perfect marvel of condensation!"

* * *

An English judge, Sir Henry Hawkins, was presiding over a very long and tedious trial, and listening as attentively as he could to a protracted and wearying speech from an eminent counsel learned in the law.

Presently Sir Henry penciled a brief note and sent it to the lawyer in question. Opening it, that gentleman read as follows:

"Patience Competition.
Gold medal—Sir Henry Hawkins.
Honorable mention—Job."

Counsel's display of oratory came to an abrupt end.

* * *

A political meeting was on in a certain Iowa town and Thomas R. Marshall, Vice-President of the United States, was to speak. The hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason, it was impossible to open the windows, and one had to be broken.

It was feared that the noise would startle the audience and perhaps throw them into a panic. The mayor of the town stepped forward to give warning. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor, and overwhelmed him with cries of "Marshall! Marshall!"

Silence was not restored till the infuriated official yelled at the top of his voice:

"I'm not going to make a speech! I have something to say!"

* * *

Joseph Chamberlain was the guest of honor in an important city. The mayor presided, and when coffee was being served he leaned over and touched Mr. Chamberlain, saying:

"Shall we let the people enjoy themselves a little longer, or had we better have our speech now?"

* * *

The young orator had made the effort of his life and was as chesty over it as a pouter pigeon.

"Well, Colonel," said he, as he stepped down from the platform, "how about it? Isn't that the kind of speech that will be recalled a hundred years from now?"

"I don't know about a hundred years from now," replied the old man; "but if I were you, I'd hustle around to the newspaper offices and recall it right now!"

* * *

In many of the interior counties of Pennsylvania there are lay judges who assist the law judges in disposing of miscellaneous cases. Several years ago there was introduced into the legislature a bill to abolish the office of lay judge. Judge ——, himself a lay judge, appeared before the senate judiciary committee at Harrisburg, which was considering the matter.

His argument was this: "There is before your august body a bill to abolish the office of lay judge. I am in favor of its passage. For ten years I have been a lay judge myself, sitting day by day with a judge learned in the law. But he does all the work and I have no show. In all these years I have only once been asked for a concurrent opinion and that was when, after listening to two lawyers argue an equity case for three days, my colleague turned to me and said, 'Judge, don't these gol durned long winded lawyers give you a pain?' "

ARRAIGNMENT

Simpson was one day arrested and brought into the police court.

Said the justice: "What is your name?"

"S-s-s-s——"

"What is your name?" demanded the justice.

"Why S-s-s-s-s-s——"

"I don't understand. What did you say your name is?"

"Why, my n-name is S-s-s-s-s-."

Turning to the policeman the justice said: "Here, officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Faith, your Honor, and I think it's sodywather."

* * *

Magistrate: "Officer, this prisoner says you have trumped up a charge against him."

Officer: "He must be a joker, your Honor; I had to use my club on him as he came within an ace of escaping."

ARREST

"I'll have to arrest you," said the policeman.

The man who was having trouble with his wife threw both arms around the officer and exclaimed: "This isn't any arrest. This is a rescue."

* * *

A motorist was stopped by a policeman, the light on the car being insufficient.

He gave his card to the constable.

"G. J. Smith," read the man in blue. "Go on with you!" he exclaimed. "I want your proper name and address. We've too many Smiths about here. Now, look sharp!"

"Then," said the motorist, "if you must have it, it's William Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon!"

"Thank you, sir," replied the policeman. "Sorry to have troubled you."

And he carefully took the particulars in his book.

* * *

There used to be a sheriff in a Green Mountain county of Vermont who, for forty years, had driven his prisoners—murderers, moonshiners, thieves—through the woods in his buggy to the county jail, and yet who had never carried a revolver nor used a pair of handcuffs in his life. He had a strong hand, a brave heart, and a stutter.

"Weren't you ever afraid?" some one asked him one day.

"W-well, I-llow once I w-wuz t-tol'rable well skeert," he admitted slowly. "I h-heard S-Si P-Perkins, the b-barber, wuz g-gone d-daft an' wuz c-carvin' p-people up, an' I c-calc'lated it wuz my official dooty to g-go an' arrest him. So I w-went d-down to S-Si's shop, an' w-went in, an' S-Si c-come at me w-with a r-razor in each h-hand. An' then I 'llow I wuz t-tol'rable well skeert."

"What did you do?"

"W-w-well," said the old sheriff, spitting thoughtfully into the sand box beside the stove, "I wuz s-so s-skeert that I t-took 'em a-a-away from him."

* * *

"I just pulled a pretty good one," said the first cop.

"What d'ye mean?"

"Oh, I arrested that minister."

ATTACHMENT

"I don't see how you can laugh this way," said the

sheriff, as he attached Dubbleigh's car for a debt owed to Higby, and observed that Dubbleigh seemed highly amused by it.

"Oh, I just can't help it," laughed Dubbleigh. "I only owe Higby $500 and it'll cost him three times that to run that car six months."

ATTESTATION

The owner of a country store in a certain Western State was appointed a notary public. The dignity of the commission and the seal impressed him greatly, at times almost overwhelmed him. One day an old farmer came to acknowledge a deed. Breathless and trembling the notary took the paper, and, turning it over and over, scrutinized it earnestly for several moments. Then he turned it over again, upside down, and studied it carefully. At last he sprang desperately to his feet, confronted the wondering farmer, and cried out:

"Are you ready?"

"I am," responded the old man, bracing himself apprehensively for something of awful moment.

"Hold up your hands."

Both hands shot up as quickly as ever in territorial days.

"Do you solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States, and of the State of Oklahoma, and whereas, do you know all these things here—these facts—to be true to the best of your knowledge and belief, and whereas, do you solemnly swear and affirm these statements, and the

testimony thereof, to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you God!"

The awed and astonished farmer emitted a barely audible "I do," and the deed was done.

ATTORNEY AND CLIENT

When the nervous young lawyer rose to begin his maiden address to the jury he stammered out: "My unfortunate client——" And there he stuck. He tried again, and, in a shaking voice, he managed to say, "My unfortunate client," and could get no farther. Clearing his throat, he had another try, and for the third time he quavered out, "My unfortunate client——" and again his voice failed.

"Come, come, Mr. ——," interrupted the judge, "proceed with your statement. So far the Court agrees with you!"

* * *

A great Scotch lawyer with wit and learning in equal parts was pleading before a judge with whom he was on most intimate terms. Happening to be retained for a client of the name of Tickle, he commenced his speech:

"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord—"

He was interrupted by a laughing court.

"Tickle her yourself," said the judge promptly. "You are closer to her than I am."

* * *

"When I got through with my remarks," said one lawyer, "the jury was in tears." "Yes," replied the other, "they probably realized that your poor client hadn't a chance in the world."

ATTORNEY OF RECORD

A Swedish lawyer practicing in Minnesota was credited, by mistake, on the court calendar, with being attorney for both plaintiff and defendant in the same case. When the case was called, a ripple of merriment ran through the courtroom. The judge rapped for order, and business was about to be resumed when the Swedish lawyer audibly observed: "Aye tank aye skell vin dot case."

* * *

When former Senator Blackburn was a very young man he practiced law for a time in Chicago.

One day in the fifties he was engaged in a case against one of the big lawyers of the city. Blackburn was in straits. He floundered a bit, and a tall, homely man who was reading a newspaper near him gave him a hint. He floundered again and the tall man gave him another hint.

Then the opposing lawyer jumped up.

"If your Honor please," he shouted, "I desire to inquire whether Abraham Lincoln is an attorney of record in this case?"

"I'll answer that," said Mr. Lincoln, the future president. "I am not; but I am too soft-hearted to sit here and watch this young man overboard without throwing him a plank!"

AUTOMOBILE LAW

One evening, just at dusk, a man drove through the village with a handsome car, equipped with all the modern devices. Hardly had he proceeded a square

before a constable loomed large in the vista. "See here, young feller," exclaimed the official, "you will have to jump out and light up your lamps."

"All right, old pal," cheerily answered the motorist, "just as you say about it."

With this he touched a button, and instantly the powerful light gleamed forth. For a moment the constable was stunned. It was his first experience with electric lights in an automobile. But he recovered.

"Say, young feller," he exclaimed, moving nearer the car, "don't try to get gay with me! When I tell you to light your lamps, I mean for you to step out and light 'em!"

AVIATION

A justice of the peace who lives in Cedar Grove, New Jersey, objected to having flying machines pass over his home. He erected a sign 10 feet long and 5 feet wide, which read: "Notice! All Aviators Are Hereby Warned Not to Fly Their Machines Over This House Under Penalty of Imprisonment."

BANKS

It was in the heat of a run upon a bank in Washington. Many of the depositors were negroes, and for hours Unc' Ephraim had shuffled on in the nervous, melancholy line of those who still hoped to recover their savings. He was within a very few feet of the entrance when down the line came shuddering the words: "The bank's done close!"

Unc' Ephraim, harking back to ancestral African days, lifted up his voice and vexed the circumambient air with transcendent ululations. "Shut up!" growled a policeman, fearful of a riot in the panicky state of the crowd. "Didn't you ever see a bank bust before?"

"Coas' I seen 'em bus' befo'," wailed Unc' Ephraim, "coas' I seen 'em bus' befo'. But dis is de fust one dat ever done bus' right in mah face!"

BANKRUPTCY

"Father, what is meant by bankruptcy?"

"Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket, and let your creditors take your coat."

* * *

In a suit lately tried the plaintiff testified that his financial position had always been a good one. The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross-examination and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.

"I have not."

"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer with raised finger. "Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I thought we should get at the truth," observed the counsel, with an unpleasant smile. "When did this suspension of payment occur?"

"When I paid all I owed."

Spokesman of Creditors: "Vell, Cohen, we've decided to accept five cents on a tollar—cash."

Cohen, the Debtor: "Cash, you say? Den, of course, I get der regular cash discount?"

* * *

"What happened to his business when he let it run down?"

"The last I heard of it the bankruptcy court was winding it up."

BAR ASSOCIATION

The secretary of the Bar Association was very busy and rather cross. The telephone rang.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped.

"Is this the city gas works?" said a woman's soft voice.

"No, madam," roared the secretary, "this is the San Francisco Bar Association."

"Ah," she answered in the sweetest of tones, "I didn't miss it so far, after all, did I?"

* * *

"What kind of a banquet is that going on in the dining room?" asked a Lynnhaven hotel guest of an elevator boy at the hostelry. "The bar tenders," said the elevator boy, soberly. It was the annual banquet of the Norfolk (Va.) Bar Association, with all the leading lawyers in Norfolk present. The elevator boy had heard some one say it was a "bar banquet."

BIAS

"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

"You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

"Twenty years!"

BIGAMY

"No man can serve two masters," observed the good parson who was visiting the penitentiary.

"I know it," replied Convict 1313. "I'm in here for bigamy."

* * *

An Irishman, brought before the court on the charge of bigamy, having been discovered as the husband of four wives, apologetically said:

"Sure, your Honor, I was only trying to get a good one—an' it's not aisy."

* * *

A newly made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document. Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the award of justice: "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives," replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger tips together. "Officer," he said, somewhat sternly, "what's the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes an' what not? Please remember, in any future like case, that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigotry but trigonometry. Proceed."

Two prisoners had just stepped into the Black Maria to be conveyed to prison. One was a bigamist, the other was a thief.

"Wot are yer a-sniveling for?" asked the bigamist of the thief, who was weeping pitifully.

"I was thinking of my wife, and having to leave her," sobbed the thief.

"Oh, chuck it!" retorted the bigamist. "I'm not a-sniveling, an' I'm leavin' two of 'em."

BLACK HAND AND THREATENING LETTERS

The couple were of the color of the ace of spades.

"You charge your husband with having struck you repeatedly with his fists?" asked the judge of the woman.

"Yes, your Honor," she answered.

"Six months!" shouted the judge. "These black hand outrages have got to cease!"

* * *

Mrs. Collins found the following Black Hand letter pinned to her door one morning:

"Deer Mis Collins—Onless you put a jar of jam, a hunk of chokolit cake, a apple pie an' a bag of candy down by the old well, we will steel your littel boy and keep him, onless you pay us a milyon dollars.

"The Black Hand."

Mrs. Collins' little boy was the only one ever seen in the vicinity of the old well.

BOARD OF CENSORS

"Gent, up-town, telephones for an officer at once. Burglar in the house."

"Let me see," said the captain, reflectively. "I've got four men censoring plays, two inspecting the gowns at a society function, and two more supervising a tango tea. Tell him I can send him an officer in about two hours."

* * *

"The jury," sobbed the author, "decided that my book is not immoral!"

"Never mind," said his wife. "Perhaps you can make it a little more startling in play form and turn it into a success that way."

BOUNDARIES

Impecunious Suitor (endeavoring to make himself agreeable to Miss Angela's papa)—What a charming place you have here, Mr. Oldman! Does it go all the way to that grove over there?

Unsympathetic Papa—It does.

Impecunious Suitor—And all the way to that stone wall in the distance on this side?

Unsympathetic Papa—It does. And it goes all the way to the river on the south and all the way to the main road on the north. But it does not go with my daughter Angela.

BREACH OF PROMISE

"Gustave's letters to me are exceedingly dull and commonplace," said one fair girl.

"Don't you know why?" responded the other.

"No."

"Gustave once served on the jury in a breach of promise case."

* * *

"Have you had many proposals?"

"Oh, yes, but not one from a man worth suing for breach of promise."

BRIBERY

"There is a great gulf separating the law's violators from the law's protection."

"Not if the violators are willing to 'come across.'"

* * *

Breef was accused of bribery. He admitted the charge.

"What, sir?" the judge thundered. "What! you, a practicing lawyer, admit without shame that you bribed the witness?"

"Yes, your Honor," said Breef, hastily. "But I bribed him to tell the truth. He had been bribed by the other side to lie."

* * *

"What's the matter, old man? You look worried."

"I have cause to. I engaged a man to trace my pedigree."

"Well, what's the trouble? Hasn't he been successful?"

"Successful! I should say he has! I'm paying him hush-money."

A certain judge of much dignity became indignantly dissatisfied with the jury because they could not agree. Finally losing his patience, he threatened to discharge them. This threat was resented by one of the jurors from back in the piney woods, with some display of indignation. He rose to a point of so-called order by saying: "Yer Hawner, you have no right to discharge me from this yere jury; that man there hired me to serve on this yere jury," at the same time pointing to the counsel for the defendant.

* * *

A brick-setter giving evidence in a case answered all the questions put to him in such a dulcet tone that neither the judge nor jury could hear a word.

"Speak up, man," said the judge, in a tone of exasperation. "These twelve gentlemen want to hear you. You'd talk louder if they were twelve bricks."

"As I certainly hope they are," said the attorney for the defense, beaming blandly at the jury on behalf of his client.

* * *

He was a county judge, old, bewhiskered, and full of dignity.

"The integrity of the bench, Sam," he said one summer afternoon, "must be upheld. I and my fellows on the bench throughout the country hold now, and have always held, that no personal friendship, no inducement can sway our minds when there is a question of making a decision."

Sam bared his very high brow to the cooling breeze, and hitched his chair a little closer to that of the upright judge.

"What would you do, Judge," he asked, "if somebody offered you $100,000 to throw the case the wrong way?"

The judge hesitated and glanced around in a casual manner to see that nobody was within earshot.

"Well, Sam," he said at last. "I wouldn't go too far to make that decision. There's one thing I wouldn't do. I would not shed blood. Of course, anything else—"

Thus was another blow struck at integrity.

* * *

It was a banquet where a notable gathering of politicians had assembled. A certain aspiring young attorney was among the number, and as he spied an influential judge at the far end of the parlor, he called the head waiter, slipped half a dollar into his hand and whispered: "Put me next to Judge Spink at the table."

Upon being seated, however, he found he was at the other end of the room from the judge.

He called the head waiter to explain.

"Well, sir," replied the official, "the fact is that the judge gave me a dollar to put you as far from him as possible."

* * *

There is an ordinance in New York which compels the street piano folk to silence their musical instruments after a certain hour. A hurdy-gurdy man was haled into the night court for violating the ordinance, and complained that the resulting fine was more than he could pay.

"How much do you make in a week?"

"About $10," replied the man.

"What!" exclaimed the judge, "do you collect as much as $10 for playing such wretched music?"

"No, sir," responded the man promptly, "not for grind—for shut up and go away."

* * *

"Money talks," quoted the Sage. "Yes, and it stops talk," added the Fool.

* * *

The pompous judge glared sternly over his spectacles at the tattered prisoner who had been dragged before the bar of justice on a charge of vagrancy.

"Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?" he asked in fine scorn.

"Yes, your Honor," was the response. "I voted for you at the last election."

* * *

"I've been sizing up conditions in criminal circles," began the young man with the notebook, "and I've reached one conclusion."

"That it's a pretty bad world?"

"Not only that, but the size of the gilt determines the size of the guilt."

* * *

A man arrested for murder bribed Flannigan on the jury with $100 to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury was out a long time and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to Flannigan and said: "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?"

"Yes," said Flannigan; "an awful hard time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yez."

* * *

Once a certain judge in California was trying a case wherein a woman sought to recover a diamond ring she had in fonder moments given to a gentleman friend.

"When you gave this man this ring didn't you think him the best ever?" asked the judge.

The woman blushed and hesitated, and finally admitted she did.

"Now, be honest," continued the judge; "didn't you think him the handsomest man you had ever known?"

The woman blushed again and then leaned over and whispered something to the judge. Presently he instructed the jury to find for her.

Everybody wondered what it was the witness had told the judge. The judge wouldn't tell, but finally a stenographer divulged the secret. What she whispered was: "Not half so handsome as you are, Judge."

BURGLARY

"You insist that the officer arrested you while you were quietly attending to your own business."

"Yes, your Honor. He caught me suddenly by the collar, and threatened to strike me with his club unless I accompanied him to the station house."

"You say you were quietly attending to your own business, making no noise or commotion of any kind?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"What is your business?"

"I'm a burglar."

* * *

"Why did you break into the house in the middle of the day?" asked the magistrate.

"Well," said the accused, "I had several others to cover that evening."

* * *

Husband (at police station)—"They say you have caught the fellow who robbed our house night before last?"

Sergeant—"Yes. Do you want to see him?"

Husband—"Sure! I'd like to talk to him. I want to know how he got in without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for the last 20 years."

* * *

Excited Small Boy—"Hey, Mr. Tanks, there's a burglar crawlin' up your front steps, this very minute!"

Mr. Tanks—"Poor devil, the missus'll think it's me."

* * *

The Judge: "Then you acknowledge having robbed the safe. Were you assisted by any one?"

"No, indeed, yer Honor. I've bin in the perfeshun for nineteen year an' I ain't never collaborated with nobody."

* * *

"Is your burglar-protective system an absolute security against thieves?"

"Guaranteed!"

"Then install one for me. I don't want to be robbed of any more illusions."

* * *

Magistrate (to Prisoner)—"If you were there for no dishonest purposes why were you in your stocking feet?"

Prisoner—"I 'eard there was sickness in the family."

* * *

The truth of the saying, "Where Art is long Cash is short," was evidenced by the appearance of the following editorial recently in the columns of a small Western newspaper:

"Burglars entered our house last night. To the everlasting shame of the community, for whose welfare we have labored, be it said, they got nothing."

* * *

"Prisoner, you were found with this lantern, jimmy, screwdriver, and centerbit in your possession. What have you to say?"

"I'm an innercent ottermoblist, yer Honor, an' that's me lamp an' repair kit."

* * *

Timkins purchased a revolver—"For burglars" neatly engraved upon the butt. One evening he forgot to take it upstairs. That night a burglar came.

When Timkins came down next morning nearly all his valuables were missing. The treasured revolver had been spared. It lay on his study table and beside it was a note:

"Thanks, but I always carry my own!—The Burglar."

"Was your husband cool when you told him there was a burglar in the house?" asked Mrs. Hammer.

"Cool," replied Mrs. Gabb, "I should say he was cool. Why, his teeth chattered."

* * *

Burglar: "I tell ye, Joe, them night-watchmen is a great help to our perfeshun. Wherever they hires one ye can bet there's somethin' worth swipin'."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Bride (throwing her arms about the bridegroom's neck)—"You are my prisoner for life!"

Bridegroom—"It's not imprisonment for life, love. It's capital punishment."

CASE

"This case has some ugly features about it."

"Then put a good face on it."

* * *

A New York lawyer tells of an old and well-to-do farmer in Dutchess county who had something of a reputation as a litigant.

On one occasion this old chap made a trip to see his lawyers with reference to a lawsuit he intended to bring. He sat down with one of them, and laid out his plan at great length. The lawyer said: "On that statement you have no case at all." The old fellow hitched his trousers nervously, twitched his face, and hastily added:

"Well, I can tell it another way."

A negro doctor, a graduate of a university, was called as a witness on behalf of the defendant, and testified as to the physical condition of the defendant, and that the witness had prescribed whiskey for the defendant in bronchitis. When the witness was passed for cross-examination, he was asked this question: "Doctor, in bronchitis, do you prescribe according to the needs of the patient, or according to his appetite?" He replied: "According to his appetite, sah!"

The witness was excused without further cross-examination.

CASE IN POINT

In an Arkansas court, on a preliminary examination before a justice of a person charged with hog stealing, the attorney for the accused appealed to the court as follows: "I know that your Honor does not desire to err in this case, and especially against mercy. If you err at all, let it be on the side of mercy, for the Good Book says that it is better for ninety and nine guilty men to escape rather than one innocent man suffer." The attorney for the State called out, "Chapter and verse, please?" The answer came promptly, "John 14-27." And, after a moment's pause, the defendant's attorney added, "How it arouses my friend for me to speak of a volume with which he is unacquainted!" Taking a New Testament from his pocket and depositing it with the justice, he said, "Please note the filing of a New Testament as a part of the proceedings in this case for my

friend's inspection." It does not appear that the State's attorney attempted to verify the authority cited.

* * *

A Spokane attorney was presenting a motion for a bill of particulars in a criminal case involving a statutory offense. He cited in his argument a case from the Supreme Court of California. The judge interrupted him with the query as to whether the citation was not a civil suit. "No, your Honor," the attorney replied, "Criminal Conversation."

* * *

"What's your name?" asked Magistrate House of a little old negro who complained in the Tombs Court that another little negro who came with him had "pessered" him in front of 10 Burling slip.

"Who, me? My name's Romerlus."

"And what's yours?" the magistrate asked the other.

"Who, me? My name's Remerlus."

"Romerlus and Remerlus? Brothers?"

"Yassuh," said Romerlus. "I was standing cleaning my harness (I wasn't opelizing the sidewalk) and he came and pessered me."

Remerlus made a strong denial.

"Well," said the magistrate, "I don't find 'pessering' defined in the Code. But there is a leading case in Mother Goose, and it is in point:

" 'A little old man and I fell out,
How shall we bring this matter about?
Bring it about as well as you can;
Get you gone, you little old man.' "

CAVEAT EMPTOR

"Gentlemen, I can't lie about the horse; he is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer.

The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse he said:

"You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye. Is there any other defect?"

"Yes, sir; there is. He is also blind in the other eye," was the prompt reply.

CHALLENGE OF JURORS

The burly prisoner stood unabashed before the judge. It was his first time in a court and before a jury. "Prisoner at the bar," asked the clerk, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

The prisoner looked them over carefully and with a skilled eye.

"Well," he replied, "I'm not exactly wot you calls in training, but I guess I could stand a round or two with that fat old geezer in the corner."

* * *

When Judge Jett asked if any jurors had good excuse for not serving, Mr. Schaper arose and claimed to be exempt because he is a "pharmacist." He was excused, when another juror arose and asked to be excused also.

"What is your excuse?" asked the judge.

"I have about the same excuse," he said. "I am a farm assistant."

Subsequently he was one of those arbitrarily challenged. Neither side wanted a man with a wit like that on the jury.

* * *

Of the challenging of jurors one remembers a tale from Ireland. The prisoner was hard to satisfy, and juryman after juryman was asked to leave the box. However, all things come to an end, even in Ireland, and at last the swearing of the jury was completed. And then the prisoner leaned over the dock and sought the ear of his solicitor. "The jury's all right, now, I think," he whispered, "but ye must challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him siviral times already, and maybe he's beginnin' to have a prejudice."

CHARACTER

Client: "Can a man's character be judged from his handwriting?"

Lawyer: "Yes, if his letters are read in court!"

* * *

"Did you ever hear anything against the character of this defendant?"

"Nivver a thing, nivver a thing," said the witness, "except I did hear he had a crooked fire in Illinois about 10 years ago."

* * *

"Are you acquainted with the reputation of Jeremiah Simpkins in the neighborhood in which he lives and among those with whom he usually mixes and mingles, and from what his friends, neighbors, and acquaintances usually say of him as to truth and veracity, or the contrary?" asked Hud's lawyer.

"Yes, I be," replied Job.

"What is that reputation, good or bad?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, he air sech a bad liar that he has to git his neighbors to call his hogs to feed, for they won't believe Jeremiah."

* * *

Two rare old lawyers of the early days in Indiana, Col. Samuel P. Oyler, of the Franklin bar, and Major Jonathan W. Gordon, of Indianapolis, were once on the same side of a case in which their client was being successfully impeached. Both these worthies had rich bass voices, but neither could whisper, and their *sotto voce* remarks to each other caused much amusement. When an impeaching witness had testified that their client's reputation for truth and veracity was bad, and was turned over to Col. Oyler for cross-examination, Major Gordon hoarsely whispered, "Ask him who ever said his reputation was bad!"

"Naw, naw!" replied the colonel, so that all could hear, "I won't ask him that; *he knows!*"

CHARGE OF COURT

During reconstruction days an old negro was elected to the office of justice of the peace in a little backwoods district of Tennessee. His first case happened to be one in which the defendant asked for a trial by jury. When the testimony was all in, the lawyers waited for the judge to give his instructions to the jury. The new justice seemed embarrassed. Finally

one of the lawyers whispered to him that it was time to charge the jury. He webstered one hand into the front of his coat, calhouned his voice, and said:

"Gent'm'n ob de jury, sence dis am a putty small case, Ah'll on'y charge yo' a dollah 'n' a half apiece."

* * *

The lawyer for the prosecution had finished his closing argument, and the judge, a pompous and long-winded individual, was charging the jury.

He was in the midst of an unusually long and tedious address when he suddenly noticed that one of the jurymen had fallen asleep. The indignation of his honor was boundless. Rapping sharply on his desk he awakened the slumberer, who seemed not at all abashed at being thus caught napping. After glaring at him angrily for a few moments, the magistrate in his most sarcastic tone said:

"So that's the way you attend to your duty, is it? You're a fine specimen to have on a jury. Do you think your opinion will be of any value when I send you out to determine the fate of this prisoner?"

"Yes, sir," said the juryman quietly, "I think so."

"Oh, you do, do you?" shouted the exasperated judge. "Pray, tell me, sir, how long have you been sleeping?"

"I don't know, your Honor," was the reply. "How long have you been talking?"

* * *

There was a homicide case in a Western court in which there was considerable doubt as to the guilt of the accused. The trial judge seemed to share the popular belief.

"Gen'lemen of the jury," said he, in concluding his charge, "if the evidence in your minds shows that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death you can not convict the prisoner."

Whereat the jury retired and in about ten minutes the constable returned and presented himself before the judge.

"Your Honor," he remarked, "the gentlemen of the jury want some information."

"On what point of evidence?" asked the judge.

"None, Judge," was the rejoinder. "They want to know how to spell 'pneumonia.' "

CHEATING AND SWINDLING

Judge (severely): "How could you be so mean as to swindle people who put confidence in you?"

Prisoner: "Well, your Honor, I'd take it as a favor if you'd tell me how to work them that don't."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Captain—"Was the prisoner acting suspiciously?"

Officer—"I should say he was! I saw the man standing in front of a dry goods store, acting as if he actually wanted to go in!"

* * *

The late Judge Silas Bryan, the father of William J. Bryan, once had several hams stolen from his smoke-house. He missed them at once, but said nothing about it to any one. A few days later a neighbor came to him.

"Say, Judge," he said, "I hear'd yew had some hams stole t'other night."

"Yes," replied the judge, very confidentially, "but don't tell any one. You and I are the only ones who know it."

* * *

In a country police court recently a man was charged with shooting a number of pigeons, the property of a farmer.

In giving his evidence, the farmer was so careful that he even seemed nervous, and the solicitor for the defense endeavored to frighten him.

"Now," he remarked, "are you prepared to swear on oath that this man shot your pigeons?"

"I didn't say he did shoot them," was the carefully worded reply. "I said I suspected him o' doing it."

"Ah, now we're coming to it. What made you suspect that man?"

"Well, firstly, I caught him on my land wi' a gun. Secondly, I heerd a gun go off, and saw some pigeons in his pocket—and I don't hardly think them birds flew there and committed suicide."

* * *

"Why do you think the weeping of the plaintiff in this case was actually merely crocodile tears?"

"Because she was the allegator in the case."

* * *

A sharp attorney was addressing a jury on behalf of a prisoner.

"Gentlemen," he said, "witnesses have sworn that they saw the accused fire his gun; they have sworn they saw the flash and heard the report; they have sworn they saw Pete Jackson fall flat; they have sworn that this bullet was extracted from Pete Jack-

son's body; but, gentlemen, that is only circumstantial evidence, and we all know how unreliable that is. In the name of justice, I ask you where is the evidence that the bullet hit Pete Jackson?"

* * *

When cholera was so bad in Prague, Dr. R. was called suddenly from a warehouse to see a patient. At the same time he entered the sick room, the family physician entered also. The two doctors found their patient in a strong perspiration, and both put their hands under the bed clothes, in order to feel his pulse, but by accident, got hold of each other's hands.

"He has the cholera!" cried Dr. R.

"No such thing," said the other; "he's only drunk."

* * *

An old uncle had been in trouble for stealing chickens, and was convicted on circumstantial evidence.

"What's circumstantial evidence?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "as near as I kin splain it, f'um de way it has been splained to me, circumstantial evidence is de feathers dat you leaves lyin' around after you has done with de chicken."

* * *

"You say you met the defendant on a street car and that he had been drinking and gambling," said the attorney for the defense during the cross-examination.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Did you see him take a drink?"

"No."

"Did you see him gambling?"

"No."

"Then how do you know," demanded the lawyer, "that the defendant had been drinking and gambling?"

"Well," explained the witness, "he gave the conductor a blue chip for his car fare and told him to keep the change."

* * *

The defendant's attorney merely told a story. He said a young farmer boy, for some fault, was compelled by his father to work all day in a corn field without any dinner. But about 2 o'clock, getting very hungry, and knowing that his father was at that time taking a nap, he sneaked into the house, into the pantry, and helped himself, finishing his luncheon on a nice pumpkin pie. Then he realized that his mother would miss the pie, and that his troubles would begin again. Just then the old house cat came up to him, and, seizing the cat, rubbing his feet in the remains of the pie, and putting him down on the floor, he left the cat to make pie tracks out of the room. Then the boy sneaked back to the field. In a little time the father came out with a shot gun over his shoulder and a covered basket in his hand. He went into the woods, a report of the gun was heard, and the father came back with an empty basket. The boy leaned on his hoe and with sadness and tears exclaimed, "Poor old Tom! You were a faithful old cat, and we all loved you, but you were a victim of circumstantial evidence." The case went to the

jury, and they stayed out just long enough to sign a verdict of "Not guilty."

* * *

Samuel Untermyer, the noted New York lawyer, said in Washington of a certain exposure:

"The proof was positive—as positive as the proof against the barber.

"There was a barber who was accused of secret inebriety, but his old patrons refused to credit such a charge.

"A stanch old patron went to the man to be shaved one morning. The barber in silence began to lather him, and then suddenly seized him by the nose.

"Lathering away, the barber gripped the nose so firmly that its owner grunted in pain:

" 'Here, let go my nose!'

"But the barber, still holding on tight, said as he lathered steadily on:

" 'Can't! If I did I'd fall down.' "

COERCION

"You swear that you did not coerce your wife when she signed this paper?"

"Me coerce my wife? Judge, look at the lady."

COLLECTIONS

A country visitor at a New York hotel, having a dread of pickpockets, went to the clerk and handed him a hundred-dollar bill to be put in the safe.

Asking for it next day, he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Thereupon the countryman went to a lawyer.

"Get another hundred-dollar bill," said the lawyer, "and go, accompanied by a friend, back to the hotel; apologize to the clerk for your mistake; say it was a defect of memory; attribute it to drink or absent-mindedness; deposit the second hundred dollars in the presence of your friend, and come back to me."

The mystified ruralist obeyed his instructions to the very letter.

"Now," said the lawyer, "go back alone to the clerk and ask him for the hundred dollars. Knowing that your friend saw him receive it, he will give back the second hundred-dollar bill. Then take your friend with you the next day, approach the clerk, ask him boldly for that hundred dollars, and, as there was no witness to your receipt of the second bill, he will be forced to return the first also."

The ruse proved completely successful.

The lawyer sent his bill the next day. It was for a fee of one hundred dollars.

* * *

About the year 1707 William Penn became heavily involved in a lawsuit, and he was greatly in fear—under the laws of the day—of being arrested. Many noble personages were in the same plight, but no other, it is believed, resorted to Penn's expedient in meeting the situation.

In the door of his London house he had a peeping-hole made through which he could see any person who came to him. A creditor one day sent in his name, and, having been made to wait more than a reasonable time, knocked for the servant and asked him:

"Will not your master see me?"

"Friend, he has seen thee," replied the servant, calmly, "and does not like the looks of thee."

* * *

A man had been called as a witness to prove the correctness of the bill of a physician.

"Let us have the facts of the case," said the lawyer, who was doing a cross-examination turn. "Didn't the doctor make several visits after the patient was out of danger?"

"No, sir," answered the witness. "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

* * *

The following is said to be a copy of a letter sent by a member of the legal profession to a person who was indebted to one of his clients: "Sir, I am desired to apply to you for the sum of twenty pounds due to my client, Mr. Jones. If you send me the money by this day week you will oblige me—if not I shall oblige you."

* * *

"If you do not do us the extreme honor of paying us all the dollars and all the cents of this accounting which so long you have owed our business of pub-

lishing, we shall to our regret begin to do something that will cause you the utmost astonishment.

Yours very truly,

—— ——————."

* * *

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client.

"I did, sir."

"And what did he say?"

"He told me to go to the devil."

"And what did you do then?"

"Why, then, I came to you."

* * *

"Can you tell me where your husband went?" asked the bill collector.

"No," replied the anxious-looking woman.

"Or when he will be back?"

"No."

"But you're sure he will be back sometime?"

"Not entirely."

"Well," remarked the collector wearily, "if the firm takes my advice this is the last time it will extend credit to an aviator."

* * *

"Tell the gentleman I'm not receiving to-day, Nora."

"But he ain't deliverin', mum; he's collectin'!"

* * *

"Why do you call the baby Bill?"

"He was born on the first of the month."

COMITY

The goose had been carved and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I evah see, Bruddah Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you get such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, pahson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reticence, "when you preaches a spechul good sermon I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show me de same consideration."

COMMERCIAL RATING

"I hear that Marie threw over young Bonds and then accepted him the next day."

"Oh, yes! She believes in the referendum and recall. The day after she refused him she looked up his rating in Bradstreet's and changed her mind."

COMMITMENT

A striking instance of the injustice sometimes inflicted upon individuals by the negligent administration of our criminal laws was recently brought to light in Indiana, where a farmer who was arrested last fall on a charge of taking a peck of potatoes from a neighbor's field, and was held for the grand jury, and sent to jail, but against whom the grand jury long since refused to find an indictment, was released

after an imprisonment of 104 days. His incarceration might have continued indefinitely had not a jail attendant asked the prosecutor what he intended to do with the man who had been in jail so long, which resulted in a search of the records, and led to his discharge.

CONFESSIONS

Late one afternoon Michael Flannigan and Dennis O'Rourke met upon the avenue. Mike was considerably under the weather.

"Moike," asked O'Rourke, "why don't yez brace up, and lave the dhrink alone?"

"Oi've thried, Dinnie, but the job's too big for me."

"Thry this once more, Moike. Here's a church forninst us. Go in there, old man, and confiss and take a frish start. I'll wait outside."

He waited until he was tired, then, peering into the darkened building, said in a hoarse whisper:

"Moike!"

"Phwat?"

"Have yez confissed?"

"Oi have that!"

"Where's the prast?"

"E'gorrah, Dinnie, and Oi think he's gone out to call a cop."

* * *

A certain negro had killed another down in Mississippi, because he had heard the other had made threats against his life. The facts of the killing were very much against the slayer. He went to his dis-

trict attorney, who happened to be the son of the former owner of the accused, and made a clean breast of the whole situation, and asked him to "throw the case out of court," as he expressed it. The negro was surprised when he was told by the district attorney, who was his boyhood friend, that the killing was cold-blooded murder, and he would be forced to hang him for the crime. He advised him to employ the best lawyer he could find if he wanted to save his neck.

Sure enough, the negro employed another lawyer. When the case came to trial the negro told a different story and established a perfect case of self-defense. The district attorney was so disgusted by the outcome that he determined to go into the previous statement made to him by the negro. He related the facts of the killing as previously told, and asked the negro if that was not his original account of the matter, just after the killing occurred. He listened to the question with rapt attention, and, realizing its perfect truthfulness, without the batting of an eye or the exhibition of the slightest concern over the awkwardness of the situation, answered as follows: "Yes, sir, boss, I told you dat, but when I did I overspoke myself."

CONSANGUINITY AND AFFINITY

"What relation are you to the prisoner?" asked the magistrate of the witness.

"Next-door neighbor, sir," was the prompt reply.

* * *

The lawyer eyed the woman in the witness-box in patient despair.

"You say, madam," he began, "that the defendant is a sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"Well, it's like this," replied the witness, beaming upon the court. "His first wife's cousin and my second cousin's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his stepmother married my husband's stepfather after his father and my mother died, and his brother Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I ain't ever figured out just how close related we are, but I've always looked on him as a sort of cousin."

* * *

They had argued long and furiously over the question, "Can a man marry his widow's niece?" and the highly talented lawyer in the corner had waxed eloquent over the marriage laws of every State in the Union, every country in the world, civilized and uncivilized, and had cited the affinity tables of every church, and even the legislation of Lycurgus down to that of Brigham Young, when a young man quietly announced his intense desire to be informed where the deuce a man was when his wife was a widow? Then the discussion closed down, and fourteen excited controversialists ordered ice water.

* * *

A little boy whose father happened to be a Philadelphia lawyer was very much puzzled over the theory of evolution and so questioned his mother thus:

"Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know," the mother replied. "I never knew any of your father's people."

CONSTABLES

The chief constable of a small town received by post six "Rogues' Gallery" photographs, taken in different positions, of an old offender wanted for burglary in a neighboring city. A fortnight later the city chief of police received this letter from the constable:

"I have arrested five of the men, and am going after the sixth to-night."

* * *

Jugend tells this story: "In the lower court of a small town in Saxony William had served faithfully and well as attendant to the presiding judge for many years without ever having received any reward aside from his legal stipend. On the day of adjournment for the season, when visitors had retired, the judge, who was also about to leave, asked: 'William, do you smoke?' Seeing a square box under the judge's arm, he answered respectfully: 'Yes, your Honor.' 'I knew it by the smell of your coat,' said the judge, as he walked out."

* * *

"Give one verse of the Star-Spangled Banner."

"I can't do it, Judge."

"Quote a passage from the Constitution."

"Too many for me."

"Then I can't naturalize you, young man."

"But I was born here, Judge. I don't want to be naturalized. I'm after a bailiff's job."

* * *

Charles Mathews, who in his younger days knew what it was to be very much worried with debts, once met a friend who asked him if he could spare him 10*s.* to help bury a bailiff. "Certainly," replied Mathews, "here's a sovereign; bury two."

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

"I'm not quite sure whether yours is a constitutional disease or not," admitted the physician. "That being the case," sighed the invalid, "I'll have to get a decision from the United States Supreme Court."

* * *

"I want you to show that this law is unconstitutional. Do you think you can manage it?" "Easily," answered the attorney. "Well, go ahead and get familiar with the case." "I'm already at home in it. I know my ground perfectly. It's the same law you had me prove was constitutional two years ago."

* * *

"Only one way to make aviation safe," said the man who loved legal formalities.

"What's that?"

"Get some good attorneys to prove that the law of gravitation is unconstitutional."

CONTEMPT OF COURT

"A judge who is wooing a woman has one advantage over other lovers."

"What is that?"

"If she won't listen to him, he can fine her for contempt of court."

* * *

In Boise, Idaho, they tell of a lawyer, who, for contempt of court, was twice fined during the space of five minutes.

Upon the imposition of the last fine the attorney rose, and with a curious expression on his face, addressed the court as follows:

"If your Honor pleases, as a good citizen I feel bound to obey the order of this court, and intend to do so in this instance; but as I don't chance to have thirty dollars, the amount of the fine, about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it from some friend, and as I see no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your Honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days, to square up the amount of the fines that you have caused the clerk to enter against me."

The judge was nonplussed for an instant. When he recovered, he turned to the clerk and said:

"Mr. Clerk, you will remit Colonel Barker's fines; the State is better able to lose thirty dollars than I am."

When Attorney S.— was young in the law, he was prosecuting a town bully who bore a desperate character. This desperado was supposed to have added greatly to the population of the village cemetery and to be ready to kill his man at the drop of an acorn.

So when Attorney S.— stood him up at the bar before the country justice of peace, the embryo congressman painted the prisoner in such dark colors that his own mother would never have recognized him at five paces. In the very height of his eloquence, the attorney pointed a long finger at the trembling man and shouted:

"Why, that man at the bar would just as soon kill me as not right here before your face, Judge."

The judge leaned thoughtfully over, took off his specs, and glowered at the offending criminal.

"John Smith," he thundered, "if you dare kill that attorney before me I will fine you a dollar and fifty cents for contempt of co'te; durn my soul if I don't!"

* * *

"Stop!" thundered the irate judge. "You are fined $25 for contempt of court."

Stepping to the clerk's desk with the money in hand, the offending lawyer said:

"In order that there may be no misunderstanding, your Honor, I desire to ask a question."

"What is it, sir?"

"Am I to understand that this amount, $25, represents all the contempt you think can be held for the court; or do you think that is all my contempt is worth merely in the case now at bar?"

Being a question somewhat involved the court deemed it necessary to take it under advisement, pending which the court also took a vacation of four or five months, on salary, of course.

* * *

"The way of the transgressor is hard," said the justice, as he fined Bildad for exceeding the speed limit.

"Not around here it ain't!" retorted Bildad. "I never saw such mushy roads in all my life."

"Ten dollars extra for contempt o' court," said the justice.

"Why, I haven't said anything about you, Judge," protested Bildad.

"Yes ye hev," retorted the justice. "I'm commissioner here as well as jestice o' the peace."

CONSERVATION

There lately happened to be in the office of Allen Wood, the Indianapolis lawyer, two of his friends named Heywood and Greenwood. A client who knew all the men present came in and asked facetiously: "Are you trying to form an association of all the varieties of your family?" "What!" exclaimed Wood, "haven't you heard of the national movement for the conservation of the Woods?"

CONTINUANCE

One of the most picturesque figures of the New York bar was the late Thomas Nolan, a lawyer, whose witty retorts furnished subjects for merriment at many a lawyers' gathering. Now, Nolan was at one

time counsel for a poor widow who was suing a construction company for the death of her husband. The case had been placed upon the day calendar, but had been frequently postponed, and Mrs. Moriarity by the time she made her fifth call was in an exceedingly disturbed frame of mind, consequently the tones of Nolan's rich brogue were more than usually fervid as he fought against the sixth adjournment.

"I am sorry," said Justice Dugro, "but your opponent has shown me good cause for the adjournment, Mr. Nolan, and the case will therefore go over until to-morrow."

"Very well, sor," said the barrister, sweetly, "but might I ask wan personal favor of the coort?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

"Will your Honor kindly sthep down to my office and just tell Mrs. Moriarity that you have adjourned the case?"

* * *

"The young fellow who's coming to see you, Elsie, must be a lawyer."

"What makes you think that, father?"

"Because I notice whenever he comes to court he always pleads for a stay."

* * *

Small Harold wanted an excuse to remain away from school.

"Mamma," he queried, "is there any kind of illness that a fellow doesn't have to take any medicine for?"

Note: This is the kind the defendant has when a continuance of a case is desired.

CONTRIBUTORY NEGLIGENCE

It is held in Tolin v. Terrell (Ky.) 117 S. W. 290, to be contributory negligence for a person to go behind a mule without speaking to the animal. Any well-bred mule would instantly resent such bad manners.

CONVERSATION

Speaker Champ Clark enjoys telling of an incident that occurred in a circuit court of Missouri during a "horse case," in which a horseman well-known throughout the State for his expert knowledge was called as a witness.

"You saw this horse?" asked counsel for the defendant.

"Yes, sir, I—"

"What did you do?"

"I opened his mouth in order to ascertain how old he was, and I said to him, I said, 'Old fellow, I guess you're a good horse yet.' "

At this junction opposing counsel leaped to his feet. "Your Honor," he cried, "I object to the statement of any conversation between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present!"

CONVICTION

"Many criminals are more desperate after they have served a number of terms in prison," remarked the new member of the club.

"Yes; they must be possessed of a courage born of convictions," agreed the man who knows.

Speaker (warming to his subject): "What we want is men with convictions, and where shall we find them?"

Voice: "In jail, guv'nor!"

CONCEALED WEAPONS

"Mose, do you know what kind of pistol the defendant had?"

"Yes, sir, boss. I don't zactly know de name, but it was one er dem kinder fistomatic pistols. You press it with yer fist, and it shoots itself out."

* * *

Lawyer for Defense to Prospective Juryman: "This indictment accuses the defendant of killing the deceased with premeditation and deliberation; what do you understand by that?"

"Who, me?" replied the talesman.

"If you please," said the lawyer.

"Why," answered he, "them's the weapons he done the killing with."

* * *

A judge in a Western town had declared that he would stop the carrying of firearms on the street. Before him appeared for trial a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in a crowded street.

"Twenty dollars and costs," said the magistrate.

"But, your Honor," interposed counsel for the prisoner, "my client did not hit anybody."

"Why, you admit that he fired the gun?"

"Yes, but he fired it into the air," explained the lawyer.

"Twenty dollars and costs," repeated the judge. "He might have shot an angel."

* * *

Apropos of a point which he was trying to impress upon an audience, Judge Dike excused himself for "talking shop" and told this tale:

A negro, well-known for his many appearances before the criminal justice in a Southern city, was arraigned on a certain day on a charge of carrying a razor on his person. Asked whether the charge was true, he replied:

"Yessir, Judge, ah admits that I had a razor in mah pocket, but 'twas only a safety razor."

"A safety razor," queried the judge, displaying some surprise; "how could a safety razor serve you in a quarrel?"

"'Twasn't of no material suvvis 'tall, Judge," he replied; "ah carried it jes' for the moral effect."

CONTINGENT FEES

Lawyer: "Madam, I'm sorry to say that I don't see the ghost of a chance for you to break your uncle's will."

Client: "Well, to be frank with you, I don't see the ghost of a chance to pay you for what you've already done if the will isn't broken."

Lawyer: "H'm! On second thought, madam, I think the will can be broken."

CORPORATIONS

"Why can't you take my case?"

"I'm a corporation lawyer and wouldn't know how to get you out of jail. If you'd come to me in the first place you'd never have got in there."

* * *

The attorney for the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

Voice of a consumer from the audience: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

* * *

Not long ago some Utah farmers had occasion to organize a corporation and, desiring to avoid the cost of a lawyer's services, they drew up their own articles of agreement. Among its provisions was the following: "The annual meeting of the company shall be held on the second Saturday of July in each and every year, except when the same falls on a Sunday or a holiday."

* * *

"Speaking of corporations," said a commissioner in attendance at the American Bar Association meeting, "reminds me of an incident that occurred back

in Philadelphia. A body of young law students were attempting to delve into the mysteries of Blackstone. They had progressed as far as the chapter of Blackstone on Corporations beginning, 'We will now treat.' Some of the budding legal geniuses expressed a desire to do so, with the result that they got no further that day in their legal studies."

COSTS

The justice of the peace scratched his head reflectively.

"There seems to be some dispute as to the facts in this here case," he said. "The law imposes a fine of $25 for exceedin' the speed limit, but I don't want to be arb'trary about it, and if ye'll pay the costs I'll remit the fine."

"That's satisfactory to me," said Dawkins, taking out his wallet.

"All right," said the justice. "There's $5 fer the sheriff, $5 fer the pros'cutin' attorney, $5 fer the court stenographer, $5 fer the use o' the courtroom, an' my reg'lar fee o' $10 per case. Thutty dollars, please."

COUNTERFEITING

Magistrate: "So you admit having been engaged in making counterfeit money?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your Honor, and I thought it was all right. You see, the supply of the genuine article is so very, very short."

COUNTY ATTORNEY

The newly elected county attorney ruffled his hair, and proceeded to examine the next witness.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Pat Moran, sor," was the respectful reply.

"How do you spell it?"

"Well, well!" laughed Pat. "County attorney, an' can't spell Pat Moran!"

COURT ATTENDANCE

When a prominent lawyer left his home at noon, his wife informed him she was to give a 5 o'clock tea, and exacted a promise that he would assist in receiving the guests. The lawyer went to his club, where he drank numerous Scotch highballs. Suddenly he thought of the 5 o'clock tea. It was then 5:15, and an excuse came to him like an inspiration. Scrawling the following note he sent it by messenger:

"Dear Fannie: I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have been taken unexpectedly drunk."

* * *

A doctor detained in court as a witness, complained to the judge "that if he was kept from his patients much longer they would all recover in his absence."

* * *

When the youngster entered the box he wore shoes several sizes too large, a hat that almost hid his face, long trousers rolled up so that the baggy knees were at his ankles, and, to complete the picture, a swallow-tail coat that had to be held to keep it from sweeping the floor.

This ludicrous picture was too much for the court, but the judge, between his spasms of laughter, managed to ask the boy his reason for appearing in such garb.

With wondering look, the lad fished in an inner pocket and hauled the summons from it, pointing out a sentence with solemn mien as he did so. "To appear in his father's suit," it read.

COURT OF APPEALS

"What is a court of last resort, Pa?"

"Courting an old maid."

COURTESY OF THE BAR

An old offender was introduced to a new county justice as "John Timmins, alias Jones, alias Smith." "I'll try the two women first," said the justice. "Bring in Alice Jones."

COURT CRIER

An Irishman, newly appointed court crier in a county court of Australia, where there were a great many Chinese, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand.

"Call for Ah Song," was the judge's command.

Pat was puzzled for a moment. He glanced slyly at the judge. He found him as grave as an undertaker. Then turning to the spectators, he cried out in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, would any of yez be good enough to give his Honor a song?"

Easter sessions in the law courts of a certain Irish town were in full swing. But on the third day a dreadful calamity occurred. The court crier was absent.

"Well, we must endeavor to find a substitute," remarked the judge.

Just as they were in the middle of an exciting case, a breathless messenger boy came in, and handed a letter to the judge. The latter read it, and then announced to the court:

"I have a message from our court crier. He says: 'Wife's mother died last night. Will not be able to cry to-day!' "

* * *

The lady litigant had paid out good money to clerks and bailiffs till she was nervous about it.

"Who is that?" she whispered to her lawyer, as a new functionary put in an appearance.

"That? That's the crier," the lawyer replied.

"Goodness! Can't I do my own crying and save the fees?"

* * *

"Now the crier calls, 'Arise,
Stand, ye gentlemen!'
And his honor blandly wise
Opens court again."

* * *

"In Cork," says O'Connell, "I remember a supernumerary crier, who had been put in the place of an invalid, trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming

with a stentorian voice: 'All you blackguards that isn't lawyers, lave the presince of the court entirely, or I'll make ye, by the powers.' "

COURT INTERPRETER

There had been a fatal accident at the railroad crossing in a little Pennsylvania town, and the coroner, a pompous old fellow, who magnified conscientiously both his office and its incumbent, had impaneled a jury for the inquest.

There was only one witness of the accident, an illiterate Slav from the coal mines, who could understand no English. With him the coroner began to struggle.

"Can you speak German?" he asked. The man shook his head.

"Can you speak Italian?" continued the official. Again the man shook his head.

"Can you speak Hungarian?" The same response.

"Can you speak Russian?" finally asked the coroner. Again the man shook his head.

"It's no use, gentlemen," said the coroner, turning to the jury. "We can't proceed with the case. I've spoken to this man in five different languages and can't make him understand me."

CRIME AND CRIMINALS

"Ever hear that story about the lawyer who took his wife to court? After she had looked around a

minute, she gave a sudden shudder. 'My,' she whispered, 'what an awful creature the prisoner is!' "

"'S-h-h-!' her husband hissed. 'The prisoner hasn't come in yet. That's the judge.'"

* * *

He stepped from the stairs leading to the cells into the court as though to the manner born. Did he want the deputy to show him where to stand? Not he!

He gazed up at the familiar face of the magistrate and half smiled. But his honor's face wore a frown.

"This is the seventeenth time I've seen you before me," said the judge sternly.

This was not the sort of reception he had expected. He was hurt.

"Well, yer Honor," he said sadly, "I've seen you sittin' in that chair for eight years, but I've never thought of complainin'!"

* * *

Judge (sternly)—"Three times in a month! What do you make of this?"

Rastus (apologetically)—"Deed an' I don't make nuffin, sir. You fellahs up here seems to be de on'y ones dat makes anything of haulin' me up heah."

* * *

"Woman," growled the villain, "the crime is on your own head."

"Is it on straight?" anxiously demanded the villainess.

* * *

Old Lady (offering policeman a tract)—"I often think you poor policemen run such a risk of be-

coming bad, being so constantly mixed up with crime."

Policeman—"You needn't fear, mum. It's the criminals wot runs the risk o' becomin' saints, bein' mixed up with us!"

* * *

A certain culprit upon release from jail met a friend. "What were you in for?" asked the friend.

"I found a horse," the man replied.

"Found a horse? Nonsense! They would never put you in jail for finding a horse."

"Well, but you see I found him before the owner lost him."

* * *

Aunt Caroline and the partner of her woes evidently found connubial bliss a misnomer, for the sounds of war were often heard down in the little cabin in the hollow. Finally the pair were haled into court, and the dusky madam entered a charge of abusive language against her spouse. The judge, who had known them both all his life, endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"What did he say to you, Caroline?" he asked.

"Why, Jedge, I jes' can't tell you all dat man do say to me."

"Does he ever use hard language?"

"Does yo' mean cussin'? Yassuh, not wif his mouth, but he's always givin' me dem cussory glances."

* * *

When charged with being drunk and disorderly, and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner

gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your Honor, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched a—"

"That will do!" thundered the magistrate. "Ten days! And officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is!"

* * *

A Boston policeman was leading a sobbing youngster toward the station house. "What has he been doing?" we asked. "Using a bean-shooter," answered the man behind the star. "Is that a crime?" we queried. "Not exactly," he replied, "but it is considered a sacrilege to put beans to such use in this town."

* * *

There was once haled into a Chicago court a battered specimen of humanity, on whose haggard face, however, were discernible faint reminders of better days.

The judge, who perceived these evidences of a former prosperity, was interested in the hobo.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"Boston," said the prisoner, dejectedly.

"Indeed," said the judge. "Yours is a sad fall. And yet you don't seem to thoroughly realize how low you have sunk."

The prisoner winced. "Your Honor does me an injustice," he said. "The disgrace of arrest for drunkenness, the mortification of being thrust into a

noisome dungeon, the publicity and humiliation of trial in a crowded and dingy courtroom—all these I can bear—but to be sentenced by a police magistrate who splits his infinitives—that is, indeed, the last blow!"

* * *

"Warden, where are my flowers? Give me those flowers."

"Those flowers are for an embezzler in the next cell."

"Flowers for an embezzler, with a murderer in the same jail? A life of crime is not what I was led to expect."

* * *

"What's the matter, dear? Your hair is standing on end."

"I put it up in curl papers last night, and the newspaper I used was filled with horrible crimes."

* * *

"Say, why didn't you stop that thief?" panted the fat policeman, as he came up to a man who was calmly viewing the race from a doorsill. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the spectator, "was that a real thief? I thought you and he were employed by a moving picture company."

* * *

He came into the police station, his hands clenched, and his eyebrows swooping downward towards the bridge of his nose.

"How much do you charge in a case of assault and battery?"

"That depends—about twenty shillings."

"You can knock the stuffing out of a man for that, can't you?"

"Possibly."

"Can a fellow pay his fine in advance?"

"If you want to," laughed the inspector.

The visitor laid two half-sovereigns on the desk.

"I'm going to lick a man, and I don't want any interference of the police while I do it." And he stalked out, muttering.

Half an hour afterwards a man came in. Both his eyes were puffed, his nose crooked, his clothing was hanging on him in rags.

"Well," he said, gently, "do you recognize me?"

"Can't say that I do."

"I'm the man who came in here half an hour ago and paid a fine in advance."

"Oh! Well, what do you want now?"

"Would you mind giving me 19s. 6d. back?"

* * *

Diogenes didn't even try to find an honest woman.

CROSS-EXAMINATION

An old woman, being cross-examined, was asked by counsel how she explained an obvious untruth. She replied:

"I'm sorry, sir, but I lost my presence of mind."

* * *

"I must compliment you," says the attorney for the defense to the witness, who has endured a whole day's cross-examination by the prosecutor. "The State's

attorney asked you questions that ought to have tangled you all up, but never once did he trap you."

"It was easy," smiled the witness. "I am used to getting home late and answering my wife's questions."

* * *

"How old are you?" asked a lawyer who was cross-examining a woman.

The lady hesitated and stammered.

"Come, come," urged the lawyer. "Don't hesitate. Remember, the longer you hesitate the older you are."

* * *

A lawyer cross-examining a witness who had a very red nose, asked:

"Are you addicted to drink?" and the witness indignantly replied:

"That's my business."

"Ah," said the lawyer, "is that your only business?"

* * *

Lawyer—"The cross-examination did not seem to worry you. Have you had any previous experience?"

Client—"Six children."

* * *

"Just think," said the student of history, "there was a time when men seemed to enjoy torturing their fellow beings!"

"Yes, and even now a smart lawyer seems to derive a great deal of satisfaction from cross-examining an expert witness."

The late Justice Brewer was presiding, years ago, over a civil case in which one of the important witnesses was a horse doctor named Williams. The doctor was a small man with a weak little voice, and the counsel on both sides, as well as the court and jury, had great difficulty in hearing his testimony.

During cross-examination the counsel for the plaintiff became exasperated and began to prod and harry the little man.

"Dr. Williams," he shouted, "if we are ever going to get anywhere with this case you must speak up so the court will hear you. Speak up loud and strong, sir!"

The small-sized veterinary tried, but it was evidently no use. Whether from embarrassment or inability the sound would not come.

"Well, your Honor—" began the counsel indignantly, when Judge Brewer stopped him with a gesture. Leaning over the bench he said in his kindly tone:

"Mr. Attorney, you must be patient with the doctor. He can not help it. Years spent in the sick-room have apparently made speaking low a second nature with him."

* * *

An eminent lawyer was once cross-examining a very clever woman, mother of the plaintiff in a breach of promise action, and was completely worsted in the encounter of wits. At the close, however, he turned to the jury and exclaimed, "You see, gentlemen, that even I was but a child in her hands. What must my

client have been?" By this adroit stroke of advocacy he turned his failure into a success.

* * *

Rastus sat throughout the trial without paying a bit of attention to the arguments of the prosecuting attorney, or to his own defense, for that matter, and was "miles away," so to speak. The judge wanted to be easy on the old man, for it was his first offense, and during the course of the argument, while the old man was dreaming away unmindful of what was going on around him, the judge asked:

"Rastus, do you drink?"

Rastus immediately was all attention.

"Jedge," said he, "can I ax you is dat an inquiry or an invitation?"

* * *

Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, tells of the cross-examination of a Swede.

"Now, Jensen," asked the lawyer, "what do you do?"

"Tank you," replied the Swede, "Ay am not very well."

"I didn't ask you how your health was," said the lawyer, "but what you do?"

"Oh, yes, Ay see," said the fellow, his stolid countenance changing a trifle. "Ay vork."

"Yes, but what kind of work do you do?"

"It's puddy hard vork."

"Yes, but do you drive a team or do you work on the railroad, or do you work in a factory?"

"Oh, yes, Ay work in a factory."

"Well, what kind of a factory is it?"

"It ees a very big factory."

The lawyer was much exasperated.

"Now, see here, Jensen, tell us what you do in the factory. What do you make?"

"Oh, yes, Ay understan'. You bane want to know vat Ay make in the factory?"

"Exactly. Now tell us what you make."

"Yes, Ay make von dollar and a half a day."

* * *

The pop-eyed negro on the witness stand had been content during his examination in chief to answer Yes or No to all questions, but a controversy now arose between his lawyer and the lawyer for the other side. Wide-eared, he listened while they hurled long, jawbreaking words and impressive-sounding Latin phrases back and forth between them.

The opposing counsel turned on him suddenly:

"Gabe," he demanded, "you have followed carefully this intricate discussion touching on the various aspects of medical jurisprudence involved in the issue we have here before us for adjudication; and in view of that I now desire to know whether you do or do not find your evidence still coincides with the theory advanced by my learned brother?"

The witness cast a triumphant side glance at his own attorney. Then he puffed out his lips and his chest.

"Most doubtless!" he answered.

CRUEL TREATMENT

The Judge: "Can you describe any specific act of cruelty on the part of your husband?"

The Complainant: "I should say I can! Whenever he had anything to say to me he'd call me up on the telephone and say it and then disconnect before I had a chance to talk back to him."

DAMAGES—AUTOMOBILE

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"The 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"

* * *

"You tell me," said the judge, "that this is the person who knocked you down with his motor car. Could you swear to the man?"

"I did," returned the complainant, eagerly, "but he didn't stop to hear me."

* * *

A man lay groaning and writhing by the wayside, when up dashed a constable and proceeded to investigate; but all he could get out of the sufferer was, "I ate one, too—I ate one, too," and he puzzled, but not for long.

"Poison!" was his diagnosis, and, mindful of his training, he at once procured an emetic, which simply electrified the recipient.

Between convulsions he managed to ask the reason for such treatment, and on his being told, and asked what it was he had eaten, he became more abusive.

"What did I eat?" yelled he. "Why, you idiot, '1812' is the number of the car that knocked me down!"

* * *

An old woman was put in the witness box to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a prize pig by a motor car. Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the car kill the pig in question.

"I seed it."

"Then," said counsel, "tell the court in as few words as possible just how it occurred."

"That I can, zur. It just tooted and tuck him."

* * *

"Now, Pat," said the prosecuting attorney, "we need your testimony in this automobile case to secure a conviction. You say the defendant was going at a terrific rate of speed. Now, just tell us how fast do you mean by that?"

"Sure," said Pat, "he was goin' so fast I nivver even seen the kyar!"

* * *

"What makes you carry that horrible shriek machine for an automobile signal?"

"For humane reasons. If I can paralyze a person with fear, he will keep still, and I can run to one side of him."

* * *

"How did the accident happen?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, you see," his rustic client explained, "it was dark, and I see them two lights ahead in the road, and, thinks I, them's two motor cars. I'll drive between them."

"And did you?"

"Yes, but, bother it all, they was both on the same car!"

* * *

"You say your automobile didn't touch this man, and yet he was dead when you picked him up?" shouted the prosecuting attorney.

"That's my claim," coolly retorted the prisoner. "My machine didn't touch him."

"And you were driving not over 12 miles an hour?"

"Not over 12 miles and—"

"And you saw this man start to cross the street?"

"Yes."

"Did you blow your horn?"

"I did."

"What sort of a horn is it?"

"One of those newfangled clatterboxes that create a sound that is a cross between a shriek and a dying wail."

"That explains it. You simply scared the man to death."

* * *

The late Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, the neurologist, was escorting some New York friends through a Philadelphia sanatorium in which he was interested. Opening the door, he remarked:

"This big room has been set aside for the care and cure of chauffeurs who have broken down under the mental strain of driving and repairing automobiles."

"Very fine," said one of the doctor's guests, "but where are the patients,—the chauffeurs?"

"Under the beds, mending the slats."

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, was being congratulated at a luncheon on his ordinance forbidding chauffeurs to blow their horns in the crowded business section of the city.

"Chauffeurs think," he said, "that they need only blow their horns and the pedestrian will leap out of the way. Let the chauffeurs drive with care, remembering that the pedestrian's right is supreme.

"Why, if something isn't soon done, the chauffeurs, in their arrogance, will be getting up a horn Code for the pedestrian to learn and obey—a Code something like this:

"One toot.—Throw a quick back handspring for the sidewalk.

"Two toots.—Dive over the car.

"Three toots.—Lie down calmly; it is too late to escape; but we will go over you as easily as possible if you keep very still.

"One long and two short toots.—Throw yourself forward and we will save both your arms.

"One short and two long toots.—Throw yourself backward and one leg will be saved.

"Four toots.—It's all up with you, but we promise to notify your family."

DAMAGES—GENERAL

"Bill's going to sue the company for damages."

"Why, what did they do to him?"

"They blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron, and 'e dropped it on 'is foot."

Chief Justice Isaac Russell of the Court of Special Sessions tells how he went to the city hall to call on the mayor on a rainy day, and as he was leaving the building he slipped and bumped all the way down the stone steps. A man rushed up, helped him to his feet, and asked: "Is your Honor hurt?"

"No," replied the judge; "my honor remains intact, but my spine seems to be jarred."

* * *

A husky Ethiopian came into a lawyer's office, and exhibiting a scalp wound about three inches long on top of his head, wanted to know if he could "git anything foh dis heah." In response to a query from the lawyer he explained: "Well, boss, it was like dis: Ah was wukin' down by dis heah new buildin', an' a fo' poun' brick fell off'n de sixteenth story an' hit me smack on top de haid."

A grasping and heartless construction company, although admitting the facts and their liability, refused to pay more than ten dollars, on the ground that the evidence failed to disclose any material damage.

* * *

During a criminal prosecution in the First Criminal Court of Jersey City, Counselor Archibald, for the defense, was questioning a police officer, who testified that he had found the complainant lying in the gutter badly hurt. "Now, officer," asked the counsel, "how badly was he hurt?" "Well," responded the witness, "I examined him, and on his stomach I found a severe scalp wound."

Isaacs (who has been hit with golf ball)—"I vill have you in de law courts, for dis. I vill sue you for five dollars damages!"

Golfer—"But surely, you heard me say 'fore.'"

Isaacs—"Right—I vill take it!"

* * *

"Did Simpkins get any damages in that assault case?"

"Did he? My dear fellow, you ought to see his face."

* * *

In one of the municipal courts there was tried an action by an infant plaintiff against the city for an injury sustained by falling through a defective grating into a sewer, and being made sick by swallowing mud and dirt. A physician testified for the defense that he had examined the plaintiff before trial, and found that the child was suffering from worms. Plaintiff's counsel, in summing up the case, solemnly claimed the benefit of this evidence by the following appeal: "They say he suffers from worms. Where, I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, did the worms come from, but from the mud and dirt that he swallowed?" Our correspondent says that judge, jury and counsel all received this appeal with seriousness, none of them being apparently able to imagine where else the worms could have come from.

* * *

Old C——— was a Dutchman, and like many another man had a wife that was "some." One day the old man got into some trouble with a neighbor, which resulted in a severe fight. The neighbor was

getting the better of the old man, which C.'s wife was not slow to see. The old man was resisting his enemy to the best of his ability, when his wife broke out with:

"Lie still, old man, lie still! If he kills you, I'll sue him for damages."

* * *

During the trial in a Western city of a suit for damages growing out of the destruction of a building, due to the explosion of a steam boiler, there was put on the witness stand a quaint old chap who had been employed as a watchman in the said building.

When he had been sworn to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, and cautioned not to repeat hearsay, and told that his personal experience was the only testimony that would answer the law, the old chap shifted his tobacco cud and looked very wise.

"And now," proceeded examining counsel, "tell us what you know about this explosion."

"Well, sir," said the old chap, "I was takin' a bit of a snooze in a chair when I hears a noise like an earthquake, and the nurse says, 'Sit up an' take this.' "

* * *

A certain lawyer, upon cross-examination, asked a witness if the incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come!" said the attorney. "Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twentieth story

of a building, and should fall out and should not be injured. What would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply.

"Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well, suppose that you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and again should find yourself not injured, now what would you call that?"

"A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come, now," the lawyer began again. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and struck your head on the pavement twenty stories below and were not in the least injured. Come, now, what would you call it?"

"Three times?" said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a habit."

And the lawyer gave it up.

* * *

"So you've got an accident to report, have you?" said the head clerk to the foreman of the works.

"Yes, sir," said the foreman. Then he paused a while, gnawing his pen reflectively, before handing over his report.

The latter read as follows:

"Date: March 31st. Nature of accident: Toe badly crushed. How caused: Accidental blow from a fellow workman's hammer. Remarks: ———"

"Right," said the clerk. "But why no remarks?"

"Well, sir," replied the foreman slowly, "seein' as 'ow you know what Bill is, and seein' as 'ow you know that it was 'is big toe what was hurt, I—well, I didn't like to put 'em down."

DAMAGES—MARINE

A steamboat called "the Old Kentuck" blew up, near the Trinity, at the mouth of the Ohio, by which accident a lady rejoicing in the name of Jones lost her husband and her trunk, and for both of which an action was brought.

There was, strange to say, great difficulty in proving that Mr. Jones had been on the boat at the time of the collapse.

Many witnesses were examined to prove the fact, until finally a Mr. Deitzmar, a German, was placed upon the stand.

The attorney for the boat owners elicited from Mr. Deitzmar this testimony:

"Mr. Deitzmar, did you know the Old Kentuck?"

"Yah, I was blown up mit her."

"Were you on board when she collapsed her flue?"

"When she bust the bile? Yah, I wash dare."

"Did you know Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure. Mr. Jones and me took passenger togedder."

"You did? When did you last see Mr. Jones on board the boat?"

"Wall! I didn't see Mr. Jones aboard de boat de last time."

The attorney fancied his case was safe, and with a most triumphant glance at the jury said:

"You did not? Well, Mr. Deitzmar, when last did you see Mr. Jones?"

"Wall, when de schmoke pipe and me was going up we met Mr. Jones coming down."

DAMAGES—RAILROAD

A railroad section hand had been killed by an express train, and his widow was suing for damages. The company had a good case and to show the other side up the railroad lawyer tried to turn the main witness inside out.

Jerry Coughlin, in his droll way, was giving a graphic description of the fatality, occasionally shedding a few tears for effect. Among other things, he said positively that the locomotive whistle was not sounded until the entire train had passed over the unfortunate section hand.

Then the snappy railroad lawyer thought he had Jerry.

"See here, Mister Coughlin, you admit the whistle blew?"

"Yis, sor, it blew, sor!"

"Well, now, if that whistle blew in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"Yis, sor, and poor Mike would be testifying here this day."

The jury giggled.

"Never mind that," said the lawyer, a bit ruffled.

"You were Mike's friend, and you would help his widow out, but just tell this honored judge and this most just jury what earthly purpose there could have been for the engineer to blow that whistle after Mike had been struck?"

"Well," said Jerry, drawing himself up in the witness chair. "Oi presume that the whistle were for the nixt man on the track, sor!"

* * *

They were discussing a United States senator who had been a railroad attorney before he became a statesman, and who, many thought, had not given up his job when he assumed his toga.

"It's all rot!" said a man who knows the senator. "He never was a railroad attorney except to go out and try damage cases. Why, all that man ever was was a cow-coroner!"

* * *

Irate Patron—"I thought this railroad was for the benefit of the public."

Railroad Official—"You're away off. The public is for the benefit of the railroad."

* * *

Railroad Attorney—"You are sure it was our Flier that killed your mule? What makes you so positive?"

Rastus—"He dun licked ebry other train on de road."

* * *

It was a clever lawyer in a Boston court who took advantage of the nautical knowledge he possessed to

work upon the mind of a juryman who did not seem to show much comprehension of a case of suing a street railway for damages.

The dull member was an old sailor, who, though doubtless very keen of perception along some lines, was, nevertheless, rather slow in his understanding of the points involved in the case being tried. The lawyer noticed this and made his strike with this particular man. Approaching the jury box he addressed himself to this one juryman and said:

"Mr. Juryman, I will tell you how it happened. The plaintiff was in command of the outward bound open car, and stood in her starboard channels. Along came the inward-bound closed car and just as their bows met she jumped the track, sheered to port, and knocked the plaintiff off and ran over him."

The sailor was all attention after this version of the affair, and joined in a $5,000 verdict for the injured man.

* * *

Lawyer—"What is your occupation?"

Witness—"I am a trunk finisher."

Lawyer—"Be a little more definite. Do you make them or are you a baggageman?"

* * *

A South Dakota railroad is noted for its execrable road-bed. A new brakeman was making his first run over the road at night and was standing in the center of the car, grimly clutching the seats to keep erect. Suddenly the train struck a smooth place in the track, and slid along without a sound. Seizing

his lantern, the brakeman ran for the door. "Jump for your lives," he shouted. "She's off the track!"

* * *

"Station master, can you give me any news about that rumored wreck? This suspense is awful."

"Wife on the train?"

"No; but I had a crate of eggs aboard."

* * *

The reporter who had accompanied the special train to the scene of the wreck hurried down the embankment and found a man who had one arm in a sling, a bandage over one eye, his front teeth gone, and his nose knocked four points to starboard, sitting on a piece of the locomotive and surveying the horrible ruin all about him.

"Can you give me some particulars of this accident?" asked the reporter, taking out his notebook.

"I haven't heard of any accident, young man," replied the disfigured party stiffly.

He was one of the directors of the railroad.

* * *

Friend—(to man injured in railroad wreck)—"But you can get damages."

Injured One—"Damages! What I want is repairs!"

* * *

A lawyer tells a story of an accident at a railway crossing at night, in which a farmer's cart was struck and demolished and the farmer injured.

"I was counsel for the railway," says the lawyer, "and I won the case for the defense mainly on account of the testimony of an old colored man, who

was stationed at the crossing. When asked if he had swung his lantern as a warning, the old man swore positively:

" 'I surely did.'

"After I had won the case I called on the old negro," said the lawyer, "and complimented him upon his testimony. He said:

" 'Thankee, Marse Jawn, I got along all right; but I was awfully scared, 'cause I was 'fraid dat lawyer man was goin' ter ask me was my lantern lit. De oil done give out befo' de accident.' "

* * *

The Swede section foreman was laboriously filling out a report covering the killing of a cow by second section of No. 64.

The fussy claim agent certainly required an unreasonable amount of information, as evidenced by the printed questions on the blank form:

"Number of train?"

"Number of engine?"

"Name of conductor?"

"Name of engineer?"

"Speed of train?"

"Where was animal struck?"

"Etc., etc."

Ole succeeded but indifferently until he came to the final question, and here he experienced the inward consciousness of one qualified when he wrote in reply to:

"Disposition of animal?"

"He bane wan kind and yentle cow."

Down in Minnesota Mr. Olsen had a cow killed by a railroad train. In due season the claim agent of the railroad called.

"We understand, of course, that the deceased was a very docile and valuable animal," said the claim agent in his most persuasive claim-agent-like manner, "and we sympathize with you and your family in your loss. But, Mr. Olsen, you must remember this: Your cow had no business being upon our tracks. Those tracks are our private property, and when she invaded them she became a trespasser. Technically speaking, you, as her owner, become a trespasser also. But we have no desire to carry the issue into court, and possibly give you trouble. Now, then, what would you regard as a fair settlement between you and the railroad company?"

"Vall," said Mr. Olsen slowly, "Ay bane poor Swede farmer, but Ay shall give you $2."

* * *

The plaintiff took the stand and he stated that he was injured in a street car accident and that "a hole was knocked in the back of his head," and that the hole was still there. A physician was called to give expert testimony, who stated on the stand that at the point on the skull where the plaintiff claims he was injured there was a natural depression or "hole."

He felt the head of the plaintiff and stated the hole was there but gave it as his opinion that it came from natural causes, and that nearly every one had a similar depression.

"You say there is a hole on the back of every person's head," asked the attorney for the defendant company.

"Generally speaking, I do," replied the physician.

"Would you mind examining my head and tell the court whether a depression is there or not?"

"Not at all," said the physician, and feeling the head of the attorney, announced to the court that a hole was there.

Not to be outdone, the attorney for the plaintiff asked the expert to feel his head and tell the court the result of his finding. The physician complied with the request and again told the court that in the back of the head of the attorney for the plaintiff there was a depression.

At this point the hour for adjournment had arrived so Judge Miller "butted in."

"Before you leave the stand," said the judge to the doctor, "I would like to ask you a question. Tell me, is it usual to find hollow places in the heads of attorneys?"

The answer was lost in the laugh that followed and the court adjourned for lunch.

* * *

Indignant Passenger (to railway manager): "Here, I say, I got a cinder in my eye from one of your confounded engines, and it cost me $1 for a doctor to get it out and dress the eye. Now, what do you propose to do in the matter?"

Railway Magnate: "Nothing, my dear sir—nothing. We have no use for the cinder, and you are

perfectly welcome to it. No doubt, strictly speaking, you did go off with our property—the cinder, of course, was not yours—but we do not care to make a fuss about such a small matter. Pray do not give the incident a moment's thought."

* * *

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said: "Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! Something muster happen to Ole!' "

* * *

A reporter on a Kansas City paper was among those on a relief train that was being rushed to the scene of a railway wreck in Missouri. About the first victim the Kansas City reporter saw was a man sitting in the road with his back to a fence. He had a black eye, his face was somewhat scratched, and his clothes were badly torn—but he was entirely calm.

The reporter jumped to the side of the man against the fence. "How many hurt?" he asked of the prostrate one.

"Haven't heard of anybody being hurt," said the battered person.

"What was the cause of the wreck?"

"Wreck? Haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't heard of any wreck? Who are you, anyhow?"

"Well, young man, I don't know that that's any of your business, but I am the claim-agent of this road."

* * *

The lawyer for the railroad company had just paid the widow of a negro killed on the company's tracks the sum of four hundred dollars.

The sorrowing one took one look at all that wealth, then grabbed for it with her left hand while with her right she signed on the dotted line A of the quit-claim. This done, she plucked a fragrant yellow twenty off the top of the pile of currency and after inhaling its aroma fanned herself daintily with it.

"Clarissa," said a woman friend who had accompanied her, "whut you reckin you goin' do now sence you come into all dis money?"

The widow exhaled a long and happy sigh.

"Well," she said, "havin' dis yere streak of luck comin' on me so sudden, I ain't hardly made up mah mind yit jes' whut I will do. Course, when time is healed up my wounds I mout look round and tek notice. I mout marry agin; and then agin I mout not. But if ever I does marry agin mah secon' husband is suttinly goin' be a railroad man!"

DAMAGES—STREET RAILWAY

The attorney for a street-railroad company in a Kentucky town was examining a skinny sixteen-year-old negro boy who had sued for injuries ostensibly incurred in a collision on the highway.

"You say," he asked, "that when this street car hit that wagon you were riding on the front seat of the wagon?"

"Dat's whut I said," answered the little negro.

"And you say the force of the blow knocked you up in the air?"

"Yas, sur—'way up in de air."

"Well, how long did you stay up there?" demanded the attorney.

"Not no longer dan it tuck me to git down," answered the truthful complainant promptly.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR

"Have you been able to meet all the demands of your creditors?"

"Meet them? I haven't been able to avoid them."

* * *

Creditor: "You couldn't go around in your fine automobile if you paid your debts."

Debtor: "That's so! I'm glad you look at it in the same light that I do."

* * *

"I am willing," said the candidate, after he had hit the table a terrible blow with his fist, "to trust the people."

"Gee!" yelled a little man in the audience. "I wish you'd open a grocery."

DEFINITION

He was a huge man of the navvy species, and as he stood in the witness box counsel eyed him dubiously,

knowing he would be a hard nut to crack,—a very hard nut, indeed.

"What we want to get at," the lawyer began, "is who was the aggressor."

"Eh?" said the witness, puzzled.

"Let me illustrate my meaning," said counsel. "Supposing that I should meet you in the street and strike you in the face. I would be the aggressor."

"You'd be a fool!" said the witness, with growing emphasis.

"No—no!" said counsel, with heightened color. "I was speaking only in abstract. Suppose we met, and without provocation I struck you, I should be committing an act of aggression."

The navvy hunched his huge shoulders.

"You'd be committing suicide, mister," he remarked grimly.

"You may sit down!" snapped counsel.

* * *

Little Willie—"What is a lawyer, pa?"

Pa—"A lawyer, my son, is a man who induces two other men to strip for a fight, and then runs off with their clothes."

* * *

"Learn me something," said a man to a witty lawyer.

"All right, say teach," responded the lawyer.

* * *

"You say you were in a saloon at the time the alleged assault took place?" a lawyer inquired of a witness at the central station the other day.

"Yes, sir, I was," the witness admitted.

"H'm," the lawyer pursued, "that is interesting. And did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"

"I don't know what he called it, sir," came the reply, with perfect ease, "but I took what the rest did."

* * *

"What have you to charge against the defendant?" asked a lawyer of an ebony-headed witness.

"Why, de nigger am bigoted," was the reply.

"He's what?"

"Bigoted, bigoted—doesn't yo know what dat am?"

"Why, no," replied the lawyer, who was much of a wag. "Will you define the term, Job?"

"Sartainly, sartainly, I does. To be bigoted, a culled pusson must know too much for one nigger, and not enough for two niggers."

* * *

J. Van Vechten Olcott, of New York, told the story of how Rufus Choate got from a witness the finest definition ever heard of absent-mindedness.

"Well," replied the witness in a slow, deliberate tone, "if a man who thought he had left his watch at home, took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back and get it, I would call him a leetle absent-minded."

DEFENDANT

"Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant in the fight?" asked the judge of the policeman.

"Shure and I would have done so only I didn't know which of thim was going to be the defindent!"

* * *

"Thomas W. Lawson," said a Boston banker, "is always full of quips.

"Not long ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier—one of those real 'high financiers,' whose low methods Lawson loves to turn the light on.

"I arrived at the funeral a little late. I took a seat beside Lawson and whispered:

" 'How far has the service gone?'

"Lawson, nodding toward the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back:

" 'Just opened for the defense.' "

DEFENDANT'S STATEMENT

The following incident, which happened in an English criminal court, shows a touching belief in the adage that "money talks." "Have you," asked the judge of a prisoner just convicted, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your Honor," replied the prisoner, regretfully, "my lawyer took my last cent."

* * *

A negro, on trial for his life in a remote Tennessee town, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:

"All I has to say is this, Judge: If you hangs me, you hangs the best bass singer in Tennessee."

The taxicab driver was about to receive his sentence.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "I am satisfied there is no reasonable doubt of your guilt. The evidence shows that you drove the deceased about the city in your taxicab for two hours, then took him to a secluded place and strangled him and stole his watch. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"What is it?"

"I'd like to know, your Honor, who is going to pay the cab hire?"

* * *

A negro named Dick was known as a notorious thief, so much so, in fact, that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him. Finally one man had all his turkeys stolen and he had Dick arrested.

"You stole Mr. King's turkeys?" asked the judge.

"Well," said Dick slowly, "I'll tell you, sir, I didn't steal dem turkeys, but last night I went 'cross Mr. King's pasture and saw one of my rails on de fence, so I jes' brought it home, and confound it, when I come to look, dar was nine turkeys settin' on de rail."

* * *

Some time before Judge S. S. Ford was elected to the common pleas bench he was employed as attorney for the defense in a case in criminal court. The jury was out three hours, but finally brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

Next day Judge Ford met one of the jurors in the case.

"Well, we set your man free," the juror said. "He was as innocent as a new born baby."

"Certainly he was," remarked Judge Ford. "I was a little surprised at the length of your deliberations."

"I'll tell you about that," said the juror. "If you had rested your case when the State got through, we would have acquitted your man in a second. That testimony you put in for the defense sort of rattled us.

"I'm an old juror, Judge, and I want to give you a word of advice. When in a trial by jury you are defending an innocent man, keep him off the witness stand."

DEMURRER

"Prisoner, you are accused of having stolen a gold watch."

"It's false. In the first place I never stole it, and in the second it wasn't gold."

* * *

"Marse Farrington, dey had me up befoah my church las' night for dancin' de tango."

"I don't suppose you were guilty, were you, Sam?" queried his master.

"Yas, suh; yas suh," replied Sam. "I wus guilty of dancin' a few o' dem turkey-trottin' steps, an' they proved it on me, too; but I come clear. Mah friends stuck to me close, an' after dem other nig-

gers had done testified ag'inst me, mah friends all ris up an' testified dat, tho' it was true ah dance, ah was so drunk at de time ah didn't know whut ah was doin'. So ah come clear an' de preacher 'scused me!"

* * *

Lawyer: "Your Honor, I ask the dismissal of my client on the ground that the warrant fails to state that he hit Bill Jones with malicious intent."

Rural Judge: "This court ain't a graduate of none of your technical schools. I don't care what he hit him with. The p'int is, did he hit him? Perceed."

* * *

A suit having been brought against a defendant, his counsel interposed a demurrer that had the effect to throw it out of court. Soon afterwards the same lawyer was elected to Congress, and while at his post of duty he was surprised one day to receive a letter from his former client, saying: "I am sued again. Please send me another one of them things they call demurrers."

DESCRIPTIO PERSONAE

It was a contested will case, and one of the witnesses, in the course of giving his evidence, described the testator minutely.

"Now, sir," said counsel for the defense, "I suppose we may take it from the flattering description you have given of the testator, his good points, and his personal appearance generally, that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Him!" exclaimed the witness. "He was no acquaintance of mine!"

"Indeed! Well, then, you must have observed him very carefully whenever you saw him?" pursued counsel.

"I never saw him in my life," was the reply.

This prevarication, as counsel thought it, was too much, and he said:

"Now, now, don't trifle with the Court, please. How, I ask you, could you, in the name of goodness, describe him so minutely if you never saw him or never knew him?"

"Well," replied the witness, and the smile which overspread his features extended to the faces of those in court, "you see, I married his widow."

* * *

"Don't you know the difference," said the smart young lawyer, "between a horse and a donkey?"

"Well, sor," replied the witness, "I should never take you for a horse."

* * *

Lawyer—"He's a sneaky sort of man, you say? What do you mean by that?"

Witness—"Well, sor, he's the sort of man that'll never look ye straight in the face until yer back's turned."

* * *

"Has Skinly any conscience?"

"It could easily prove an alibi."

* * *

"My poor man, you are the picture of dejection," sympathetically declared the prison visitor.

"And a framed picture, at that," added the convict.

"Did he strike you in virtual temporary aberration?"

"No, sir; he struck me in the jaw."

* * *

A corporation lawyer returned to his native village and erected a marble palace on a hilltop there. One day, after the palace was completed, he said to the postmaster and the crowd of loiterers in the general store:

"Boys, my million-dollar house up on the hill is simply full of Titians."

The loiterers exchanged looks of surprise and horror, and the postmaster exclaimed:

"Good gracious, ain't there no way o' killin' 'em?"

* * *

"You say your husband contributes nothing to your support," said the lawyer.

"No, sah, nary a cent. That niggah jest nachally won't work. An' he's got plenty of debility, too, if he could only use it."

* * *

Two eminent members of the Irish bar were quarreling some years ago so violently that from words they came to blows. The more powerful knocked down his adversary, exclaiming with vehemence: "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." The prostrate attorney, rising, answered with equal indignation: "No, sir, never; I defy you; you can't do it."

* * *

"Chee," said Mack the Mick, as he disembarked

from the second cabin gangway of the Lusitania, "dem Britishers dunno deir own slang. No, dey don't. Straight!

"I took in deir law courts one day in Lunnon. Chee, dey didn't know what a toff was dere. Toff—deir own slang, mind ye—and dey didn't know it! Straight! Chee!

"A custer—dat's a huckster—he sez, sez he, dat a guy wot he'd swiped was a toff.

" 'Wot's a toff?' says his nibs, de head jedge.

" 'A toff,' says a lawyer, 'is a guy wot wears fine close, yer Honor. But, yer Honor, a real toff is a gent, a genuwine gent.'

" 'Why, I t'ought,' says another lawyer, 'dat a toff was a bloke wot wore an eye-glass.'

"Den de head jedge he dropped his own eye-glass outer his eye and he says:

" 'O' course, dough, dere's many well-known exceptions to de rule.'

"Den dey all laughed, but I flew de coop disgusted.

" 'Lawyers!' says I to meself. 'And dey dunno deir own slanguage!' "

* * *

"Without exception there is no fool in the United States with little enough sense to declare the law as counsel on the other side has just stated it. Yea, I might truthfully say that shows him to be the biggest fool in the world." The dignified justice rapped for order and restored peace by saying: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, you forget the Court, you forget the Court!"

Magistrate: "What sort of a man was it that you saw commit the assault?"

Witness: "He was a small, insignificant creature, your Honor, just about your size."

* * *

"What wud yez do if Casey called yez a liar?"

"Which Casey—the big wan or the little wan?"

* * *

"And where was the man stabbed?" asked an excited man of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the median line, and about an inch above the umbilicus," was the reply. "You don't say; why, I heard it was near the courthouse."

* * *

"The father of my client," said the solicitor, "is a marine door stealer." "A what?" said the magistrate. The solicitor thought deeply and replied, "I beg your worship's pardon, I mean a marine deal storer." "A what?" repeated the magistrate. The solicitor again apologized, and then smiling brightly, said, "A marine steal doorer." "Ah!" said the magistrate, and left it.

* * *

A stranger when dining at a foreign hotel was accosted by a detective, who said to him: "Beg your pardon; we are in search of an escaped convict, and, as a matter of form, will you oblige us by showing your passport?"

"Do I look like a convict?"

"Possibly not. In any case I shall require to see your passport."

The stranger, feeling annoyed, presented the officer with the bill of fare and the latter commenced to read: "Sheep's head, neck of mutton, pig's feet."

"Very good," he observed, "the description tallies. You will please come along with us."

DETECTIVE

The astute copper had great faith in his detective powers, and said he could examine any suspect so closely that the truth was sure to come out.

A schoolboy who was thought to know something about a crime was brought to the office to be questioned. "Now, Johnnie," said the chief, "what did you do after schule?"

"I went home and played solitaire."

"Played solitary, eh?" commented the chief.

Then he asked the boy a lot of irrelevant questions, and suddenly pounced on him with: "Now, Johnnie, who vas it you played solitary with? Quick, now!"

* * *

Policeman (to tenant of flat): "And you say the rug was stolen from your hall. Can you give me any particulars?"

Tenant (nervously): "Oh, yes. It was a fancy reversible rug—red on one side and green on the other.

Policeman (impressively): "Ah!—and which was the green side?"

* * *

Sherlock Holmes glanced 'round the room. The pictures were torn into shreds—the chairs were

broken—the table lying on the top of the piano. A great splash of blood was on the carpet.

"Some one has been here," he commented with wonderful insight.

DIGNITY

"I give you my word the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge sternly, "will be expelled from the courtroom and ordered home."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner, and the judge pondered.

* * *

Representative Dudley M. Hughes, of the Third Georgia District, is a farmer in addition to being a statesman. Once, when he was at home, Mr. Hughes received an urgent call to go to the police station in Macon. When he arrived Mr. Hughes found that one of his negro laborers had temporary quarters there.

The negro was very penitent and very anxious to get out.

"Marse Dud," he said, "youse er deekin in de White Baptis' church, ain't yer?"

"Yes, Sam."

"An' yer knows I's er deekin in de Cullud Baptis' church, don't yer, Marse Dud?"

"Yes, Sam; but what has this to do with your present trouble?"

"Well, I jis' wanter say dis, Marse Dud, dat hit's time fer us deekins t' stick tergether!"

DISSENTING OPINION

The professor of law was quizzing his class. Singling out a somnolent student in the rear of the room, he addressed a question to him. Confused, the student rose, and bent his ear to catch the stage whispers of his friends seated about him.

"Well, you ought to be able to answer," snapped the professor, "with all the aid you are receiving back there!"

"Professor," came the quick reply, "I could, but there's a difference of opinion back here."

DIVORCE

"Why is she getting a divorce?"

"On the grounds of misrepresentation. She says that before they were married he claimed to be well off."

"And what does he say?"

"He says he was, but didn't know it."

* * *

"Wombat had five daughters. The week after the last one married off the first one got a divorce and came back to him."

"Well, did he start in again?"

"Yes; he's on his third time around now."

* * *

To render a marriage happy, the husband should be deaf and the woman blind.

* * *

Little Alex—"What is an incongruity, uncle?"

Uncle William—"An incongruity, child, is a divorce lawyer humming a wedding march."

"John, I hope you are well and that the members of your family are all well."

"Everybody's well," returned the negro, "only Ah aren't got no fambly."

"Why, aren't you married?"

"No, Ah isn't married," replied John.

"Well, you ought to get married. Every man ought to be married. It is best for one's moral and spiritual welfare, and his material happiness."

"It's this way," said John. "Ah'd lak pow'ful well to git married, but Ah ain't got money 'nuff to git a divorce. It costs some of de niggers down heah as much as $30 to git unhitched. Why, some of dese lawyers makes a good livin' gittin' divorces for us niggers."

* * *

"Why, Sally!" said the justice. "What are you doing here?"

"Well, Judge, I wants a divorce."

"You want a divorce, Sally. Why, I thought Bill was a good nigger. Ain't he good to you?"

"Oh, ya-as, Jedge; Bill ain't never hit me a lick in his life."

"Well, doesn't he support you?"

"Ya-as, sir, he give me 60 cents last Saturday night!"

"Well, then, what in the world is the matter with you?"

"Jedge," said Sally, in confidential tones, "to tell de truf, I jes' los' my taste for Bill."

"So you want a divorce?" said the lawyer.

"Yes," replied the woman with tear-stained cheeks. "He has been guilty of neglect and cruelty."

"In what respects?"

"He neglected to feed the bird while I was away and says the cruelest things he can think of about Fido."

* * *

"My husband has deserted me and I want a warrant," announced the large lady.

"What reason did he give for deserting you?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't want any lip from you. I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had."

"I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly, as he proceeded to draw up a warrant.

* * *

"Upon what grounds do you seek a divorce?" asked the lawyer whom she had just retained. "Non-support, cruelty or—"

"Both," she cried, tearfully. "He would not support my passionate longing for a diamond necklace, and if that isn't cruelty I'd like to know!"

* * *

Lawyer—"Am I to understand that your wife left your bed and board?"

Uncle Ephraim—"Not 'zactly, boss. She don tuk mah bed an' bo'd along wif her."

* * *

A judge of a minor court was one day presiding in a case in which a husband was defending a suit for separation and alimony. At one stage in the pro-

ceedings it appeared that the man had not spoken to his wife for five years. The judge interrupted to know the reason for this remarkable state of things and was answered: "Well, your Honor, I hated to interrupt her."

* * *

"Well, well, well," said the kindly stranger, patting little Mollie on the head. "I suppose you are your papa's little darling?"

"I don't know yet, thir," lisped Mollie. "The court hathn't dethided yet. Jutht now I'm the pet of the Matrimonial Fidelty and Casualty Trutht Company, thir."

* * *

The Chicago woman was on the witness stand.

"Are you married or unmarried?" thundered the counsel for the defense.

"Unmarried four times," replied the witness, unblushingly.

* * *

"Your husband is willing to allow you the custody of the automobile, the poodle and the rubber plant, with liberal alimony, while he takes the children and the graphophone."

"Stop the divorce," sobbed the wife. "I'll never get another husband like that."

* * *

"You wish to divorce your husband? You can not agree? In what way does your incompatibility of temperament manifest itself?"

"Oh, I wish to get divorced and he doesn't."

"Your Honor," said the prisoner, "you don't know how heartrending it is to have a wife who can cook, but won't do it."

"No," said his honor, and then added, feelingly: "Thank goodness, man, you haven't one that can't cook and will do it."

* * *

A local attorney at Wailuku, Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands, was visited by a native man and woman. The woman acted as spokesman. She said: "We are in much *pilikia* (a Hawaiian word meaning trouble or difficulty) now." The attorney asked: "Do you want a divorce?" The woman answered: "Yes; my husband here, he want a divorce from his first wife."

* * *

"In regard to the custody of the child," said the judge in handing down his decision in the divorce case, "I'll let the young lady decide for herself."

"Oh," replied the worldly-wise young thing, "if mamma is really going to get all that alimony I guess I'll go with her."

* * *

The divorce court was grinding.

"All ladies who married on a bet or a dare or for a joke will stand up," announced the clerk.

They lined up.

"Your applications are denied. Now the regular cases will be heard."

* * *

If a girl worked half as hard to please a man after marriage as she does before marriage, lots of lawyers would starve to death.

Lawyer—"I think I can get you a divorce, madam, for cruel and inhuman treatment—but do you think your husband will fight the suit?"

Woman—"Fight! Why, the little shrimp dasn't even come into a room where I am!"

* * *

"You think she is justified in asking a divorce?"

"Certainly. Her husband absolutely refuses to let her go to any tango teas with her former suitors."

* * *

A dejected looking man who was suing for divorce told such a pathetic tale of abuse on the part of his wife that the judge finally asked:

"Why, man, where did you meet this woman?"

"Meet her?" said the man with a suggestion of tears in his voice, "I never met her anywhere. She overtook me!"

* * *

A Kensington school teacher, examining a little girl in grammar, said:

"What is the future of 'I love?' "

"I divorce," the child answered promptly.

* * *

"She insisted on having a woman lawyer secure her divorce."

"Why was she so particular?"

"She did not want to go contrary to that portion of the marriage ceremony that reads: 'Let no man put asunder.' "

* * *

A young negro walked into the office of a prominent lawyer in Louisiana and said:

"Boss, I kum to see you 'bout gettin' me a 'vorcement."

"What's the matter, John?" said the attorney, "can't you get along with Mary, or have you found some other girl you like better?"

The negro, with a grin, admitted that he had found such a girl, and asked:

"What you goin'er charge me, Mr. Charlie?"

"Fifty dollars, John," said the attorney.

The negro moved uneasily about the office, scratched his head, but did not speak. After a few minutes the lawyer asked:

"What's the trouble, John?"

"I just tell you, Mr. Charlie," said he, "there ain't no fifty dollars difference in them gals."

* * *

Lige, an old negro, was suing his wife for divorce and stated in his allegations that his wife had run off with another negro and that she refused to return and live with him. A party meeting up with Lige remarked:

"Lige, I understand that you are suing your wife for divorce?"

"Yaas, sir, boss, I done gone and sued her."

"Well, Lige, upon what grounds are you bringing your suit?"

"Boss, it's jist like dis: She bin run'd off wid 'nudder nigger 'bout fo' years and I jist made up my mind to quit her."

* * *

In a Southern town, where the attorneys had agreed among themselves to charge higher fees there-

after in divorce cases, an old colored woman, gossiping about the remarriage of her son, who had recently been divorced, said: "Now dere is Katy Jones, right across de road, who's mighty anxious to marry, and she wants one powerful bad, but she'd better be in a hurry, case dem divorces is gettin' kinder scarce and mighty high, and I'se been told dat Jedge Nicholls says he ain't gwine to sell but a few more at dat price."

* * *

The divorce had been granted. Their only child had been given to the mother, but after the final decree they met and the young woman said:

"I am willing to let you have the baby half the time."

"Good!" cried the father, with satisfaction. "That's fine!"

"Yes," resumed the fair, yet unfair, divorcee calmly, "you may have him nights."

* * *

A negro man wanted a divorce on the ground of "exertion."

"You mean desertion," corrected the lawyer.

"No, sah; she hain't left me," answered his client. "I said 'exertion' an' dat's de ground perzackly. She done exert herself to make me mizzable, sah. Put it on de ground ob exertion."

* * *

A San Francisco man, testifying in Washington not long since in a land case, was asked if he knew a woman named Pearl ————. For a minute or two he seemed to be struggling to remember.

Finally his face lighted up, and he said: "Why, yes, I remember it now. She was my wife once. We were divorced eight years ago."

* * *

"I ask that a recess be taken at this point," stated counsel in the prominent divorce case.

"On what grounds?" inquired the judge.

"My client wishes to change her gown. She hasn't displayed half her costumes as yet."

* * *

The frequency of divorces of late years in the United States has evidently made a deep impression on the mind of a Colorado justice of the peace, who, in marrying a couple, is reported to have concluded the ceremony with the words, "I therefore pronounce you man and wife, until you are divorced."

* * *

"Father, I think there is a man downstairs looking for a lawyer."

"What makes you think that, child?" asked her father.

"Because he has R. F. D. on his hat."

"Why, don't you know what that means?"

"Of course I do,—ready for divorce."

* * *

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, Jedge, but, please God, I'd give a whale ter git rid of her."

DOG TAX

An Indiana assessor had trouble getting people to list dogs for taxes.

"Got a dawg?" he asked.

"No," was the answer.

"Well, I'll 'sess you one anyway—not my fault if you hain't got any—plenty of dawgs."

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

Prior to the marriage ceremony, the justice asked the bridegroom the usual questions; father's Christian name, mother's maiden name, etc. Whereupon the dusky bridegroom interposed: "You all better not ask me my father's maiden name, 'cause I don't know it!"

* * *

"I don't understand precisely the functions of the Supreme Court."

"It's like this: You have a dispute with your wife and she decides against you. That's the lower court."

"I see."

"You take the matter to your mother. That's the Court of Appeals."

"I see."

"Then your wife takes it to her mother. That's the Supreme Court."

* * *

The "mother-in-law joke" is at least 5,000 years old. So says President Judson of Chicago Uni-

versity. The examination of ancient Egyptian tablets has disclosed that one of the early kings of Egypt got off a joke poking fun at his mother-in-law and that the joke was even then referred to as being centuries old.

* * *

John F. Dalton, clerk of the New York Supreme Court, told a story of a juror's excuse which surprised Justice Foote, of Rochester, who was holding court there.

Dalton said that a jury had just been accepted and sworn, and the court was adjourned until the following morning, when one of the jurors arose and said:

"Judge, I must ask to be excused."

"What is your reason for asking to be excused at this time?"

"My mother-in-law is to be buried to-morrow," responded the juror.

"Why did you not tell me that before you were accepted as a juror?" inquired the court.

"Because I forgot all about it," responded the juror.

The juror was excused.

DOWER

A New York lawyer tells of an English widow who, by reason of certain legal complications, found it necessary to retain a distinguished attorney to represent her in the adjustment of her late husband's estate.

"You will," said the attorney, during the course of their consultation, "you will get your third out of the estate."

"Oh!" exclaimed the widow, aghast, "how can you say such a thing, with my second scarcely cold in his grave!"

* * *

"Well, madam, as your husband left no will, you'll of course get your third."

She blushed and smiled under her crape-trimmed bonnet.

"Oh, I hope to get my fourth," she said. "He was my third, you know."

* * *

Perhaps the shortest speech ever made to a court is that of Robert Toombs, as told by Judge Lumpkin, of Georgia. Opposing counsel in an argument before the Supreme Court had urged many reasons why a certain widow was not entitled to dower from the estate of her deceased husband. Judge Lumpkin says: "When he closed, Toombs, rising and advancing with that massive, leonine look which all who ever saw him will remember, paused for a moment, and then gave utterance to these words, increasing the emphasis on each of the last four, 'May it please your Honors,—Marriage, *seisin,* DEATH, DOWER.' With that he ceased. But the dramatic power of the utterance had driven home his point,—the almost inevitable sequence of the states and estates represented by those words. And he won his case."

DRUNKENNESS

The late Mayor Gaynor, discussing city government in his wonted illuminating and brilliant way, said in New York:

"We must not have one reform law for the rich and another for the poor. It is as bad for the millionaire to gamble in his club as for the laborer to gamble in a stuss joint. It is as bad to become intoxicated on champagne as on mixed ale.

"Too many reformers, so-called, think that when a man is drunk on Fifth avenue he is ill, and when a man is ill on Third avenue he is drunk."

* * *

Magistrate—"When you arrested him, what was he doing?"

Constable—" 'E was 'aving a 'eated argument with a taxi driver, yer worship."

Magistrate—"But that doesn't prove he was intoxicated."

Constable—"But there wasn't no taxi driver, sir."

* * *

"The late Justice Harlan," said a Washington lawyer, "was an advocate of temperance in eating, in drinking, in the use of tobacco—in all things.

"Justice Harlan, praising temperance at a lawyers' banquet, once told a story about a young wife, who said to her husband:

" 'Jack, dear, I do wish you would stop drinking. Every time you go to one of these banquets of yours, you get up the next morning pale and tired;

you won't eat anything, you just gulp down nine or ten glasses of water. Do stop drinking, won't you, dear? I know it's bad for you.'

"'But all great men have been drinking men,' Jack grumbled. 'Look at Webster, look at Poe, look at Charles Lamb, look at Grant, look—'

"'Well,' interrupted his wife, 'you just promise, dear, that you'll quit drinking till you're great, and I'll be satisfied.'"

* * *

Two policemen picked up a rather well-known actor on Broadway one night after he had been making a night of it.

They toted him into a night court and the judge, who knew the actor, said: "Well, well! Drunk, eh?"

"Sure, Judge," replied the actor, pushing the policemen forward, "both of them."

* * *

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the noted reformer of Denver, was lunching one day—it was very warm—when a politician paused beside his table.

"Judge," said the politician, "I see you're drinking hot cawfee. That's a heatin' drink."

"Yes?" said Judge Lindsey.

"Oh, yes. In this weather you want iced drinks, Judge—sharp, iced drinks. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the judge, smiling, "but I've tried several fellows who have."

"Do you owe your downfall to demon rum?" asked the prison visitor.

"I never heard of that brand," replied the convict.

* * *

An old farmer who had never been to the city before and had never seen the fire department was standing on the corner one day when the fire engine came out. A policeman ran up to him and shouted:

"Look out for the engine."

The old farmer jumped aside and gazed excitedly at the on-rushing engine, then got right back in the road again. Along came the hook and ladder wagon and ran into him, sending him sprawling to the pavement. The policeman ran and picked him up and said:

"Well, look here, I thought I told you to look out for the engine."

The farmer answered excitedly:

"Well, gosh durn it, Mr. Policeman, I did look out for the engine, but what in tarnation was them drunken painters in such an all-fired hurry for?"

* * *

The patrolman, recently appointed to the position, arrested a man on a charge of drunkenness one night. When placed in a cell the man seemed to be in a stupor and the jailer sent for a physician. The latter examined the prisoner and said to the jailer in a stern voice, "This man has been drugged." At this, the arresting officer turned pale and stammered, "Y-y-yes-s-sir, I-I drugged him two blocks, sir, because he wouldn't walk."

There have been many definitions of drunkenness, but one given by a witness at one of the county courts is new. "They don't consider they are drunk," said the witness, "until they lie down and pull the mud over them for a blanket."

DUELLING

A southern Missouri man recently was tried on a charge of assault. The State brought into court, as the weapons used, a rail, an axe, a pair of tongs, a saw, and a rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited, as the other man's weapons, a scythe blade, a pitchfork, a pistol, and a hoe. The jury's verdict is said to have been: "Resolved, That we, the jury, would have given a dollar to have seen the fight."

DUE PROVOCATION

A man went to a judge and asked whether he could bring suit for slander against a man who had called him a rhinoceros.

"Why, certainly," said the judge. "When did he call you that?"

"About three years ago."

"Three years ago! And you only start suit today?"

"But, your Honor, yesterday I saw a rhinoceros for the first time."

ELECTION

A witty judge in western New York a generation ago was presiding at a sensational trial when the court room was filled. The attendants allowed some friends

and favored people to go in through the judge's rooms to the back of the platform, and they gradually pressed forward until they closed up behind the judge's chair. Attempting to push his chair back after a little, and finding that it would not move, he looked around impatiently, when a man wedged up against the chair and apologetically said: "Pardon me, Judge, I am here as a matter of grace," to which the judge quickly replied: "Well, sir, I want you to understand that I am here by election."

ESCAPES

The chief was berating a patrolman.

"Why did you let that crook get away from you?" he demanded. "You saw him enter the house?"

"Yes, chief."

"And you saw him come out?"

"Yes, chief."

"Then, why didn't you dance right after him?"

"I did dance after him," protested the patrolman, "but you see he was doing the tango and I was using the hesitation."

ESTATES

"The lawyers got most of the estate."

"Didn't the widow get anything?"

"Oh! yes, she got one of the lawyers."

* * *

A Chicago business man wrote his Wall street lawyer asking information touching the standing of a person who had owed him a considerable sum of money for a long time.

"What property has he that I could attach?" was one of the questions.

The lawyer's reply was to the point.

"The man to whom you refer," was the answer, "died a year ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment except a widow."

ESTOPPEL

"Your husband does not knock you about as he used to do, eh?"

"No, sir."

"I am delighted to hear it. After all, his heart is in the right place."

"Oh, yes, sir—and the rest of his body, too. He is in prison!"

EVASION

"Up again, eh, for evading the law?"

"But I didn't evade it, your Honor. Here I am."

EVIDENCE

"You look sweet enough to kiss," says the impressed man.

"So many gentlemen tell me that," coyly answers the fair girl.

"Ah! That should make you happy."

"But they merely say that," she replies. "They merely tell me the facts in the case and never prove their statements."

* * *

Mrs. Maloney was before the judge, charged with assault on Policeman Casey. She had been unusually

attentive throughout the proceedings, and now the judge was summing up the evidence.

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Maloney," he began, "that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer Honor," interrupted Mrs. Maloney; "it shows that Oi hit him."

* * *

In the course of a trial at Waterbury, Conn., the examiner was trying to get the topography of the country and the relative situation of objects. The witness was asked, "Which way does the road run past your house?" The reply was, "Both ways, your Honor, up and down."

* * *

For the fifth time, a colored boy was arrested on a charge of appropriating chickens, and the magistrate decided to try an appeal to the lad's father.

"Look here, Rastus," said the magistrate, when the father appeared in court, "this is the fifth time that your son, Ebenezer, has been in this court, and I am tired of seeing him here."

"I don't blame yo', Jedge," responded the father, a little sadly. "I'se tired ob seeing him here myse'f."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act?" demanded the magistrate. "Why don't you show him the right way?"

"Say, Jedge," earnestly replied the father, "I hab done gone an' show dat boy de right way a dozen times, but somehow he allus git caught wid de chickens on him."

The late Thomas B. Reed used to tell this story of an enterprising client by whom he was retained to prosecute an action. On talking with the plaintiff's witnesses, Mr. Reed found that their stories were far from consistent, so he reported the fact to his client, and advised that the suit be dropped. The client was somewhat perturbed, but told the attorney he would have a talk with the witnesses and let him know next morning what he had decided to do. True to his word he dropped in bright and early wearing the cheerful look of one who has fought the good fight. "I've seen those witnesses," he exclaimed, "and they say they must have been mistaken."

* * *

Lawyer: "How do you know that this man was given to talking to himself when he was alone?"

Witness: "Shure, haven't Oi been wid him time and time again when he did it?"

EXAMINATION

A browbeating lawyer was demanding that a witness answer a certain question either in the negative or affirmative.

"I can not do it," said the witness. "There are some questions that can not be answered by a 'yes' or a 'no,' as anyone knows."

"I defy you to give an example to the court," thundered the lawyer.

The retort came like a flash: "Are you still beating your wife?"

A sickly grin spread over the lawyer's face and he sat down.

Assistant District Attorney Clark was conducting a case in the Criminal Court. A large rough-shouldered negro was in the witness chair.

"An' then," said the witness, "we all went down in the alley, an' shot a few craps."

"Ah," said Mr. Clark, swinging his eyeglass impressively. "Now, I want you to address the jury and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Wass that?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury!" thundered Mr. Clark, "and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Lemme outen heah," said the witness, uneasily. "Firs' thing I know this gemman gwine ask me how to drink a sandwich."

* * *

In the trial of a criminal case in the southern part of Indiana one of the leading lawyers of that State was attempting to lessen the weight of the testimony given by a certain witness. Responding to a question as to the nature of his vocation, the witness stated that he was not just then engaged in work of any kind. "You're a common loafer, aren't you?" asked the lawyer. "Well, I may be," was the response. "And your father was a loafer too, wasn't he?" "Well, I don't know," replied the witness, "he's on the jury there, you might ask him." The rest of the questioning was a shining specimen of courteous consideration.

* * *

When Mr. Justice Maule was on the bench a bullying counsel was one day browbeating an elderly

female witness in a case before him. Having badgered her into a state of utter speechlessness the lawyer appealed to the judge to make her answer his questions. "Why do you not answer, madam?" asked the judge. "Because, my lord, he scares me so," replied the trembling woman. "So does he me, ma'am," said the judge.

* * *

The opposing counsel: "What is your name?" The witness, appealing to the judge: "Am I obliged to answer this?" The judge: "You are." The witness: "My name is Todgers." "First name?" "I decline to answer." "On what ground?" "It would be construed into a reflection on the good taste of my parents." "Where were you born?" "I decline to answer." "Why?" "Because all my information on the subject is of the hearsay character." "But you were there at the time?" "I decline to admit it." "What is your age?" "Before answering I desire to consult with my attorneys." "What is your ostensible business?" "I do not remember." "Are you in any way connected with the Ramrod Trust?" "I do not remember." "What is its capitalization?" "I do not remember." "What is your salary?" "I do not remember." "Are you married?" "I do not remember." The judge: "The hearing will now be adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow morning. And I want to congratulate the opposing counsel on the marked progress they have made in advancing the case."

A member of the bar of Baltimore relates how a witness in a trial suit in that city once "got back" at the lawyer who had been endeavoring to "rattle" the witness by a severe cross-examination. At a certain point in the proceedings the witness suddenly interrupted the cross-examining lawyer by exclaiming: "Look here! You needn't think you kin rattle me by askin' all them questions." "No?" was the sarcastic rejoinder. "No, sirree!" came in emphatic tone from the refractory witness. "Your questions don't bother me at all. I've raised three sons an' two grandsons an' I've been in training a good many years."

* * *

A lawyer was questioning a woman who was on the witness stand, and she was going to say, "Indeed I do," with marked emphasis, in reply to one of the lawyer's questions. Her tongue tripped her up and even the sedate judge grinned when she said in a high-pitched, screeching voice:

"Indude I dee, sir!"

Crimsoning with confusion she said:

"You know very well that what I meant to say was Indo I deed, sir—er—er—you know what I mean."

"Indeed I do," said the lawyer.

"Yes, that's it, sir—indee I dude—er—I don't know what's the matter with my fool tongue to-day."

* * *

Lawyer: "Now what did you and the defendant talk about?"

Witness: "Oi t'ink about fifteen minutes."

Lawyer: "No, no; I mean what did you talk over?"

Witness: "We talked over the tiliphone, sorr."

* * *

When O'Dearie sued O'Mee for the payment of tenpence-three-farthings, some people imagined that they were the most important people in the case. But this was not the opinion in Pat's district. It was he who had served O'Mee with the debated goods of O'Dearie, and he had been called to give evidence. When he returned home, he wore a big swagger.

"Shure, mither, an' it isn't aisy to be a witness," he boasted, "especially when the lawyers be such fools!"

"Were the lawyers fools?" exclaimed his mother. "Oi shouldn't have belaved it!"

"It's thrue, though," replied Pat. "It's as thrue as Oi'm sitting here, begorrah! They asked so many questions, Oi'm thinking they didn't know a blessed thing about the case!"

EXEMPLARY SENTENCE

A politician in a Western state, long suspected of crookedness and noted for his shifty ways, was finally indicted and tried. The jury was out a long time, but eventually acquitted him. After the verdict was in and the politician was leaving the courtroom, a minister who had been in part responsible for the indictment and trial approached the politician and said: "Well, my friend, you have escaped; but you had a close shave. I trust this will be a warning to you to

lead a better life and deal more fairly with your fellow men."

"That may be," replied the politician. "That may be; but I ain't pledged to any one."

* * *

"Prisoner at the bar," said the portly, pompous, and florid magistrate, "you are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offense in this district. There has been a great deal of pig-stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

EXECUTION

There was a man who grumbled at everything.

He wasn't satisfied even when they tried him for murder and sentenced him to be hanged.

He grumbled about his cell by day and about his mattress by night, and on the morning fixed for the execution he grumbled about the way his breakfast had been prepared.

On the scaffold at the final moment he grumbled, too.

"Say, guv'nor," he said, "this plank don't seem anv too safe to me."

EXPERT TESTIMONY

"Witness, will you please answer my questions a little more plainly?" queried the lawyer, who was cross-examining an elderly German as to the position of the door, windows, etc., in the house where a crime had been committed.

"I will try—I will try," nervously answered the old man.

"Will you describe to the Court just how the stairs run in that house?" went on the lawyer.

For a few minutes the German looked puzzled, and bit his nails nervously.

"How ze stairs run?" he interrogated a little dazedly.

"Come, come, my good man! How the stairs run, if you please!" said the lawyer, in an exasperated tone.

"Vell," ventured the witness phlegmatically, "ven I am oopstairs zay run down, and ven I am downstairs zay run oop!"

* * *

It was a timber law case, in which Tim Healy was counsel for the defense. In the course of the case a youthful witness was put up as an expert on the plaintiff's side. Tim got up to cross-examine.

"What age are you?"

"Twenty-one years."

"How long have you been in the timber trade?"

"Two years."

Tim sat down, saying, "A regular babe in the wood, my lord," which discounted the evidence of the youthful expert.

* * *

"Howdy, Zeb?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear 'bout th' fuss down to th' Court House?"

"Nope," drawled the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"

"Why, Jim Simpson has been suing Abner Hawley for alienatin' th' affections of his wife, an' Jedge Musgrove told th' jury to bring in a verdict of 6 cents damages, 'cause he thought that was all the damage was worth to Jim. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at th' jedge, an' he had her arrested an' put in th' cooler."

"But didn't the jedge go a lettle too far when he fixed her value so low?"

"Not at all, not at all. Y' see he was her first husband."

* * *

Senator Money of Mississippi asked an old colored man what breed of chickens he considered best, and he replied:

"All kinds has merits. De w'ite ones is de easiest to find; but de black ones is de easiest to hide aftah you gits 'em."

* * *

In a case in which damages were claimed for assault a carpenter who had been subpœnaed as a witness was asked by counsel what distance he was from the parties when he saw the prosecutor struck.

"Just four feet five inches and a half," the carpenter answered.

"Pray tell me," said counsel, "how it is possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied the carpenter, "I thought perhaps some fool might ask me, so I measured it!"

The action was for damages arising out of the sale of certain diseased sheep.

"Professor, you say you are a veterinary surgeon?"

"Yes, sir; have been practicing for several years."

"You say you examined these sheep?"

"Yes, sir; and they were afflicted with a humor called scab."

"What is scab?"

"Scab is caused by an insect not visible to the naked eye. I have examined it often through the telescope."

"Professor, say, haven't you made a mistake? Wasn't it a telephone?"

"Why, yes." And, turning to the jury, he said: "Gentlemen, if I said telescope, I was mistaken. I meant telephone."

* * *

A fourteen-year-old boy testifying in a New York city court was quite positive as to the time a certain accident occurred. The opposing counsel, to test his ability in such matters, asked him to estimate a period of three minutes. When the boy finally said the time was up, he was found right to the second. The lawyer hastily excused him, but afterwards discovered that, all the time, the boy had been looking at the court-room clock directly over the lawyer's head.

* * *

One of the witnesses was the village physician, whom the prosecutor loved not and sought to humiliate.

"You are prejudiced in favor of the defendant, are you not, doctor?"

"No, sir."

"You are his family physician, are you not? And you are afraid you will lose his patronage; consequently you have wilfully distorted and doctored your evidence here to curry favor."

"No, I have not; but, since you mention my professional relations with him, I think the jury should be informed that he is suffering from phalacrosis."

"From what?"

"Phalacrosis," repeated the doctor.

Whereupon everybody sat up and took notice; the attorneys put on a dignified studious air; the honorable court pricked up his ears; one and all centered their gaze upon the defendant, who acquired that reddish tint which proclaimed that at last he had been discovered.

"What is this phalacrosis?" asked the prosecutor.

"It is a sort of chronic disease of an inflammatory nature which affects certain cranial tissues."

"Does it affect the mind, cause insanity, or anything like that?"

"Well, I shouldn't wish to answer that question as an expert because I am not posing as an expert; but I have known some persons who were suffering from the disease to become raving maniacs, others merely foolish, some showed destructive and pugilistic tendencies, while many others have suffered for years and never shown any mental abnormalities."

"Well, doctor, just tell the jury all about this sickness."

"I decline to do so. I am not an expert in such diseases, and was not summoned here as an expert witness. You will have to call in an expert to answer your question."

And there the matter rested. The prosecutor told the justice and jury the case was not of sufficient importance to warrant the calling of expensive experts and that they would have to ignore the doctor's testimony as unsupported and unworthy of credence. But the jury promptly acquitted the leading citizen, "because," as the foreman explained, "Doc said there was something the matter with his head; 'phalacrosis' he called it."

When the prosecutor got back to his office he sought enlightenment, and in his dictionary found the following:

"Phalacrosis—bald-headedness."

The doctor also explained, out of court, and the relations between the medical and legal profession in that village are still strained.

FACTS

If Dr. Cook's proposed suit for slander against Commander Peary had made it necessary for the jury to visit the spot where the chief action in controversy did or did not take place, in order that it might get at the cold facts, it would have required more than a Little-ton of Coke and Blackstone to make every one comfortable.

Lawyer—"What is your occupation?"

Witness—"I'm a piano finisher."

Lawyer—"Be a little more definite. Do you polish them or move them?"

* * *

Long experience as a consulting attorney has given Mr. Mooney a judicial habit of mind. He never accepts the facts at par value, but always leads those facts into the rear office and drops acid in their eyes. The other day a friend rushed in, warm and red.

"Mooney," said the friend excitedly, "I've been insulted. Hinks just met me and called me all sorts of names. We've had trouble over that partition matter, you know. He said I was a pettifogger and a thief and a scoundrel and a perjurer and a wire haired thug."

"Um!" said Mr. Mooney, sitting farther down in his chair and looking at the speaker over his glasses. "Um! And what do you propose to do about it?"

"What do I propose to do about it? Why, I was so astounded at the moment that I could make no reply at all. But, now that I have somewhat recovered myself, I have determined to go down to Hinks' office and knock his block off. I'll beat him to a quivering froth."

"Um!" said Mr. Mooney, slipping down a notch. "Um! So would I if any one called me the names that Hinks called you. But before you go suppose you sit down with me for a moment."

The indignant friend took a chair.

"Now," said Mooney, dangling his eyeglasses, "what are the facts in the case?"

* * *

The case had reached a critical stage. Even the judge seemed to awaken to a live interest in the proceedings, for the most important witness was about to be cross-examined.

"So you are the lady's maid?" began the relentless lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"And where were you at 7 o'clock on the evening in question?"

"I was in my lady's room, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"I was dressing my lady's hair, sir."

The lawyer leaned forward and spoke slowly and impressively.

"Now, think," he said. "I want you to be very careful in answering this question. Was or was not your mistress in the room at the time?"

* * *

In a little sequestered country town, where the court of justice is over the general store and where the judge is an old, grizzled farmer, thoroughly familiar with pitching hay and milking cows, but having a very limited knowledge of the law, the prisoner had pleaded "not guilty" to a charge of burglary. The lawyer for the prosecution was endeavoring to show the court that the accused was a man of low character. "What were you doing the night before the robbery?" he questioned severely.

"I was playin' pinochle with Jed Parker and another feller," answered the prisoner evasively.

"Ah, I thought so!" shouted the lawyer triumphantly. "Playing cards, and with that loafer Jed Parker! Gambling and in bad company! But you mention a third party, sir. Who was the other good-for-nothing?"

The prisoner hesitated.

"Answer me!" bellowed the lawyer.

"Wa-al, sir, if ye must know," said the accused, "it was the judge here."

* * *

"Did you sell Major S. a horse?" asked the counsel.

"No, sorr," replied the witness.

"Did your father sell Major S. a horse?"

"No, sorr."

"Did any member of your family sell Major S. anything?"

"Yes, sorr, I did," replied the witness.

"And what did you sell Major S.?"

"I sold him a mare," replied the witness, to the chagrin of counsel and the delight of the court.

* * *

Old Mr. Bachelor mystified a tea party by remarking that women were facts. When pressed to explain his meaning he said, "Facts are stubborn things."

FALSE PRETENSES

Philip canceled the appointment of a judge in the case of a friend of Antipater's who used to dye his beard. "A man who can not be trusted in his hair," he said, "can not be trusted in business."

A sad and seedy individual gained admission to the offices of one of the city's best known legal firms, and at last somehow penetrated to the sanctum of the senior partner.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "what do you want?"

The visitor was nothing, if not frank.

"Half a dollar," he said boldly.

The man's unusual manner caught the lawyer's curiosity.

"There you are," he said, handing out the money. "And now I should like to have you tell me how you came to fall so low in the world."

The visitor sighed. "All my youth," he explained, "I had counted on inheriting something from my uncle, but when he died he left all he had to an orphan asylum."

"A philanthropist," commented the lawyer. "What did his estate consist of?"

"Ten children," said the visitor—and vanished.

FALSE SWEARING

A little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against your neighbor." "Telling lies," he said. "And what do you say?" asked the examiner, addressing a little girl who stood next. And the little girl's answer took the prize: "It was when nobody didn't do nothing, and somebody went and told of it."

* * *

"That's so, Judge; I was drunk, all right," the man

at the rail admitted gently, even with a note of pathos in his thick voice. "I don't deny it, Judge, but I'll tell you just how it was. I've got a sick wife at home, terrible sick; nobody to do for her but me. I haven't had my clothes off nor laid down for four nights. When I went out last night I—well, I just had to have a bracer, Judge, and I got a little too much under my belt; that's so. The woman's all alone up at the house, Judge. I'll have to get back somehow."

"That's queer," interrupted the magistrate, with quiet conviction. "We received a letter from your wife and she asks me to keep you locked up as long as possible. Says you're in the way at home—a nuisance. She is glad to be rid of you."

Silently, without apparent surprise, the prisoner shuffled toward the door on his way to jail. Then he looked back.

"Say, Judge," he called out, "there are two awful liars in this room, and I'm one of 'em. I ain't got no wife!"

FALSE WEIGHTS

Several lawyers in a Southern city were discussing the merits and demerits of a well-known member of the bar who had been gathered to his fathers, when one of the party related an incident of the time when he had studied in the old man's office.

It seems that the inefficiency of the copying clerk there kept the judge continually worked up to the point of explosion. One day a wire basket fell off the top of the clerk's desk and scratched his cheek.

Not having any court-plaster, the young man slapped on three postage stamps and went on with his work.

Later in the day he had occasion to take certain papers to the court, and forgetting all about the stamps, he put on his hat to go out. At the door he met the judge, who raised his head and fixed the clerk with an astonished stare.

"Anything wrong, sir?" stammered the bewildered clerk.

"Yes, sir, there is!" thundered the old gentleman. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter!"

FEES

This story is told of a famous criminal lawyer of Birmingham, Alabama. A negro client entered his office, and said: "My brother is in jail, and I want to see what it will cost to get him out."

The rapid growth of Birmingham had made the building of a large new jail imperative, and an imposing stone structure took the place of the old one, which was known as "the little brick jail." At the time the attorney was being consulted the little jail had not been in use for a long time, except as a storage warehouse.

When his negro client stated the facts, the attorney saw it was a weak case, and that it would be easy to acquit the prisoner, and replied: "I can get him out all right, Sam, and it will cost you $25, but I won't turn a wheel until you go out and raise the money"—that being the customary way of securing fees from the average negro.

Sam happened to be a thrifty negro of the Booker Washington type. He had that very day sold a farm for a large sum and had the money in his pocket. He pulled out a roll from his trousers pocket large enough to choke a horse, and began to peel off a $20 bill, when the attorney interrupted: "Look here, Sam! Is your brother in the little red brick jail or the big jail?"

"He's in de big jail," replied Sam.

"Oh, I thought you meant the little jail," said the attorney. "It'll take $50 to get him out of the big jail."

And Sam paid the fee cheerfully.

* * *

Two close-fisted Missouri brothers sued a neighbor for $375 owing on a land deal. They engaged the best lawyer in their county seat. The lawyer won the case. The brothers called to see about his fee. One stayed outside and the other went in.

"How much is it?" he asked.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I won't be hard on you. I have known both you boys since you were children, and I knew your pop. I guess $300 will be about right." The inquiring brother went out dazed. "Lordy, George," he said to the one outside, "I'm durn glad he didn't know grandpop, too!"

* * *

Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by having a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said:

"A burn."—"A poultice," quietly answered the learned doctor. The next day she returned and said: "Better."—"Continue poultices," replied Dr. A. In a week she made her last call and her speech was lengthened to three words: "Well—your fee?"

"Nothing," said the gratified physician, "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

* * *

A shrewd old Vermont farmer came into a lawyer's office and proceeded to relate the circumstances in a matter about what he thought it would be profitable to "go to law."

"You think I hev got a good case?" he finally asked.

"Very good indeed!" the lawyer assured him. "You should certainly bring suit."

"What would your fee be fer the whole thing?" the old farmer asked.

"Fifty dollars," was the prompt response.

The client pulled out an old wallet, extracted a roll of bills, and counted out fifty dollars.

"Now," he said, "you hev got all you would get out of this case anyhow, so s'pose you tell me honestly just what you think of my chances of winnin' a suit are?"

* * *

A young Concord lawyer had a foreign client in police court one day. It looked rather black for the foreigner, and the Concord man fairly outdid himself in trying to convince the magistrate that his client was innocent.

The lawyer dwelt on the other's ignorance of American customs, his straightforward story, and enough other details to extend the talk fully fifteen minutes. His client was acquitted.

In congratulating the freed man the lawyer held out his hand in an absent though rather suggestive manner. The client grasped it warmly.

"Dot was a fine noise you make," he said, "Tanks. Goo'-by."

* * *

One of the best stories told about Mr. B. concerns a poor client whose case he took up for nothing. When the case had been won, the client gratefully sent him the sum of 15s., which he accepted in order not to give offence.

A colleague reproached him, however, for this "unprofessional conduct" in taking less than gold.

"But I took all the poor beggar had," said Mr. B., "and I consider that is not unprofessional."

* * *

A prospective client asked William M. Evarts once what he would charge for managing a certain law case.

"Well," said Mr. Evarts, "I will take your case on a contingent fee."

"And what is a contingent fee?"

"Well," said Mr. Evarts, mellifluously, "a contingent fee to a lawyer means this: If I don't win your suit I get nothing. If I do win it you get nothing—see?"

The Client—"I won't pay your bill; it's extortionate."

The Lawyer—"What will you do? Hire another lawyer to contest my claim and pay his?"

* * *

"Is he rich enough to keep an automobile and a yacht?"

"Yes, he is even richer than that. He keeps a lawyer."

* * *

Litigant—"Your fee is outrageous. Why, it's more than three-fourths of what I recovered."

Lawyer—"I furnished the skill and the legal learning for your case."

Litigant—"But I furnished the case."

Lawyer—"Oh, anybody can fall down a coal hole."

* * *

This anecdote is told of Chief Justice John Marshall. Returning one afternoon from his farm near Richmond, Va., to his home in that city, the hub of his wheel caught on a small sapling growing by the roadside. After striving unsuccessfully for some moments to extricate the wheel he heard the sound of an ax in the woods and saw a negro man approaching.

Hailing him, he said, "If you will get that ax and cut down this tree I'll give you a dollar."

"I c'n git ye by 'thout no ax, ef dat's all yer want."

"Yes, that's all," said the judge.

The man simply backed the horse until the wheel was clear of the sapling and then brought the vehicle safely around it.

"You don't charge a dollar for that, do you?" asked the astonished chief justice.

"No, massa; but it's wuf a dollar to learn some folks sense."

The negro got his dollar without further questioning.

* * *

It is told of the late Mr. Justice Ferguson, of Canada, that, finding some difficulty in reading an affidavit, he inquired of the lawyer who drafted it what a certain figure was, and was told that it was a five. "Can't you make a better five than that?" asked the judge with some petulance.

"Well, your lordship," responded the counsel, "some days I find it very difficult to make a five at all."

* * *

When Judge Blank, judge of the Probate Department of the Superior Court, of San Francisco, entered his court room one morning, the customary knocking of the gavel by the bailiff silenced the assemblage. When he called the calendar, and reached the case of "Estate of ——," the attorneys for both the executor and the heirs answered "ready." When the case was actually called, the attorney for the executor petitioned the court for forty dollars as compensation for services rendered in the sale of certain real estate, the assets of which were to go to the heirs proper. The attorney for the

heirs objected to any such allowance. The two men took up almost an hour of the judge's time in discussing the reasonableness of the fee demanded. Finally the attorney for the heirs, in concluding a long, rabid oratorical effort, said, "If your Honor please, to grant such a thing would be the height of injustice, and in common parlance of my mother tongue I call it 'gall' to——." Judge Blank interrupted the effort by saying, "All 'Gaul' is divided into three parts, two of which are before the court." To which the attorney for the heirs replied, "From the tone of your Honor's remark, one may infer where the third part is."

* * *

A clergyman, whose name is not necessary to the chronicle, had invoked Mr. Choate's services in the settlement of a much-involved and heavy estate. He received his bill in due time. Mr. Choate, it may be remarked by way of parenthesis, did not become a millionaire, and thus enable himself to accept an office whose annual expenses are $50,000 more than its emoluments, by omitting to send bills to clients. The clergyman, accordingly, was not overlooked.

The client appeared in a few days with a smile of deprecation.

"I always understood, Mr. Choate," he objected, "that you gentlemen of the bar were not in the habit of charging clergymen for your services."

"You are much in error," returned Mr. Choate firmly, "much in error. You look for your reward in the next world, but we lawyers have to get ours in this."

One old colored man, charged with stealing chickens, was arraigned in court and was incriminating himself, when the judge said, "You ought to have a lawyer. Where's your lawyer?"

"Ah ain't got no lawyer, Jedge," said the old man.

"Very well, then," said his honor. "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh, no, suh; no, suh! Please don't do dat!"

"Why not?" asked the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Jedge, Ah'll tell you, suh," said the old man, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's jist dis way—Ah want tuh enjoy dem chickens maself!"

* * *

A client complains in his letter that he is not hearing anything about his suit.

Lawyer: "Send him a bill."

* * *

A pioneer lawyer of Helena, Montana, tells the following anecdote about himself and another prominent attorney. They were on opposing sides of a case in which a lot had been jumped. In those days laying two logs across a lot would hold it for ten days. Matters of all sorts were argued for an entire day. He says both the attorneys quoted from memory from the statutes, and he is afraid that many of the quotations were imaginary. At 6 o'clock the court adjourned for supper. Court, attorneys, and clients went to the saloon across the street, and, after a little treating, all became more mellow, and it was finally proposed

that the lot be put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder, the proceeds to be divided between the two attorneys. This being satisfactory to the attorneys, the proceedings were carried out, and the lot sold for $75, of which each received half.

* * *

"What's the little boy crying about?" "Dat other kid swiped his candy." "But you have the candy?" "Yes. I'm de little's kid's lawyer."

* * *

The lawyer and the young woman talked over the case and he advised her that he would probably have no difficulty in securing the decree on the grounds of non-support, and that it was likely to be a default case.

She then asked him his fee and he told her it would cost her $40.

"Well," she said, "mother has gotten three divorces and I have gotten two for $25 each, and that is all I'm going to pay for this one."

* * *

They were speaking about the peculiar cases that lawyers occasionally stack up against, when Congressman Swager Shirley, of Kentucky, was reminded of an incident that recently happened in one of the Southern States.

A lawyer got a note one afternoon, the congressman said, asking him to hurry to the county jail. Behind the bars the lawyer found a colored party named 'Rastus, who was charged with appropriating things without a permit. 'Rastus needed legal aid.

"So you want me to defend you, 'Rastus," remarked the lawyer, after hearing the colored man's broken story. "Have you got any money?"

"No, sah, Jedge! No, sah!" was the reply of 'Rastus. "But I'se got er mule, an' er few chickens, an' er hog or two."

"Those will do very nicely, 'Rastus," responded the lawyer. "Now, then, tell me just exactly what you are accused of stealing."

"Oh, nothin' much, Jedge," was the startling answer of 'Rastus. "Jes' er mule, an' er few chickens, an er hog or two."

* * *

A young attorney not noted for his brilliancy recently appeared in court to ask for an extra allowance in an action which he was so fortunate as to have been retained in. The court not discovering anything at all unusual, complicated, or extraordinary about the litigation, inquired of the young man: "What is there about this case that to you seems extraordinary?'

"That I got it," blandly and innocently replied the youthful aspirant for fees.

FEE SIMPLE

"The lawyer I employed certainly did gouge me about that real estate transaction."

"But, my dear sir, it by no means follows that because he bought it for you in fee simple that he did it for a simple fee."

FINES

In a Boston police court a pickpocket was fined twenty-five dollars, but could produce only fifteen dollars. "Well, then," said the magistrate gravely, "turn him loose in the crowd and let him raise the other ten."

* * *

A New Jersey justice is reported to have reduced the amount of fines in his court for the present on account of hard times. With this concession, business in his court may pick up some. It is said, on the authority of Laurence Sterne, that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. In New Jersey it seems to be tempered to the black sheep.

* * *

On a conviction of selling liquor illegally, the defendant's lawyer, being very disappointed with the result, attempted to use a little tact with the judge to get as light a sentence as possible next morning when sentence was to be pronounced. He knew the judge was himself fond of liquor, and treated him to as much as he could hold, and proceeded with his persuasion for a light sentence. The old judge loosened up considerably, and grew sympathetic. He assured the lawyer he would do the best he could and be as generous as possible with the prisoner. But next day, to the lawyer's surprise, the client was sentenced to ninety days in jail and a fine of $500. He immediately rose, saying: "If the Court please, the Court has evidently forgot the conversation of last night." But the court, interrupting him, said: "Sit down,

sir, I have been as generous as I can. I am giving him as much as the law allows."

* * *

A justice of the peace in one of the Northwestern States had been imbibing rather freely when called on to try a case, and was evidently in need of a little cash, if one was to judge from the following, which actually occurred:

A man brought before him, charged with petit larceny, having pleaded guilty, the justice pronounced judgment as follows: "I tell you what I'll do with your case. I'll fine you $5 and the costs, and if you pay the costs now, I'll remit the fine, but if you don't pay the costs, I'll give you thirty days in jail."

* * *

On the conviction of a negro for larceny before a newly elected justice of the peace, the magistrate, calling the culprit to the bar, demanded if he had anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced upon him, and then addressed him as follows:

"You have been convicted of a crime against the laws of my court, and now," said the magistrate (as he solemnly turned over the pages of a bulky trade catalogue happening to strike on a price list of tin ware) "I fine you $4.16."

"I is shore glad dat you neber turned ober dat page. Because, Judge, der are automobiles ober on de next page."

FORMER JEOPARDY

A lawyer in Spokane inquired of a fellow member of the bar if, after he had garnisheed a debtor's wages

and his employer answered nothing due, he could subsequently garnishee him again when there was something due him. Upon receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "What are you going to do about the provision of the law which says a man can not be twice placed in jeopardy?"

FREEHOLD ESTATES

Said a New Mexico attorney to his youthful apprentice: "John, what do you understand by a freehold estate?"

"A frijole state," answered John, "is one which raises a large number of beans."

GAME LAW

The defendant had pleaded guilty to catching two fish, contrary to the game law, and was fined $24.60. He sent for a friend to come and pay his fine.

"How much are the costs and fine?" asked the friend of the justice of the peace.

"Twenty-four sixty," replied the justice.

"Good heavens! I didn't know they were gold fish," said the friend as he paid the fine.

* * *

"Poaching again, Rastus," stormed the colonel. "I am afraid you are a bad egg."

"Yassuh; I sho is—jes' a plain bad egg."

"So you admit it, do you?"

"Yassuh, I admits it, becuz, you know, Cunnell, dem bad eggs nebbah poaches, suh."

And he was forthwith acquitted.

An attorney was arrested for violating the game laws—catching sixteen fish out of season. He pleaded guilty, but when $30 per fish was the fine imposed, he withdrew his plea, and got a brother lawyer to defend him. The jury, in spite of the plea of guilty, brought in a verdict finding him guilty of catching one fish only, and fixed the fine at $10. One of the jurors explained to the angry game warden as follows:

"Yes, we knew he pleaded guilty and admitted catching sixteen fish. But the jury, you know, were all of the same mind, that you can never believe all a fisherman says."

* * *

Game Warden: "This deer was found dead on your premises, and yet you deny that you killed it?"

Farmer: "Wa'al, it happened like this: My wife was throwin' a stun at the hens, an' some way the deer, which was feedin' round back o' the barn, got hit."

* * *

To make sure the youngster was not disobeying the bass fishing law, the game warden took his string of fish out of the water and found only catfish, perch, and suckers on the line. A few feet further down the stream he found a large black bass wiggling on a string weighed down with a stone, and asked the boy what he was doing with the fish.

"Well, you see," answered the boy, "he's been taking my bait all morning and so I just tied him up there until I get through fishing."

A Scottish gamekeeper found a boy fishing in his master's private waters. "You mustn't fish here!" he exclaimed. "These waters belong to the Earl of A——." "Do they? I didn't know that," replied the culprit; and, laying aside his rod, he took up a book and commenced reading. The keeper departed, but, on returning about an hour afterwards, he found the same youth had started fishing again. "Do you understand that this water belongs to the Earl of A——?" he roared. "Why, you told me that an hour ago!" exclaimed the angler, in surprise. "Surely the whole river don't belong to him? His share went by long ago!"

GAMING

Under the laws of Kentucky, the penalty for gaming is a fine of from twenty to fifty dollars. Judge W. W. Jones was holding a term of Circuit Court, and when the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky against Daniel Cross was called, he asked Daniel if he had a lawyer to defend him. Daniel said he had not, and Judge Jones asked him what he wanted to do about his case, which was a charge of gaming. "I don't know, hardly, Judge," said Daniel. "I thought I would just pay it off." "Were you actually playing?" said the judge. "I guess we were," Daniel replied. "About how much were you playing for, Daniel?" the judge asked. "Oh, nothing much," said Daniel, "just a nickel or dime on the corner." "Well, Daniel," said the judge, "I will see your dime and raise you twenty dollars."

Daniel looked rather crestfallen for a moment, but, catching the force of the judge's remark, he quickly looked up at the judge and said: "Well, Judge, I am satisfied that you have got me beat, so I'll not raise you, but I guess I will have to call you."

GENERAL NOTICE

She sat on the beach and gazed meditatively at the rings which adorned her fingers. "Know all men by these presents," she murmured, "that I am a Summer Girl."

GOOD BEHAVIOR

"Why, Mrs. Murphy, you looks quite festive today. Wot's up, then?"

"Wot! 'Aven't you 'eard my Bill comes out today?"

"But I thought the judge gave him seven years."

"Yes; but they're letting 'im out nearly two years earlier cos 'e's behaved so well."

"Lor', Mrs. Murphy, what a comfort it must be to you to 'ave such a good son."

* * *

Apropos of the numerous influential malefactors whose prison terms are either annulled or cut down to nearly nothing, Mayor Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, said:

"Is it a good thing for the public to let these men out so soon?

"I was sympathizing one afternoon with a poor woman whose husband had just been sent to jail. She was weeping bitterly, and I said to her:

"'Now don't take it so hard. Two years is a long sentence, I know; but he may not have to serve it all. Convicts who behave themselves oftentimes get out months before their appointed time.'

"'That's just it,' she replied, still sobbing. 'Henry can be an angel when he likes.'"

GRAND JURY

"Who presents people at court, pop?"

"In this country, my son, it is generally done by the grand jury."

GRAND LARCENY

"I wouldn't associate with him. I understand he's served a term in prison."

"That's true, but it was for an offense involving a million dollars or more; nothin' really disgraceful, you know."

GRAFT

The member of the Legislature, of whom some graft stories had been circulated, was about to build a house.

"You will want a southern exposure, I suppose?" asked the architect.

"No, sir!" said the man. "If you can't build this house without any exposure, I'll get another architect."

GUILTY

A Louisville negro was caught with a number of hides in his possession, for which he could not reasonably account, and was brought into court charged with stealing.

"Guilty or not guilty?" thundered the judge.

"Not guilty," emphatically responded the negro.

"Then how do you account for the fact that you were in possession of two five-dollar bills when you were arrested, although you are known to have been unemployed for a year?" demanded his honor.

"Jes' let me relate the circumstances, Mr. Jedge—"

"And that three hides, of which you claim to know nothing, were found hidden in your cellar?"

"I dunno, Jedge, but—"

"And that you were seen coming out of the tannery with three more?"

The negro scratched his head in silence for a minute, then blurted out:

"Looky here, Mr. Jedge, if you is gwine to git so troublesome an' so 'quisitive 'bout this little matter, I's jest pintedly gwine ter take back what I said 'bout not guilty an' make it guilty."

* * *

The young lawyer had opened his office that very day and sat expectant of clients. A step was heard outside, and the next moment a man's figure was silhouetted against the ground-glass of the door. Hastily the legal fledgling stepped to his brand-new

telephone, and, taking down the receiver, gave every appearance of being deep in a business conversation.

"Yes, Mr. S.," he was saying, as the man entered, "I'll attend to that corporation matter for you. Mr. J. had me on the 'phone this morning and wanted me to settle a damage suit, but I had to put him off, as I'm so busy with cases just now. But I'll try to sandwich your matter in between my other cases somehow. Yes, yes. All right. Good-bye."

Hanging up the receiver, he turned to his visitor, having, as he thought, duly impressed him.

"Excuse me, sir," the man said, "but I'm from the telephone company. I've come to connect up your instrument."

HABEAS CORPUS

In the early days of Wisconsin two of the most prominent lawyers of the State were George B. Smith and I. S. Sloan, the latter of whom had a habit of injecting into his remarks to the court the expression: "Your Honor, I have an idea." A certain case had been dragging along through a hot summer day when Sloan sprang to his feet with his old remark, "Your Honor, I have an idea."

Smith immediately bounded up, assumed an impressive attitude, and in great solemnity, said:

"May it please the Court, I move that a writ of habeas corpus be issued by this court immediately to take the learned gentleman's idea out of solitary confinement."

"May it please your Honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the judges, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a habeas corpus." "Well!" said a man in an undertone, who was standing in the rear of the court, "these lawyers will say anything. I saw the man get out of a taxi at the court door."

HABITATION

Counsel: You reside?
Witness: With my brother.
Counsel: And your brother lives?
Witness: With me.
Counsel: Precisely, but you both live——
Witness: Together.

* * *

A justice of the peace was asked by a negro woman to issue a warrant for the arrest of a negro man who, she said, had, in a spirit of mischief, left open the door of her chicken house thus allowing all the fowls to escape.

"Did he steal the chickens?" asked his honor, the dispenser of unadorned equity.

"No, sah, Jedge, he didn't steal 'em," replied the irate complainant, "he jes' lef' the do' open an' dey got away."

"But surely they will come home," argued the judge.

"Come home?" said the mammy, "nevah, dey'll go home."

HEARING

The city magistrates of New York are human beings, not mere codifications of the common law, and many a story of decidedly human interest, comic or pathetic, comes out of the justice courts of the metropolis. This is one of the former:

A prisoner was arraigned before Magistrate Freschi, on a charge of assault and battery.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" asked the magistrate.

"Hey? What's that?" asked the prisoner, his hand curved suggestively behind his ear.

"What's your name?" shouted the magistrate.

"Hey?"

"What's your name, and where do you live?" roared the judge.

"Sorry. Can't hear a word," declared the prisoner.

At this a police officer, who used to sell early vegetables from a cart before he joined the force, stepped up and put his penetrating voice at the court's service. Through him the name and address of the accused were learned.

Then the magistrate wanted to know his occupation.

"Hey?" asked the prisoner.

The policeman came gallantly to the rescue, and the prisoner said he was a professional songwriter.

"Well," said the magistrate, heaving the sigh of laborious duty performed, "I'll give you a title for a

new song. It is: 'You May Be Deaf To-Night, but Your Hearing Comes To-morrow!' "

And the prisoner, who had not heard a word, bowed gratefully.

HEARSAY EVIDENCE

"You said you made a personal examination of the premises," interrupted the rural magistrate. "What did you find?"

"Oh, nothing of consequence," answered the witness. "A 'beggarly account of empty boxes,' as Shakespeare says."

"Never mind what Mr. Shakespeare said," rejoined the r. m. "He will be summoned to testify for himself, if he knows anything about the case."

* * *

The lawyer shook his finger warningly at the witness and said, "Now, we want to hear just what you know; not what some one else knows, or what you think, or anything of that kind, but what you know. Do you understand?"

"Wall, I know," said the witness, with emphasis, as he lifted one limber leg and laid it across the other, "I know that Clay Grubb said that Bill Thompson told him that he heard John Thomas's wife tell Sid Shuford's gal that her husband was there when the fight tuk place, and that he said that they slung each other around in the bushes right consid'able."

* * *

An Irishman was called upon to give evidence in a shooting affray.

"Did you see that shot fired?" asked the magistrate.

"No, sor; but I heard it," replied the witness.

"That is not satisfactory. Step down."

As the Irishman turned to go he laughed, and was rebuked by the magistrate, who told him it was contempt of court.

"Did yez see me laugh?"

"No; but I heard you."

"That is not satisfactory."

And then the court laughed.

HORSE STEALING

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar of Judge Burnet, "to hang a poor fellow for stealing a horse."

"You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

* * *

A white man during reconstruction times was arraigned before a justice of the peace for killing a man and stealing his mule. It was in Arkansas, near the Texas border, and there was some rivalry between the States, but the justice tried always to preserve an impartial frame of mind.

"We's got two kinds of law in this yer co't," he said: "Texas law an' Arkansas law. Which will you have?"

The prisoner thought a minute and then guessed that he would take the Arkansas law.

"I discharge you fo' stealin' the mule, an' hang you fo' killing the man."

"Hold on a minute, Judge," said the prisoner. "Better make that Texas law."

"All right. Then I fin' you fo' killin' the man, an' hang you fo' stealin' the mule."

HOTELS

"Why is that pompous fellow strutting about so absurdly?"

"He found some ham in his railway sandwich."

HUSBAND AND WIFE

"Well, Cholmondeley," said the suffragette's father, "I know what you have come for. Marion has told me. But do you think you can support her in the style to which she is accustomed?"

"Well, I've been trying to figure that out, Mr. Plantagenet," said Cholmondeley, "and reckoning on six months in jail every year, I fancy I can."

* * *

Judge—"What is your name?"

Swede—"Yon Yonson."

Judge—"Are you married?"

Swede—"Yah."

Judge—"Whom did you marry?"

Swede—"I married a woman."

Judge (with indignation)—"Did you ever hear of anybody marrying anybody else but a woman?"

Swede—"Yah. My sister, she married a man."

Judge—"Describe what passed between you in the quarrel with your wife."

Man on Stand—"The plates were regular dinner size, your Honor, and the teapot had a broken spout."

* * *

A witty judge declared recently that "a patriot was a man who refused to button his wife's waist. A martyr," he went on, "is one who attempts and fails, while a hero tries and succeeds."

"Then what is a coward?" asked a curious bystander.

"Oh, a coward," replied the judge, "is a man who remains single so that he won't have to try."

* * *

"The marriage took place in prison."

"I don't believe in jail birds being allowed to marry."

"You mistake your people. This was a prominent banker and a militant suffragette."

* * *

"A judge has ruled that a woman shouldn't spend more on clothes than on rent."

"Well, then, we shall have to pay a bigger rent."

* * *

"They tell me you're workin' hard night and day since you were up before the magistrate for pushin' your husband about, Mrs. Robinson."

"Yes. The magistrate said if I come before him again he'd fine me forty shillings."

"And so you're working hard to keep out of mischief?"

"What?—I'm workin' hard to save up the fine."

A prominent lawyer of Mississippi, who, after two months of widowhood, took unto himself another spouse, was very indignant when he read in one of the local papers the following notice of his marriage:

"The wedding was very quiet, owing to a recent bereavement in the bridegroom's family."

* * *

"I heard him behind the door pleading for just one. They must be engaged."

"Naw, they're married. It was a dollar he was pleading for."

* * *

"Rufus, you old loafer! do you think it's right to leave your wife at the washtub while you pass your time fishing?"

"Yassah, Jedge; 's all right. Mah wife don' need no watchin'. She'll sho'ly wuk jes' as hahd ez ef Ah wuz dar."

* * *

H. Clay Calhoun, testifying in an assault case, spoke of one Washington White as "well off."

"Now, witness," said the cross-examining lawyer, "when you declare White to be well off, what do you mean? Is he worth $10,000?"

"No, sah. Oh, no, sah," said Calhoun.

"Is he worth $5,000?"

"No, sah. Mah, gracious, no!"

"Is he worth $1,000?"

"No, sah; he ain't wurf 17 cents."

"Then how is he well off?"

"Bekase, sah, his wife am an A No. 1 washlady and keeps de hull family in bangup style."

Judge Parry in the course of a sketch of his judicial duties states that he has learned to sympathize with domestic frailties. "I was once rebuking a man for backing up his wife in what was not only an absurd story, but one in which I could see he had no belief. 'You should be more careful,' I said, 'and I tell you candidly I don't believe a word of your wife's story.' 'You may do as you like,' he said, mournfully, 'but I've got to.' "

* * *

"How's this?" demanded the judge. "You have your husband arrested for assault, and yet you refuse to testify against him."

"Well, your Honor," replied Mrs. McCarthy, whose heart had softened, "I ain't sure 'twas him done it."

"But you stated positively he punched you in the eye."

"Thrue for ye. Some one did punch me in th' oiye, but I ain't sure who, for me back was turned at the toime."

* * *

The mayor of a small town was trying a negro for abusing his wife. She claimed he got drunk and tried to beat her, and she hit him.

The mayor turned to their little girl and asked:

"Girl, was your father under the influence of whiskey when your mother hit him?"

"No, sah. He was under the kitchen table," she very quickly replied.

Friendly Constable—"Come, come, sir, pull yourself together; there's your wife calling you."

Festive Gent—"Wha' she call—hic—calling me, Billy or William?"

Constable—"William, sir."

Festive Gent—"Then I'm not goin'—hic—'ome."

* * *

A large and robust Irishwoman appeared in a New York court to prosecute a case in which her husband was charged with having beaten her. The defendant, a small, stoop-shouldered man, had the appearance of having been run through a threshing machine, and seemed scarcely able to stand. The judge surveyed the two with an amused light in his eyes.

"You say this man beat you?" he asked the woman.

"He did not," the prosecuting witness said, with emphasis, folding her powerful arms. "He knocked me down."

"You mean to tell me you were knocked down by that physical wreck?" the judge queried.

" 'Tis only since he struck me that he's been a physical wreck, your Honor," she explained.

* * *

"Officer, arrest my husband. He's nearly killing me."

"All right, madam; but tell me, how long has this fight been going on?"

"About an hour."

"You should have called me sooner."

"Oh, it wasn't necessary. I had all the best of him until just now."

* * *

Mr. Justice Magee, of the High Court of Ontario, was hearing an appeal against the conviction of a seventy-year-old man on a charge of nonsupport by his wife, who was ten years younger.

"What is the occupation of the appellant?" asked the judge of Mr. T. J. W. O'Connor, who was supporting the appeal.

"He is a cobbler, your lordship," answered the lawyer. "The lady is his second wife."

"Ah, then she is his last, but he refused to stick to her," remarked the learned justice.

"Yes, and your lordship is the sole hope of the broken pair," was Mr. O'Connor's rejoinder.

* * *

A convict in a French penal colony, who was serving a life sentence there, desired to marry one of the women convicts, and made application to the authorities for the necessary permission. The governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner.

"Did you marry in France?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any document to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead."

There was a pause, and the bride prospective looked at the would-be groom. Finally he said: "I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How will you do so?"

"I was sent here for killing her."

The bride accepted him notwithstanding.

* * *

"Does your husband treat you unkindly?" asked the lawyer.

"Certainly not!" said the unsubstantial woman.

"Then why do you want a divorce?"

"I don't actually want a divorce. I merely want to apply for one. Then I can judge by the kind of a fuss my husband makes whether he really cares for me or not."

* * *

Magistrate: "I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife."

Witness: "Yes, sor."

Magistrate: "Tell the Court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

Witness: "He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

* * *

"Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,—
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out."

* * *

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"About a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."

* * *

Patrick and Bridget had been married a long time, but did not get along well together, for they were constantly quarreling. It happened, however, that one day they were sitting directly opposite the fire, when in came the cat and dog, and laid down between them and the fire, and also opposite each other.

Presently Biddy speaks up and says: "Faith, Patrick, isn't it a shame we should be always quarreling? See the cat and dog, how peacefully they get along."

"Och, Biddy, sure and it isn't a fair comparison at all; just tie 'em together, and see how they will act."

* * *

"Indeed," the lecturer went on, in a quizzical way, "I believe I am justified in asserting that nine women out of ten practically propose to the men they become engaged to. As a test, I would ask all married men in the audience whose wives virtually popped the question to them to rise."

There was a subdued rustle in the auditorium, and in the dense silence that ensued could be heard sibilant feminine whispers in concert, "Just you dare stand up!"

* * *

Said George Ade:

"I was sitting with a little girl of eight one afternoon. She looked up from her Hans Andersen and said:

"Does m-i-r-a-g-e spell marriage, Mr. Ade?"

"Yes, my child," said I.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were frequently in court. Sometimes Murphy complained of his wife, at other times Mrs. Murphy had her husband arrested for abuse, and on still other occasions neighbors had them both in court for disturbing the peace with their brawls. The judge was becoming rather tired of having them before him.

"This is the sixth time one or the other of you has been up before me for fighting," he declared, out of patience; "now, tell me truthfully, can not you two live happily without fighting?"

"No, yer Honor," replied Mrs. Murphy; "not happily."

* * *

A friend of the family had been summoned to testify, much against his will, as to domestic disturbances in a certain household.

"You saw those blows administered?" asked counsel.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Did you witness the beginning of the quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Dash?"

"I did."

"When was it?"

"Six years ago."

"Six years ago! How is that possible?"

"I was a guest at their wedding," said the witness.

* * *

A Cleveland lawyer tells a story about a woman from the country who wanted a divorce. When the case got into court the judge, disregarding for the moment the technical grounds, tried to find out the

reason for the lady's desire to be separated from the man she had lived with for so many years. The man himself was in court with a lawyer, and it looked as if he was going to fight the case.

"Mrs. Dash," said the judge, "tell me what fault you have to find with your husband."

"He is a liar, a brute, a thief and a brainless fool!" answered the lady promptly.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed his honor, with Wilsonian emphasis. "You could hardly prove all that."

"Prove it? Why, everybody knows it."

"If you knew it, why did you marry him?"

"I didn't know it before I married him."

Then the husband spoke up for the first time.

"She did, too—" he shouted.

* * *

A Kansas woman, weighing two hundred pounds and as strong as a female White Hope, came before a Kansas lawyer with her puny, one-hundred-and-thirty-pound husband and said they desired to get a divorce.

"On what grounds?" asked the lawyer.

"Extreme cruelty," said the woman.

"But," said the lawyer, "that is absurd. Here you are, big and brawny, and you say this little, weak man has been tyrannical and cruel to you. You must do better than that. You could turn him over your knee and spank him and not half try!"

"That's all right, Mister Lawyer," broke in the husband. "I agreed to let her have an extra thousand dollars in alimony if she would put that in. You see, I want to send the petition back to my folks

in Ohio. When they read it they'll think I have spunked up to beat the band since I came West."

* * *

"Talking about pugilism and State laws, did you ever notice it?"

"Ever notice what?"

"That there's no law to prohibit fighting in the state of matrimony."

HYPOTHETICAL QUESTIONS

Said a Washington lawyer: I attended a trial in Baltimore, during the course of which there was summoned as witness a youthful physician.

It was natural, of course, that counsel for the other side should in cross-examination seize the occasion to utter certain sarcastic remarks touching the knowledge and skill of so young a doctor.

"Are you," demanded the lawyer, "entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," continued the lawyer, "I should like to ask your opinion on a hypothetical case. Were my learned friend, Mr. Reed, and myself to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Mr. Reed might," smiled the youthful physician.

IDENTIFICATION

There is a good story told of the days when Lord Halsbury was a barrister. He was arguing a case on behalf of a Welshman, and showed a great knowl-

edge of the Principality and its people. "Come, come," said the judge at last, "you know you can not make yourself out to be a Welshman." "Perhaps not," replied the barrister, "but I have made a great deal of money out of Welshmen in my time." "Well, then," replied the judge, "suppose we call you a Welshman by extraction."

* * *

While the late Judge Roan, of Atlanta, was on the bench, the trial of a case had just begun when the opposing attorneys became involved in a heated argument. One called the other a blankety blank liar, and the other replied that he was a contemptible ass. The court room was in an uproar over this breach of court etiquette, and all expected summary action by the court.

But the judge calmly said to the attorneys, "Now that you have identified each other, we will proceed with the case."

* * *

"As a matter of fact," said the defendant's attorney, trying to be facetious, "you were scared half to death, and don't know whether it was an automobile or something resembling an automobile that hit you."

"It resembled one, all right," the complaining witness made answer: "I was forcibly struck by the resemblance."

* * *

Sir Frank Lockwood was on one occasion conducting the defense of a person charged with cattle-stealing, and was pressing a witness in cross-examination

to ascertain how far he was away from the animals at a certain time.

"How could you tell they were beasts?" he asked.

"Because I could see 'em."

"And how far off can you tell a beast?"

Witness looked calmly at Sir Frank, and said, "Just about as far as I am from you."

* * *

"Mr. Smith, I want to ax you a question."

"Go ahead."

"Well a feller and another feller had a fight, and the other feller hit the other feller with a rock, and the other feller sued the other feller fer damages. Can the other feller git anything offen the other feller fer hit?"

"There is not a particle of doubt about it."

"Well," said he, "that's all I want ter know."

* * *

In a country police court a man was brought up by a farmer accused of stealing some ducks.

"How do you know they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"Oh, I should know them anywhere," replied the farmer, and he went on to describe their different peculiarities.

"Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "these ducks can't be such a rare breed. I have some very like them in my own yard."

"That's not unlikely, sir," replied the farmer; "they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately!"

"Call the next witness," said counsel.

* * *

In a New Brunswick village a town character who preferred emphasis to the verities was a witness in a petty trial involving an auger. He positively identified it as the property of the parties to the suit.

"But," asked the attorney for the other side, "do you swear that you know this auger?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you known it?" he continued.

"I have known that auger," said the witness impressively, "ever since it was a gimlet."

* * *

A Dutchman was summoned in court to identify a stolen hog. On being asked by the lawyer if the hog had any earmarks, he replied: "Te only earmarks dot I saw vas his tail vas cut off."

* * *

An old settler out West, who was elected justice of the peace, couldn't raise enough to pay an officer for swearing him in; so he stood up before a looking-glass and qualified himself.

IGNORANCE OF LAW

Ignorance of the law does not prevent the losing lawyer from collecting his bill.

ILLICIT DISTILLING

A Georgia moonshiner was convicted in Federal court. The judge lectured him on his long criminal record, but assured him that, notwithstanding this, the court felt no anger toward him,—only pity; and closed by giving him a sentence of six years in prison. The moonshiner stolidly listened, first to the kindly words, and then to the severe sentence, but said nothing until he was outside the courtroom. Then, shifting his tobacco in his mouth, he said to the marshal: "Well, I shua am glad he wa'n't mad at me."

* * *

In the mountainous district of Missouri, a tall, gaunt specimen of the mountaineer, whose Christian name was Joshua, was recently arraigned in the criminal branch of the Federal Court, on a charge of illicit distilling. During the proceedings the judge, in a friendly manner, turned to the defendant and remarked: "Your name is Joshua, is it? I suppose you are the man who commanded the sun to stand still." "No," was the quick response of the mountaineer, "I am the man who is charged with making the moonshine still."

ILLUSTRATION

In Judge Pollard's court in St. Louis Mrs. Blanche sought the law on her husband for smiting her on the nose. "How did he strike you?" asked the judge. "Show me." "All right," replied the lady, and forthwith landed a terrific slap on Judge Pollard's features. "Enough," said the judge, and fined the husband fifty dollars.

INCOMPETENCY

The case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness.

"Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Well, sir," said Pat dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

* * *

"Now," said the lawyer in court, "William, look at the Judge and tell him who made you?"

William, who was considered pretty stupid, screwed up his face, looked thoughtful, and somewhat bewildered, replied: "Moses."

"That will do," said the lawyer, addressing the court. "The witness says he supposes Moses made him. That is not an intelligent answer, and I submit that it is not sufficient for him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence."

"Mr. Judge," said William, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"Well, then, Mr. Lawyer, who d'ye s'pose made you?"

"Aaron," said the lawyer, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided the witness drawled out: "Wall, Judge, now we do read in the Book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd thought the darned critter had got in here."

The lawyer who cracks jokes at the expense of the witness often gets more than he gives. The following incident in a divorce trial is told by a Milwaukee lawyer:

The witness was an elderly lady and the lawyer was a confirmed bachelor.

"How old are you?" asked the lawyer.

"I am an unmarried woman, sir, and I do not think it proper to answer that question."

"Oh, yes, answer the question," said the judge.

"Well, I am fifty."

"Are you not more?" persisted the lawyer.

"Well, I am sixty."

The inquisitive lawyer then asked her if she had any hopes of getting married, to which she replied:

"Well, I haven't lost hope yet, but I wouldn't marry you, for I am sick and tired of your palaver already. So you can consider yourself refused."

* * *

The talesman had wriggled and wriggled, and finally the judge lost patience.

"Do you mean to state on oath that you don't think you have sufficient intelligence to render a just verdict on the evidence?" he shouted.

"Not exactly that, Judge," said the talesman; "but the fact is that for the last ten years my mind has been made up for me by my wife and mother-in-law, and, as I understand this jury stunt, I shall not be allowed to communicate with them."

"Excused!" cried the judge. "I'm a married man myself."

At an assize court, a juror claimed exemption from serving, on the ground that he was deaf. The judge held a conversation with the clerk of arraigns on the subject, and then, turning to the man, at whom he looked intently, he asked in a whisper: "Are you very deaf?" "Very," was the unguarded reply. "So I perceive," was the rejoinder of the judge, "but not whisper deaf. You had better go into the box. The witnesses shall speak low."

INCRIMINATING STATEMENTS

"Say, old man, you are something of a poet?"

"What of it?"

"I want you to help me get up a valentine for a young lady."

"What do you want to say?"

"Well, I want to say something sort of tender, don't you know, but at the same time, I don't want to commit myself, understand?"

"But you don't want a poet to draw your valentine; what you want is a lawyer."

INDUCEMENT

A lecturer was touring through the country recently and delivered an address before an audience in a country school house.

In the course of his remarks he reviewed the agricultural prospects of the country, and as an illustration told a story of a poor farmer who had died, leaving his wife the farm heavily mortgaged. He

said that the widow set to work with a will and succeeded upon one year's wheat crop in paying off the entire mortgage.

When he had completed his lecture, the gentleman shook hands and greeted the members of his audience. One middle-aged man finally approached him thoughtfully and began:

"I say, mister, you told a story 'bout the widow raising a mortgage on one year's crop?"

"Yes, my friend, that was a true story. It happened only two years ago."

"Well, sir, could you tell me who that widow is? She's just the kind of woman I've been looking for all the time."

* * *

His Honor (gazing at intoxicated prisoner)—"What is he charged with, officer?"

Officer (newly appointed)—"Oi don't know, yer Honor, but Oi think it's shtraight whiskey."

INHERITANCE

"Judge," said the guilty man, "I inherit this felonious habit. I can't resist it. My father was a grafter and my mother a photographer. I can't help taking things."

"Then take seven years at hard labor," said the judge, kindly.

* * *

Prisoner (to jailer)—"Put me in cell 38."

"What for?"

"It's the one father used to have."

"I," she said, "can trace my ancestry back to armor and shirts of mail."

"I started to trace my ancestry back once," he replied, "but my wife made me stop when I got to shirt sleeves and overalls."

* * *

Mr. Monkey: "What's he in for?"

Monkey Jailer: "Going around claiming to be descended from us."

* * *

"It grieves me to think that my money will pass into spendthrifts' hands like yours when I die."

"Well, don't worry, uncle; it won't stay there long."

* * *

"These kids I teach aren't a bit slow," observed a school teacher. "In fact, I'm afraid they read the papers. The other day I proposed the following problem to my arithmetic class:

"'A rich man dies and leaves $1,000,000. One-fifth is to go to his wife, one-sixth to his son, one-seventh to his daughter, one-eighth to his brother and the rest to foreign missions. What does each get?'

"'A lawyer,' said the littlest boy in the class, promptly."

INITIATIVE

'Ras Jones was a witness at a trial in the courthouse last week. He was testifying as to a conversation he had on the 'phone with the defendant in a civil suit. "Did you call him up on your own initiative?" the lawyer asked 'Ras. "No," said 'Ras, "I used the one in the general store. I can't afford one myself."

INJUNCTION

A negro order in Georgia borrowed the name and insignia of a popular white lodge without asking permission. The white fraternity promptly went into court with a restraining order. The issue was carried on appeal to the highest court of the State, where the attorney for the plaintiffs appeared to ask that the injunction be made permanent. He was addressing the full bench.

"Why, if your Honors please," he stated excitedly, "these negroes got our passwords, our hailing signs, our secret work, our badges, our emblems."

The chief justice leaned forward with a smile upon his face.

"It would appear," he said, "that they also got your goat."

* * *

A prominent lawyer of Miami recently received a call from a colored woman.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the lawyer.

"It's about mah ole man. He's cahyin' on high wit' a lot o' no-count gals, he is, an' sumfin's got to be done!"

"Do you want a divorce?"

"Go 'long man. Divorce nuffin. Think I'se gwine to gin him des what he wants, an' 'low him to go sky-shootin' round wif dem gals. Not on yo' life, mister lawyer, I doan' want no divorce; what I wants is a 'junction."

INSURANCE

Judge—"Why did you burn your barn down, just after getting it insured?"

Farmer—"Your Honor, a poor man like me can't afford to have a barn and insurance too."

* * *

"Sure, it's Mike, the boy, that's the lucky man."

"How was he lucky?"

"Why, mum, he got insured fer five hundred dollars and the very nixt day he fell off the ladder, paintin', and broke his nick."

INSANITY

A north countryman, charged with having set fire to a large hayrick, was defended on the ground that he was not altogether responsible for his actions. One of the witnesses testified to the belief that the prisoner was "wrang in his heid."

"Can you mention any occasion on which the prisoner behaved in a manner to warrant your statement?" he was asked by the learned counsel.

"Yes," answered witness. "Ah knows once at work he got half a crown too much for his wage, and—"

"Well?" said the counsel, as the witness hesitated.

"He took it back to the manager," concluded witness.

Alderman Puffer (at the council meeting, Puffington)—"Gentlemen, we have been sending our lunatics to Dottyfield Asylum for a long time, and it has cost us a great deal of money; but I am glad to be able to make the statement that we have now built an asylum for ourselves." (Sensation in the council room.)

* * *

Hutchinson vs. Hutchinson, 250 Ill. 170, states: "It is not evidence of insanity to disagree with the judgment of a court."

* * *

A commission in lunacy had called a woman to the witness stand.

"And now," said the commission's counsel to her, "what is your ground for claiming that the accused is insane?"

The woman gulped, wiped her eyes, and answered:

"Well, gentlemen, he took me to the theater twice in one week. Each time we went in a taxicab, we had supper each time after the performance; and each time he bought me chocolates and flowers. He didn't go out to see a man between the acts, either."

"But, madam," said a commissioner, "surely these actions do not prove insanity on the part of the accused."

"But you forget, sir," said the lady, with a sad smile, "you forget that the accused is my husband."

* * *

"That fellow who tried to kill the judge is crazy, isn't he?"

"No, he's too poor to be crazy—he couldn't hire a lawyer to prove it."

The Lawyer: "Temporary insanity is generally cured, isn't it?"

The Doctor: "Yes, by a verdict of acquittal."

* * *

On a writ of error to the supreme court of one of the territories, counsel for the plaintiff in error sharply criticised the rulings of the trial judge. When the counsel for the defendant in error began his reply, the following took place:

"May it please your Honors, before I finish my argument, I think I can show you that the trial judge was not as crazy as counsel on the other side would make him out to be."

By a member of the court: "Let me understand you; you admit the fact of insanity of the trial judge, but deny its degree?"

* * *

"My first case," said a well-known attorney, "was the defense of a negro preacher in Missouri, who had been arrested for stealing wood from a railroad company. A great deal of fuel had been lost from time to time, so when the culprit was arrested the company was so anxious to make an example of him that it employed special counsel and prosecuted the case vigorously. The evidence against the old man was convincing. He had been sneaking around the wood pile and was arrested while carrying off a load.

"I had subpœnaed about twenty well-known business men to testify to the previous good character of the defendant. When the prosecution's case was closed I put one on the stand and asked:

"'Do you know the defendant's reputation for honesty and integrity?'

"'Yes,' was the answer.

"'What is it—good or bad?'

"'Bad. He will steal anything he can get his hands on.'

"A titter ran through the court room. It wasn't the answer I had expected, but it was too late, so I put on a bold front and called another. He testified as the other witness had, and the prosecuting attorney rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Before I got through with my witness I proved that my client was a notorious thief, who had never been known to neglect an opportunity to steal something, no matter how trifling it might be. Then I called a couple of physicians, proved the existence of a mental disorder known as kleptomania, read some authorities to show that it was a good defense if proven, and submitted my case. The old preacher was acquitted, and thereafter stole with impunity, for he considered his acquittal in the face of the facts equivalent to a license to steal."

* * *

"What's the matter?" asked the lawyer's friend. "Been in a railroad accident?"

"No. I had a jury case the other day, and I argued so eloquently for the purpose of making it appear that my client was a fool instead of a knave that I got him acquitted on that plea."

"What has that to do with your appearance?"

"He met me outside, after court had adjourned."

A young attorney, in examining a physician before a jury that had been called to inquire into the mental condition of a certain pauper, asked this question:

"Dr. X., in your opinion, what is the sanitary condition of this man?"

After a moment's hesitation, during which the physician evidently attempted to restrain a desire to shout, he replied:

"I think the learned counselor needs the expert testimony, not of a doctor, but rather that of a plumber."

* * *

"My uncle only left me five thousand dollars! Wonder if I could break the will?"

"Sure thing! He must have been crazy to leave you anything."

* * *

"Your only hope," said the lawyer, "is to similate insanity."

"But I don't know how," replied the prisoner. "I haven't the faintest idea of what I ought to say."

"Well, I'll get one of these men who write choruses for popular songs to fix up something for you."

INTEREST OR WANT OF INTEREST

Mr. Justice Harlan was explaining to a young man, with whom he was playing a game of golf, some of the criteria employed by judges in weighing evidence. "Usually, in conflicting evidence," he said, "one statement is far more probable than the other, so that we can easily decide which to believe. It is

like the boy and the house hunter. A house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy: 'My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached cottages. How far are they from here?'

"'About twenty minutes' walk,' the boy replied.

"'Twenty minutes!' exclaimed the house hunter. 'Nonsense! The advertisement says five.'

"'Well,' said the boy, 'you can believe me, or you can believe the advertisement; but I ain't tryin' to make no sale.'"

* * *

On a murder case in one of the Southern States an old mountaineer was called as a witness. The defending lawyer was cross-examining him.

"You say you saw this murder committed?"

"Yas."

"How far were you from the spot when it took place?"

"'Bout a quarter mile."

"What time was it when this deed was done?"

"'Bout half-past 8."

"On the date this murder was supposed to be committed it would be almost totally dark, and you mean to say you could see distinctly what happened at that time at a quarter of a mile distant?"

The old mountaineer shuffled his feet, changed his quid, and stretched. "Oh, well," he said, as he started to leave the witness chair, "I don't give a gol darn about this trial, anyhow."

Magistrate: "Are you interested in this case?"

Witness for the prosecution: "Yes, sir; the prisoner cut my acquaintance."

INTERNATIONAL PEACE

"The Hague has done much toward promoting peace in the world."

"Yes," replied Miss Cheyenne, "and so has Reno."

IRRELEVANCY

Two colored men were on an expedition to the colonel's hen roost one dark night. Mose had planted the ladder, climbing up to where the chickens were roosting, and was passing them down to Ephraim, who put them in a bag. Suddenly Mose stopped.

"What's de mattah, Brudder Mose?" inquired Ephraim anxiously.

"I's just been thinkin', Brudder Ephraim, how me and you is membahs ub de church, an' wedder it's right to take de cunnel's chickings?"

"Brudder Mose," said Ephraim, "dat am a great moral question which you an' me ain't fit ter wrastle wid. Pass down anudder chicking."

* * *

An old negro was a witness in his own behalf in an ejectment suit, and when cross-questions were propounded by plaintiff's attorney, his attorneys would object and zealously plead that the matters inquired about should not be allowed in evidence. The presiding judge, on several occasions said: "Now, let me understand the question," when the stenographer

would read it over to him and he would then say: "Now, I want to understand the exact grounds for objection," and when stated, the judge would overrule the objection, when the stenographer would again read the question so the witness could answer. Finally a very simple question was propounded, which, if answered truly, would injure the defense, and the old negro said he wanted "to understand the question," which was repeated to him two or three times without eliciting a response, until his own attorney told him to answer it. His reply was: "I jes' tell you, boss, I is sorter like de jedge up dar; I is kinder fused and tangled."

JAIL

"This prisoner complains that the Plunkville jail is overrun with obnoxious insects."

"They all say that," sneered the alderman. "What we want is proof."

"Well, he sends along a few samples."

* * *

Counsel (to witness)—"What is your husband?"

Witness—"He's a finisher."

"What does he finish?"

"Well, he's just finishing his time in prison."

* * *

Lady Visitor—"Cheer up, my good man. You know, 'stone walls do not a prison make.'"

"No, indeed, lady. It takes dirt and disease, foul air, rotten food, flogging and torture, thieving officers, and graft higher up—nowadays."

A number of men gathered in the smoking car of a train from Little Rock to another point in Arkansas were talking of the food best calculated to sustain health.

One Arkansan, a stout, florid man, with short gray hair and a self-satisfied air, was holding forth in great style.

"Look at me!" he exclaimed. "Never a day's sickness in my life! And all due to simple food. Why, gentlemen, from the time I was twenty to when I reached forty years, I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me! No late hours. Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at 9 o'clock, got up at 5, lived principally on corned beef and corn bread. Worked hard, gentlemen; worked hard from 8 to 1 o'clock; then dinner, plain dinner; then an hour's exercise; and then—"

"Excuse me," interrupted a stranger who had remained silent, "but what were you in for?"

* * *

Lawyer (to the man in jail, who had sent for him) —"But, my friend, they can't put you in jail for this."

Prisoner—"The devil they can't—they've done done it!"

* * *

A hard-headed citizen, at a dinner in New York, hailed with delight the conviction by the courts of a prominent man who had stolen millions by means of bogus mines. But a friend of the criminal heaved a

sigh and said: "Poor old Charlie! His heart's in the right place, anyway."

"Yes," said the hard-headed man, "and so, thank Heaven, is the rest of him for the next four years!"

* * *

"Paw, where do jailbirds come from?"

"They are raised by larks, bats, and swallows, my son."

* * *

A Scotsman had the misfortune to get arrested and sentenced. He was given a bucket of water, a brush and a cake of soap and told to wash his cell. Some time later the warden came in and saw the prisoner giving himself a thorough scouring.

"Here!" he cried, "what are you doing? Didn't I tell you to wash your cell?"

"Aye, an' am I no' washin' masel'?" asked the surprised offender.

* * *

"Well, Bill," said the temporarily retired burglar to his pal, "there's one thing we oughter be thankful for here."

"What's that?" said Bill.

"We ain't bothered much dodgin' motors or worryin' over the high cost o' livin'."

* * *

"I know those two women so well who started a hunger strike that I can't just believe they've given in."

"It wasn't their blame, my dear. The prison authorities changed the regular fare to pickles and eclairs, and you know no woman could resist that."

"Fred, do you remember where you were in 1910?" asked the bride of a few months.

"Why, no, dear; I don't remember exactly," replied the young husband. "Why do you ask?"

"Why, I was reading to-day in the paper that it is said that in 1910 one person in every 800 in the United States was in prison."

JUDGE

A farmer took his son into the Crown Court. On the bench sat Baron Cleasby, gorgeous in scarlet and ermine, statuesque and motionless. Suddenly the judge moved his head from one side to the other—a nervous trick for which he was noted. The farmer's boy, who had been gazing open-mouthed at the resplendent figure on the dais, exclaimed: "Why, father, it's alive!"

* * *

Judge (sternly)—"To what do you attribute your downfall?'

Culprit—"The first drink I ever took was one you bought me when you were trying to get my vote."

* * *

At a dinner Judge Fisher, of Arizona, was introduced by the toastmaster in a long speech dealing humorously with the change in vocation made by the judge after arriving in the territory, soon to become a state. Judge Fisher noted this effort in the first paragraph of his address, and admitted that when he came to Arizona he was a preacher. "But

when I saw what glorious winter weather the territory had, warm sunshine, flowers blooming, birds singing, I understood why the people were indifferent about going to heaven. And in summer I realized that hell had no terrors for them."

* * *

In Seekonk, a small summer resort, the lawmakers offer special bargains to wealthy visitors. Signs are displayed as follows: "Spitting on the sidewalk, one offense, $10. Three times, $25."

* * *

A certain witty judge was trying a case recently where a dealer sued a steamship company for the loss of some pigs in a fire on board a cross channel boat. It came out in evidence that the steamer had a large deckload, and here the damage was greatest.

The judge thus began his charge to the jury:

"Gentlemen, to put those pigs on deck was a rash act, but to fry them was a rasher."

* * *

Maud Muller had just refused the judge.

"Marry a fellow who may lose his job any moment on the recall?" she smiled. "Not much."

Herewith she smiled on a farmer instead.

* * *

William Travers Jerome, district attorney of New York, went down to Georgia to address the Georgia Bar Association.

Colonel Peter Meldrim was showing Jerome around.

"You see that man," said the colonel, pointing out a distinguished person who sat on the hotel porch.

"I do."

"Well, sir, that is a man in whom our State takes great pride. He is Judge ——, sir, the only man in Georgia who can strut sitting down."

* * *

"I hardly know how to decide your point," said the judge to the lawyer who had been arguing for several hours to convince his honor that his contention was correct. "I believe I'll think the matter over and give a decision in the morning."

"Your Honor, I would suggest, if I may," interrupted the advocate, "that in the meantime you consult some good lawyer."

* * *

Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order! Order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."

* * *

A certain English mayor, whose period of office had come to an end, was surveying the work of the year. "I have endeavored," he said with an air of conscious rectitude, "to administer justice without swerving to partiality, on the one hand, or impartiality, on the other."

A judge once had a case in which the accused man understood only Irish. An interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to his interpreter.

"What does he say?" demanded his lordship.

"Nothing, my lord," was the reply.

"How dare you say that when we all heard him? Come on, sir, what was it?"

"My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir!" roared the judge. "Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said: 'Who's that old woman with the red bed curtain round her, sitting up there?' "

At which the court roared.

"And what did you say?" asked the judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said: 'Whist, ye spalpeen! That's the ould boy that's going to hang you!' "

* * *

A firm of shady outside London brokers was prosecuted for swindling. In acquitting them, the court, with great severity, said, "There is not sufficient evidence to convict you, but if any one wishes to know my opinion of you I hope they will refer to me." Next day the firm's advertisement appeared in every available medium with the following, well displayed: "Reference as to probity, by special permission, the Lord Chief Justice of England."

At the Old Bailey a policeman, who was giving evidence against a prisoner on trial before Judge Hawkins, was asked what the man had said when he was first charged. The constable whipped out a pocket book and read, without a smile: "Prisoner said when charged, 'God grant I be not tried before 'Awkins, or he will bring down my hairs in sorrow to the grave.' "

* * *

In his published volume, "Life in the Law," the late Mr. John George Witt, K. C., narrates this anecdote of Sir William Wightman: "Sir William Wightman held office in the old Court of Queen's Bench far beyond the prescribed time, and at last, on the eve of the Long Vacation, he took a sort of farewell of his brother judges. However, when 'the morrow of All Souls' came round, he turned up smiling at Westminster Hall. 'Why, Brother Wightman,' said Sir Alexander Cockburn, 'you told us that you intended to send in your resignation to the lord chancellor before the end of August.' 'So I did,' said Sir William, 'but when I went home and told my wife she said, "Why, William, what on earth do you think that we can do with you messing about the house all day?" So you see I was obliged to come down to court again.' "

* * *

Up in Boston a well-known lawyer was heard to remark to a colleague: "That judge don't know nothing." "I know he does," responded the other.

"This is the fifth time you have been brought before me this term," said the judge, frowning severely upon the prisoner at the bar.

"Yes, your Honor," said the prisoner. "You know a man is judged by the company he keeps, and I like to be seen talkin' to your Honor for the sake of me credit."

"All right," said the judge. "Officer, take this man over to the island and tell them to give him a credit of thirty days."

* * *

A colored man, charged with felony, was asked by the judge if he would like to have a lawyer to defend him.

"No, sah," said the prisoner. "I'se gwine to throw myself on the ignorance of the Cote!"

* * *

The late Justice Brewer was with a party of New York friends on a fishing trip in the Adirondacks, and around the camp fire one evening the talk naturally ran on big fish. When it came his turn the jurist began, uncertain as to how he was going to come out:

"We were fishing one time on the Grand Banks for —er—for——"

"Whales," somebody suggested.

"No," said the justice, "we were baiting with whales."

* * *

A member of the New York bar, in the management of a case in one of the higher courts, quoted the proverb, "Cast not thy pearls before swine." As he rose to sum up, the judge said jokingly: "Be careful, Mr.

S——, that you do not cast your pearls before swine." "Don't be alarmed, your Honor, I am about to address the jury, not the Court!" he replied.

* * *

A good story regarding one of Boston's judges comes by way of a fisherman lawyer. He was up in one of the camps far into the Maine woods and got into conversation with a native. The latter, in talking of Boston, asked the visitor if he knew there a certain lawyer.

"I'm not sure of a lawyer by that name. But there is a judge of the superior bench."

"Wa'al," said the Maine man, "I b'leeve I have heard he got a livin' by judgin'."

* * *

Mayor Gaynor of New York was talking about the fondness of some men for tacking official titles on to their names. "I once met," he said, "a man who called himself Judge Green, and I ventured to ask him if he was a United States judge or a Circuit Court judge. 'I hain't neither,' he told me; 'I'm a judge of hosses!' "

* * *

There was a judge in a certain Eastern city noted for his grouch. The most comical incident had no more effect on his frown than upon a wooden Indian. But one day a lawyer, who had tried in vain to make the judge laugh, walked into court and found the jurist doubled up with mirth. The lawyer hurried to his colleagues to find the reason.

"Dinner to the man responsible for that," he said. "Who told the story?"

Another lawyer drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote the words, "The judge."

* * *

At one of the festive occasions of the bar of a Western State, in an after-dinner speech, an elderly judge was telling with tragic manner of his experience in a thunder storm which overtook him in the early days while he was riding the circuit. He said the scene was awful, and "I expected every moment the lightning would strike the tree under which I had taken shelter." "Then," interrupted a sarcastic rival of his, "why in thunder didn't you get under another tree?"

* * *

Justice Sir William Grantham, of the King's bench division, was a good deal of a character. He was noted for what was regarded as too great freedom of speech in his judicial opinions.

A story about Sir William was that, after protesting vainly to a man who was smoking in a non-smoking railway carriage, he sought to impress the offender by handing him his card, with a threat to have the man arrested at the next station. But the man left the compartment quickly when the train stopped, and took a seat in another compartment. Justice Grantham sent the guard to get the man's name and address so that he could be prosecuted. When the guard returned he said:

"I wouldn't have him arrested, sir. I asked his name and he gave me this card. You see, he is Mr. Justice Grantham, sir."

* * *

Counsel in a case before Mr. Justice Darling at the Old Bailey, London, England, wanted a shorthand note of a statement which was being made. His lordship replied that the note was being taken; he could see the shorthand writer at work. Counsel said the judge had noticed what he had not. Mr. Justice Darling: "There are some advantages of being on the bench; there are not many."

JUDGMENT

The following entry of judgment on a justice's docket seems to be a cross between an acquittal and the appointment of a receiver of the person: "After a very moderate and very eloquent appeal for the defendant by his attorney, the Court, taking into consideration all of the circumstances, and knowing from experience that promises made for a client during my term as justice of the peace for over three years by attorney G. C. I———— have always been kept, and that the said G. S. I———— never fools the Court, I hereby order that the defendant go from this court and admonish him to be good; for, if he breaks the promise he and his attorney have made this day, God help him. Case dismissed."

* * *

The following is a judgment rendered by a justice of the peace in a case of grand larceny: "There is

no evidence before this court tending to show that this young man took the goods. And it is therefore the judgment of this court that the defendant stole the goods, and if he did steal them he had a right to. The defendant is discharged."

JUDICIAL DECISIONS

An associate justice of the Supreme Court of Patagascar was sitting by a river.

"I wish to cross," said a traveler. "Would it be lawful to use this boat?"

"It would," was the reply; "it is my boat."

The traveler thanked him and rowed away, but the boat sank and he was drowned.

"Heartless man!" said an indignant spectator. "Why did you not tell him that your boat had a hole in it?"

"The matter of the boat's condition," said the great jurist, "was not brought before me."

* * *

A justice of the peace, who had been elevated to the bench upon the organization of a municipal court in his city, was receiving a verdict of the jury in a petty criminal case in which the defendant, fearing the preconceived judgment of the court, had demanded a jury trial. After carefully reading the verdict, he turned to the curious crowds assembled in the courtroom and in a tone of evident disappointment gravely announced in his marked German accent: "Shentlemen, der shury finds der criminal not guilty."

A cornfield judge in Oklahoma was hearing a trial for stealing. The defendant testified. Then the prosecuting attorney moved to strike out his testimony as irrelevant, immaterial, and half a dozen other undesirable things.

"What else has the defendant offered in defense?" asked the judge.

"Nothing, your Honor," the prosecuting attorney replied.

"Well," ruled the judge, "I won't strike it out. Do you suppose I want to take away the only defense he has?"

* * *

Divergent views of the judicial and legislative departments of the government were in evidence in a magistrate's court in New York, in the case of a chauffeur arrested for not having a proper shade for his auto lamps. His attorney declared the arrest ridiculous. He said: "You have us going and coming. The State law provides that an auto lamp shall throw a light at least 100 feet ahead. Then the learned aldermen passed a law which provides that lights be shaded." "Don't call them learned," interrupted the magistrate. "I know them very well. They are a fine lot of gentlemen—they ought to be hanged." He then discharged the chauffeur.

* * *

Diogenes hurried down the street, dragging a man by the coat collar. "Are you sure that's him?" someone asked. The old fellow's smile was simply cherubic. "It must be," he said. "He is a lawyer, but

he admits that he can't make head or tail of the Standard Oil decision."

* * *

"Squire, I can't decide that case in your favor." "Well," said the squire (whom we will suppose for the plaintiff), "the other side will appeal, anyway. You might as well give it to me."

Returning to the court room, the justice said, "I find for the plaintiff, but I warn the other side they ought to appeal."

* * *

A lawyer was arguing a case before a certain judge, between whom and himself there was no love lost. The judge listened for a while with ill-concealed impatience, and then burst out with:

"Tut! tut! Mr. W——, you have your points of law all upside down!"

"I don't doubt that they seem so to your Honor," replied Mr. W——, "but you'll think differently when your Honor is reversed."

JUDICIAL INQUIRY

Judge Gillet was one of the most dignified old-fashioned jurists. One day he was holding court at a county seat in a rather out-of-the-main-road county when a violent hub-bub in the hallway interrupted proceedings in the court room. After quieting the disturbance, the sheriff returned to the proceedings of the court room to report to the judge. "It was two men fighting—Danny Flanigan and Jake Jenkins, tough characters of our town. I have put them

under arrest," and he waited, expecting the magistrate would order both offenders brought before him.

What was the sheriff's astonishment, when the dignified gentleman, beckoning to him, whispered quite low in the surprised officer's ear: "Which licked?"

* * *

A small Scottish boy was summoned to give evidence against his father. Said the magistrate:

"Come, my wee mon, speak the truth, and let us know all ye ken about this affair."

"Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness Street?"

"Yes, yes," said the judge, encouragingly.

"An' when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right, and up into High Street, and keep on up High Street till ye come to the pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said the judge. "I know the old pump well."

"Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang an' pump it, for ye'll not pump me."

* * *

Two men were disputing which smelled the stronger, a goat or a tramp. They agreed to leave it to the judge. "All right," said the judge, "trot in your animals."

They brought in the goat and the judge fainted. Then they brought in the tramp, and the goat fainted.

JURISDICTION

George, a well-known chicken expert in a small Southern town, had just finished a term in the county jail.

When the sheriff let him out he said:

"Well, George, where are you going this time?"

"I doan' know, boss, whar I's goin', but I's goin' so far from dis heah jail dat it's goin' to tak' nine dollars to sen' me a postal card."

* * *

Man on Shore—"I'm going ter have you arrested when you come outer thar!"

"Te—he! I ain't coming out—I'm committing suicide" (sinks with a bubbling grin).

* * *

"Why should my client be convicted of murder?" demanded counsel for the accused. "No other man has ever been convicted in this jurisdiction on such a charge."

The prosecuting attorney admittted that it hadn't occurred to him in that light, and the prisoner was accordingly discharged.

* * *

A negro man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked him how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be of no use, Judge," said the man, "to try to 'splane dis ting to you all. Ef you was to

try it you like as not would get yer hide full o' shot an' git no chickens, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, Judge, yo' bettah stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."

* * *

"I have to try to pull off something unpleasant to-night."

"A prize fight? You can't do it in this jurisdiction."

"No; I'm going to try to pull off a porous plaster."

* * *

A young lawyer was making his first effort before a judge who was a noted wag. He had thrown himself on the wings of imagination into the seventh heaven, and was preparing for a higher ascent, when the judge interrupted the astonished orator to remark:

"Hold on there, my dear sir, don't go any higher, you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court."

* * *

Policemen in New York and Brooklyn are required, while on their beats, to keep a record of the night's events in little books furnished them by the department.

A new "copper," just appointed and not long over, was put out in Brooklyn. He found a large, dead dog at the corner of two streets. He took out his book and wrote: "This morning at 1:45 a. m., I found a dead dog at the corner of ——" and he looked up to see what the streets were and discovered they were Keep and Kosciuszko.

He studied for a long time. Then he dragged the dog by the tail to the corner of Keep and Kent streets.

* * *

A north Missouri justice of the peace is deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his office. The northern line of fence on his farm is also the boundary of Missouri and Iowa. One day the justice saw his son and his hired man fighting near it, and he ran to them, shouting, "I demand peace in the name of the State of Missouri!" Just then the combatants clinched and fell against the fence. The fence couldn't stand the strain and broke. As the two toppled into Iowa, the 'squire whooped: "Give him thunder, son; I've lost my jurisdiction."

JURY

Willie—"Paw, what is a jury?"

Paw—"A body of men organized to find out who has the best lawyer, my son."

* * *

Here is a story which Baron Douse, the celebrated Irish judge, once told in that exaggerated Irish "brogue" which he loved to employ. "I was down in Cork last month, holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said: 'Gentlemen av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze.' And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock!"

* * *

Counsel for the prisoner looked hopefully at the faces of the jurors as they filed into their seats, and

listened hopefully as the foreman announced that they had agreed. His client had enjoyed ample provocation for the assault upon the person of Tobias Jones; but the jurors were uniformly Tobias' friends and not unbiased.

"The jury is all of one mind, your Honor," the foreman said. "We find the prisoner guilty."

"You hear the verdict, counsel," remarked the judge. "The jury is all of one mind. Have you anything to ask of the Court before sentence is pronounced?"

"Yes, your Honor," replied counsel, still hopeful, "for the purposes of the appeal which my client will take, it would be of material assistance to learn which one of the twelve men who have reached this verdict is possessed of the one mind you are so careful to mention."

* * *

"So you object to jury duty?"

"No," replied the conscientious man. "I'm willing to do my duty. But it is aggravating to see one prisoner after another set free while we are kept under restraint."

* * *

Foreman of the locked-in jury (impatiently)—"The rest of us are agreed, and you would see the case as we do if you had an ounce of brains."

Obstinate Juror (reflectively)—"Yes, that's just the trouble. I've got more than an ounce."

In a southern county of Missouri years ago, when the form of questioning was slightly different from now, much trouble was experienced in getting a jury in a trial for killing.

Finally an old fellow answered every question satisfactorily; he had no prejudices, was not opposed to capital punishment, and was generally considered a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly: "Juror, look upon the prisoner; prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full half minute. Then, turning to the court, he said:

"Judge, durned if I don't believe he's guilty."

* * *

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting barrister, "this prisoner is an unmitigated scoundrel; he acknowledges it. And yet, thanks to the wisdom of the common law, he has been given a fair trial by a jury of his peers."

* * *

"Ever been locked up?" demanded counsel.

"I have been," admitted the witness.

"Ah! And what had you been doing to get yourself locked up?"

"I had been doing jury duty."

* * *

A line of jurymen appeared in a Missouri court and every man explained that it would mean disaster to him to serve at that term of court—all but a little fel-

low at the tail end of the line. This man was a hunter and he had lived in a cabin on the creek all his life.

"You have no excuse to offer?" asked the surprised judge.

"No, sir."

"Haven't got a sick mother-in-law needing your attention?"

"No, sir; I ain't married."

"What about your crop?"

"Don't raise anything."

"No fence to fix up?"

"Haven't got a fence on the place."

"You think you can spare the time to serve on a jury two weeks?"

"Sure."

The judge sat a while and meditated. Reaching over, he whispered to the clerk, who shook his head in perplexity. Then the judge's curiosity got the better of him.

"You're the only man who's got the time to serve your country as a juryman," he said. "Would you mind telling me how it happens?"

* * *

A gentleman who once served on an Irish jury tells an amusing story of his experiences. When the hearing was over and the jury retired to their room to consider their verdict they found that they stood eleven to one in favor of an acquittal, but the one happened to be a very complacent old gentleman who rested his chin upon the head of a thick bamboo cane

and announced defiantly that he was ready to stay there as long as any of them.

The hours dragged on, evening arrived, and the old gentleman obstinately held out. The other jurors wearily arranged themselves to make a night of it. From time to time the old gentleman would contemplatively suck the head of the cane.

Finally he fell asleep, and the cane dropped heavily to the floor. Then one of the jurymen picked it up and found, to his surprise, that it was nearly full of Irish whiskey. The eleven passed the cane round, relieved it of its contents, and then awakened its slumbering owner. Slowly he lifted the cane to his mouth, looked at his watch, and then arose with the announcement, "Boys, I'm afther changin' me moind."

* * *

A raw German, summoned for jury duty, desired to be relieved. "Schudge," he said, "I can nicht understand English goot." Looking over the crowded bar, his eye filled with humor, the judge replied: "Oh, you can serve! You won't have to understand good English. You won't hear any here."

* * *

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth juryman still unconvinced.

"Well, gentlemen," said the bailiff, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

"Tuttle was on the witness stand, and to every question he answered, 'I don't know.' "

"Then what?"

"The judge told the sheriff to put him on a jury."

* * *

A boy on a witness stand was being badgered a good deal by a lawyer, who finally asked: "Now, see here, boy; isn't it true that your father is a man of rather shady reputation and that he has been arrested once or twice?"

"Well," said the boy calmly, "you can ask him if you want to, for he is settin' right over there on the jury."

* * *

Judge ——, who is now on the Supreme Court bench, was, when he first began the practice of law, a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case in replevin, involving the right of property in a lot of hogs, he addressed the jury as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four hogs in that drove—just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in this jury box."

* * *

The jurors filed into the jury box, and after all the twelve seats were filled there still remained one juror standing outside.

"If the court please," said the clerk, "they have made a mistake and sent us thirteen jurors instead of twelve. What do you want to do with this extra one?"

"What is your name?" asked the judge of the extra man.

"Joseph A. Braines," he replied.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "take this man back to the jury commissioners and tell them we don't need him as we already have here twelve men without Braines."

* * *

"Why do you wish to be excused?" asked the judge of the unwilling juror.

"I'm deaf, your Honor—so deaf that I really don't believe I could hear more than one side of the case."

* * *

The jury room was hot and stuffy. All through the night, at intervals of half an hour, a ballot had been taken and no definite conclusion reached. The forenoon wore away, and on the forty-second ballot the vote stood as it had stood since the exit from the court room,—eleven—one.

When the foreman announced the result the "one" man addressed the "eleven" in angry tones:

"Consarn you! You are the stubbornest men I ever saw."

* * *

A Chicago lawyer tells of a sheriff in southern Illinois, who took the jury to a hotel and fed them liberally on cabbage, buttermilk and other sleep-producing viands. The result was that every juror went to sleep that afternoon.

"Mr. Sheriff," the judge said, after the jury had been awakened, "I will not submit to such outrages

as this. Next time you summon a jury, I want you to select men, not for their girth, but with a single eye to justice."

The sheriff obeyed. Every man on the next panel was one-eyed.

* * *

The clerk of the court addressed the jury:

"Well, gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman.

"What say you? Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"

"We do."

"You do? Do what?"

"We find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty."

"But, gentlemen, you must explain."

"You see, six of us finds him guilty and six finds him not guilty."

* * *

A lawyer traveling through the Central West, some years ago, found himself at a county seat while a term of court was being held. He attended a number of sessions, and was highly pleased with the promptness and apparent justice of the verdicts. In one instance, where a man was accused of stealing a pig the jury announced an acquittal within five minutes after retiring. The visiting attorney subsequently met the foreman of the jury, a robust, rosy-cheeked man, who presented a marked contrast to his cadaverous, saffron-colored compeers. He congratulated the foreman on the record the jury had made.

"Stranger," was the reply, "the Lord never makes any mistakes."

"I don't understand you," said the lawyer. "I don't see the connection."

"Well, take that pig case for an example," answered the foreman. "The jury were about evenly divided, and both sides were likely to be obstinate and unyielding. So, I suggested that we leave the matter to the Lord. This was agreed to, and it was further arranged that a cane should be placed upright and that we should be guided by the way in which it fell, —if to the right, for the plaintiff; if to the left, for the defendant. "

"The result seems to have been commendable," commented the lawyer.

"Yes," assented the foreman, "for you see, I held the cane."

JURY SERVICE

A Federal grand juror went to United States Attorney French, and asked to be excused from serving, as he was hard of hearing. "You remind me of another grand juror who went to the judge and asked to be excused," said Mr. French. "On what ground?" inquired the judge. "I'm deaf in one ear," responded the grand juror. "That's all right," answered the judge. "The grand jury hears only one side of the case."

JUSTIFIABLE

Judge—"I am led to understand you stole the watch of the doctor who had just written a prescription for you at the free dispensary. What have you to say to this charge?"

"Well, your Honor, I found myself in a desperate quandary. His prescription said 'a spoonful every hour,' and I had no timepiece."

* * *

James J. Hill, discussing public ownership at a dinner in New York, said:

"I fear that with public ownership we would be worse served. Take the case of France. France, you know, makes her own matches. And such matches!

"A Frenchman was once arrested at his lodgings. A lot of smuggled foreign matches—the duty on foreign matches is the prohibitive one of a cent per match—had been found in his trunk. The judge said to the man:

" 'Foreign matches have been discovered in your possession. What have you to say for yourself, miscreant?'

" 'Please, your Honor,' stammered the prisoner, 'it is true I use foreign matches, but only to light our government ones with.' "

* * *

"Do I understand you to say, prisoner, that you knocked him down because he called you a dirty liar?"

"Yes, your Honor; I simply couldn't stand it. If there is one thing I have always prided myself on more than anything else it is my cleanliness."

* * *

"Do you think it right to rob Peter to pay Paul?"

"If I happen to be Paul, I do."

* * *

A young lawyer in a Kansas town, who had been appointed by the court to defend a prisoner charged with larceny, closed his argument to the jury as follows: "Gentlemen, this man is innocent. He only stole the money to go to Joplin on a skylark. He's young and will not do it again. I hope your verdict will be one of acquittal." Nevertheless the jury convicted the accused.

* * *

"Why did you shoot the man's dog?" asked the justice of a Western court. "He says the animal is perfectly quiet and never disturbs anyone."

"Well, no," admitted the defendant, "I've never heard him howl in all his life, but he always looked as if he was just going to. He would come out into the yard a dozen times at night, squat down, look at the moon, draw his breath, open his mouth and fix himself for a howl from here to Jericho, then change his mind, crawl under the porch, and go to sleep. No, I never heard him howl, but the suspense was killing me."

* * *

The judge of the juvenile court, leaning forward in his chair, looked searchingly from the discreet and

very ragged pickanniny before his desk to the ample and solicitous form of the culprit's mother.

"Why do you send him to the railroad yards to pick up coal?" demanded his honor. "You know it is against the law to send your child where he will be in jeopardy of his life."

"'Deed, Jedge, I doesn't send 'im; I nebber has sent 'im, 'deed—"

"Doesn't he bring home the coal?" inquired the judge, impatiently.

"But, Jedge, I whips 'im, Jedge, ebery time he brings it, I whips de little rapscallion till he cayn't set, 'deed I does."

The careful disciplinarian turned her broad, shiny countenance reprovingly upon her undisturbed offspring, but kept a conciliatory eye for the judge.

"You burn the coal he brings, do you not?" persisted the judge.

"Burns it—burns it—cose I burns it. W'y, Jedge, I has got to git it out ob de way."

"Why don't you send him back with it?" His honor smiled insinuatingly, as he rasped out the question.

"Send 'im back, Jedge!" exclaimed the woman, throwing up her hands in a gesture of astonishment. "Send 'im back! W'y, Jedge, ain't yo' jest done told me I didn't oughter send my chile to no sech danger'some and jeopardous place?"

* * *

"Why did you beat this man so terribly?" said the judge, indicating the bebandaged figure of the plaintiff.

"I asked him why a horse had run away, your Honor," explained the prisoner, "and he told me that it was because the animal has lost his equine-imity."

"H'm," said the judge. "Discharged."

* * *

A very pretty girl was motoring one afternoon with a young man when, without a word of warning, he put his arm round her neck and kissed her.

She was terribly enraged. She had the young man arrested. And she described angrily in court how he had gazed at her in silence, and then had seized and kissed her on the lips.

The young man making no defense, the jury retired. A verdict of guilty was confidently expected. But, on the jury's return, the foreman asked permission to put two questions to the plaintiff.

"Were you wearing, Miss"—so ran his first question—"were you wearing, when with this young man, that black velvet turban cocked over your left eye?"

"Yes," she answered, smiling.

"And were you wearing," the foreman pursued, "that sable mantle with Elizabethan ruff?"

"Yes," she said again.

"Then," said the foreman firmly, "I have to announce that this jury acquits this defendant on the grounds of emotional insanity."

* * *

"And now," said the police judge, "you may explain if you can why you violently assaulted this man."

"Your Honor, I had just paid for a couple of tons of coal when I met this fellow, and he began telling

me about the time when he lived in central Illinois and could go out in his own back lot and get all the coal he needed just for the digging. Then I hit him."

Whereupon the judge dismissed the defendant and fined the plaintiff $5 and costs for using language calculated to provoke an assault.

* * *

Against an old Georgia negro, charged with stealing a pig, the evidence was absolutely conclusive, and the judge, who knew the old negro well, said reproachfully:

"Now, uncle, why did you steal that pig?"

"Bekase mah poor family wuz starvin,' yo' Honoh," whimpered the old man.

"Family starving," cried the judge. "But they told me you keep five dogs. How is that, uncle?"

"Why, yo' Honoh," said uncle, reprovingly, "you wouldn't 'spect mah family to eat dem dogs!"

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE

A man had just been released from the penitentiary, and the first place he headed for was a barber shop. He wanted to get the traces of his prison-made haircut rubbed down smooth. The barber spotted him in a minute.

"Just out, hey?" said the barber.

"Yes," said the customer. "And I'm in a hurry. Give me a haircut and a shave, and do it quick."

"How long have you been in?"

"Four years," said the ex-prisoner. "Hurry."

"How did you like it?"

"Pretty good. Hurry."

"Have to work hard?"

"Never mind. Hurry."

"Four years," said the barber, pausing to look romantically out of the window. "And me at liberty every blame minute, goin' hither an' yon, as you might say, and stayin' up all night if I wanted to, and runnin' down town to take in a show. Gee! Four years. That's sure tough luck. What was you in for?"

"For killing a jackass of a barber," howled the customer. "And I'm on my way back."

* * *

"For heaven's sake, don't shoot!" shouted the man in alarm.

"Stranger," replied Brown, " I swore ten years ago that if ever I met a man uglier than I was I'd shoot him on the spot; and you are the first one I've ever seen."

The stranger, after a careful survey of his rival, replied:

"Well, captain, if I look worse than you do, shoot. I don't want to live any longer."

JUSTICE

"Got a case in court, eh?"

"Yes; and I'll win, too."

"Both law and justice on your side, I suppose?"

"Um! I don't know as to that, but I've got the highest-priced lawyers."

The publisher, a commercial fellow, was for economy.

"Seems to me five columns a day ought to be enough for that murder trial," he whined.

But the editor, a man of ideals, was sturdily for the better part.

"Let justice be done," he cried, "though the price of print paper goes up!"

* * *

"All right, sir," said the lawyer to his new client; "I'll take the case. I feel assured that I can get you justice."

"Hang it all!" replied the litigant. "If that's the best you can do I'd better get another lawyer."

* * *

Lawyer: "My client painted a picture of this young lady, your Honor, and she claims it does not do her justice."

Judge—"Does not do her justice, did you say?"

"Yes, your Honor; and she was foolish enough to think she could get it by bringing the case before you!"

* * *

A young fellow who had just passed the civil service examination and the necessary tests in the Hindustani tongue was appointed to an outlying district in the northwest provinces, where he was the only English magistrate. He was not a little chagrined to find that his influence was considerably hindered by the great popularity of his predecessor,

who had been in charge of the district for a little more than a year. The people said Mr. Blank had not only a remarkable insight into the native character, but that before giving judgment he always appealed to Allah for divine guidance. This was all the more remarkable because, while Blank had taken a distinguished position at college, he was known to be a very positive atheist. The newly appointed magistrate lost no time in riding over to see Blank in order to ascertain some of his magisterial methods. "Why," replied Blank, "those fellows in the Madipore district, although they are very strict Moslems, are the biggest liars in creation. I always listened to both sides patiently. But before I gave judgment I would put my hand to my forehead and look up and count the flies on the ceiling. If they were even I gave for the defendant, and if they were odd I gave for the plaintiff. The people were impressed and evidently thought a veritable Daniel had come to judgment."

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

"All right," fumed Jiblets, handing over ten dollars. "I'll pay, but let me say to your Honor that it is rank injustice. Why, look at the damage to my car from your rotten roads—the mud's an inch thick on every bit of that machine."

"Thet's where the justice comes in," smiled the local Solomon. "At four dollars a load, it'll cost us about ten dollars restorin' the mud your old machine has been a-gatherin' up outen our highways."

"Now, lemme see," said the rural justice, figuring on the back of an old envelope. "Your bill will come to jest $47."

"Forty-seven dollars?" echoed Wigglethorpe. "Why, Judge, the fine for overspeeding is only $15."

"Ya-as, I know," said the justice. "The thutty-two dollars is fer contempt o' court."

"But I haven't expressed any contempt of this court," protested Wigglethorpe.

"Not yit ye hevn't," grinned the justice, "but ye will, my friend, ye will before ye git a mile out o' town. I've made the fine putty stiff so's t' give ye plenty o' room to move round in."

* * *

Western Official: "Do you take this woman whose hand you're squeein' to be your lawful wife, in flush times an' skimp?"

"I reckon that's about the size of it, squire."

"Do you take this man you're j'ined fists with to be your pard through thick an' thin?"

"Well, you're about right for once, old man."

"All right then. Kiss in court an' I reckon you're married about as tight as the law can jine you. I guess four bits 'll do, Bill, if I don't have to kiss the bride. If I do it's six bits extra."

* * *

They tell of a Billville justice of the peace who had his first case.

He performed the marriage ceremony and then wrote it up in his criminal docket.

In Scotland a man has reached the summit of his ambitions when he attains to the magisterial bench. There was one Scot to whom the honor seemed indeed an overwhelming one, and he tried hard to live up to it.

The individual, deeply conscious of his importance, and oblivious to his immediate surroundings, was one day proceeding along a road when he plumped into a farmer's cow.

"Mon," protested the farmer, indignant, "mind me coo!"

"Mon!" reiterated the officer. "I'm no longer a mon. I'm a baillie."

KLEPTOMANIA

"In Mayor Gaynor's early days on the bench," said a Brooklyn lawyer, "a prisoner's counsel said, in the course of his speech, 'medical witnesses will testify that my unfortunate client is suffering from kleptomania, and, your Honor, you know what that is.' 'Yes,' said Judge Gaynor, 'I do. It is a disease the people pay me to cure.' "

LABOR AGENT

The manufacturer threw a belligerent chest.

"Arrest 'em," he said. "If I had my way I'd arrest every blighted labor agitator in the United States."

A gaunt figure with a skull in place of the head rose exultantly.

"Then arrest me," it cackled, capering. "I am the original stirrer up of those who do hard labor. I am the ancient breeder of discontent, the father of anarchists, the agitator of agitators. Arrest me."

"But who are you?"

"I am Hunger."

"Tut, tut!" said the manufacturer pleasantly. "Why should I arrest my best and chiefest Labor Agent?"

LANDLORD AND TENANT

Magistrate (to prisoner arrested for assault)—"You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose?"

Prisoner—"Yes."

"Don't you know that you had no right to do that?"

"No, sir; if I had no right to pull his nose he would have had it put down in the lease."

* * *

Shortly after Governor Hughes, of New York, was elected the second time after a bitter campaign, a lawyer from New York came to see him and was told to go to the Executive Mansion.

It was the first time the lawyer had ever been in the official residence of New York governors, and, after Hughes came into the room, the visitor said:

"You have a handsome place here."

"Yes," Hughes replied; "but I had a hard time getting the landlord to renew the lease."

LARCENY

Magistrate—"What is the charge against this old man?"

Officer—"Stealing some brimstone, your Honor. He was caught in the act."

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"My aged friend, couldn't you have waited a few years longer?"

* * *

The Court—"You will swear that the prisoner stole your umbrella?"

The Plaintiff—"Your Honor, I will swear that he stole the umbrella I was carrying."

* * *

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, Judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."

* * *

The late Senator "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, told a story of how, when he was "Fiddling Bob," governor of that State, an old negress came to him and said:

"Massa Gov'na, we's mighty po' this winter, and Ah wish you would pardon mah old man. He is a fiddler same as you is, and he's in the pen'tentry."

"What was he put in for?" asked the governor.

"Stead a workin' fo' it that good-fo'-nothin' nigger done stole some bacon."

"If he is good for nothing what do you want him back for?"

"Well, yo' see, we's all out of bacon ag'in," said the old negress innocently.

* * *

"And he stole a kiss?"

"He did, and I shall never forgive him."

"Do you really feel so bad about it as all that?"

"I should say so! He said it was petty larceny, while any other young man would have said it was grand."

* * *

A lawyer wrote a letter to a yard clerk, asking that employment be given a client, who had just served a thirty-day jail sentence for larceny. The yard clerk made this annotation on the letter: "He's a thief, but we've hired him just the same, for he won't steal a train."

LARCENY FROM THE HOUSE

Judge: "You saw the prisoner steal the sheet of music. What happened next?"

Witness: "Then he walked out of the store with an abstracted air, your Honor."

* * *

"Is this your first theft, Cal?" the old man's mistress asked, after she had caught him walking off with a bottle of beer.

"Yes'm," Cal replied. "Yas'm, I reckon dish yere's mah fust theft, mum."

"Now, Cal, be careful," said the mistress, smiling —for she liked the old man well. "Didn't you

sometimes use to take a chicken from the 'old massa' when you were a young negro down South?"

"Why, yas'm, mebbe I did take jes' one chicken," Cal agreed. "But dat wa'n't no stealin', mum. Dat wus jes' prop'ty takin' prop'ty to suppo't prop'ty."

LARCENY FROM THE PERSON

In a justice's court in Maine, on a prosecution for larceny of a watch from the person of the owner, the magistrate adjudged the accused guilty, and passed sentence upon him. But, after the accused was committed to jail, when the attorney for the complainant asked for a return of the watch, the learned magistrate replied, "How can you get the watch from this man when there is no evidence that he got the watch?"

* * *

A certain mayor of a well-known city was walking down the street when he perceived just ahead of him an acquaintance whose handkerchief was sticking out of his pocket. Seized with a brilliant idea, the mayor quickened his pace and stepping up just behind his friend withdrew the handkerchief altogether without the owner being in the least aware of what had taken place.

He was just about to address him and call his attention to what he had done when he felt a tap on his own arm and, half turning, confronted a quiet, gentlemanly person, who returned the mayor his own purse, handkerchief, and keys, saying:

"I beg your pardon, I didn't know you were one of us."

Jail Visitor: "You say that a love for books brought you here, my man?"

Prisoner: "Yes, mum, pocket books."

LAW

A legal light, in a crude but ambitious town of the Northwest, had occasion, or thought he had, to comment severely upon the heinous offense of horse stealing. Accordingly he thundered forth, "For century after century the dread command, 'Thou shalt not steal!' has rolled along the ages. It is, moreover, a standing rule of our progressive court and soon-to-be incorporated city."

* * *

"'Talkin' of law," said Pompey, "makes me think of what de 'mortal Cato, who lib 'mos' a tousand years ago, once said—'De law am like a groun' glass window, dat gibs light 'nuff to light us poor folks in de dark passages of dis life; but would puzzle de debbel hisself to see through it.' "

LAWYER

Young Lawyer (having passed his exams)—"Well, I'm glad it's over. I've been working myself to death for the last few years trying to get my legal education."

Old Lawyer—"Well, cheer up, my boy; it'll be a long time before you have any more work to do."

* * *

"Mr. Allround is a sort of universal genius, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is exceedingly clever."

"He is something of a lawyer and something of a musician. What is his profession?"

"Well, the lawyers call him a musician and the musicians call him a lawyer."

* * *

"Our language is full of misnomers. I met a man once who was a perfect bear, and they call him a civil engineer. Then, we have a friend who is called a criminal lawyer, but I could never see that he was any more criminal than other lawyers."

"Yes, but that's not so ridiculous as a teller in a bank. He won't tell you anything. I asked one the other day how much money my husband had on deposit, and he laughed at me."

* * *

The judge was just about to pass sentence on the accused, when he asked him if he had anything to say before sentence was passed upon him. "Well," replied the guilty one, "I would just like to state that I wish I had got another lawyer."

* * *

The judge was passing the sentence, after a verdict of guilty had been brought in by the jury. "Stand up," he said to the prisoner. "Have you any statement to make before sentence is passed on you?" "Well, your Honor," the prisoner replied, "I would just like for you to consider the youthfulness of my attorney."

* * *

"I came all the way from the city to consult your local lawyer Jones. He's a good man, isn't he?"

Uncle Eben—"Nope; we don't consider him one, two, three, with Smith. Why, Smith's been intrusted with the local agency of the Knott Knitting Needle, the dispensing of Daggett's Drugless Dope, and the demonstrating of Fasset's Fireless Cooker. That not only shows that he's got the confidence of such big fellows as them, but he don't have to depend on his law hardly at all to make a living."

* * *

It happened in Judge Tedford's court, and the witness was a negro woman, whose reply to every question was, "I think so."

Finally the opposing lawyer rose and pounded on the desk. "Now, you look here," he roared, "you cut that thinking business and answer my questions. Now talk."

"Mr. Lawyer Man," said the witness, "Mr. Lawyer Man, you will have to 'scuse me. I ain't like you 'terneys. I can't talk without thinkin'."

* * *

John Mitchell, the labor leader, told this:

"Harvey, a successful lawyer, had a wonderful talent for getting the best of people. Even at home he kept his talent in play. His wife said to him one morning:

" 'Harvey dear, this is the fifteenth anniversary of our wedding. What are you going to give me?'

" 'This is what I am going to give you,' Harvey answered, affectionately, and he handed his wife $15 in crisp, fresh bills.

"'Oh, thank you! And what shall I give you?' the gratified wife asked.

"'That meerschaum pipe I've been admiring so long,' Harvey promptly announced.

"In the evening on his return home the pipe awaited him. It had cost just $15. He lit it up and began to color it carefully.

"But as the evening wore on his wife seemed ill at ease.

"'Where is my present, Harvey?' she said at last, fretfully.

"'Why, my dear,' Harvey explained, 'you gave me a pipe. I gave you $15. Don't you see? We're both even.'"

* * *

An overbearing lawyer, endeavoring to browbeat a witness, told him he could plainly see a rogue in his face.

"I never knew until now," said the witness, "that my face was a looking-glass."

* * *

Stranger—"Is there a good criminal lawyer in your town?"

Native—"Wall, everybody thinks we've got one, but they ain't been able to prove it on him."

* * *

B. Davis Noxon was one of the ablest lawyers in central New York. A young man entered his office as a student and was given Blackstone to study. At the end of a month he asked Mr. Noxon what he should read next.

"Do you understand Blackstone?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Read Kent," was the order.

In another month he announced that he had finished Kent and "What next?"

"Have you read Blackstone and Kent?"

"Yes."

"Do you understand them?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Mr. Noxon, "you had better go at some other business; you are too smart for a lawyer."

* * *

In the Supreme Court in Brooklyn a woman was trying to convince Justice Marean that she ought to have a separation from her husband, John, because he was a drunkard, and sometimes drank as much as a pint of whiskey before breakfast.

Justice Marean looked searchingly at a florid, full-faced man sitting at the right of the defendant's counsel. Having completed the scrutiny, he turned to the lawyer and said sharply:

"It seems reasonable. It looks as though he was capable of it."

A queer expression crossed the lawyer's face and broke into a grin.

"That isn't my client," he said. "He isn't in court. We understood that this case would be tried in the afternoon."

"I hope your Honor is not referring to me," said the man who had been taken for a horrible example, a member of the bar.

Explanations were lost in a burst of laughter, in which the justice and the victim of mistaken identity joined.

* * *

"Did youse git anyt'ing?" whispered the burglar on guard as his pal emerged from the window.

"Naw, de bloke wot lives here is a lawyer," replied the other in disgust.

"Dat's hard luck," said the first; "did youse lose anyt'ing?"

* * *

The Struggling Lawyer (pompously)—"Anything unusual happen while I was out?"

Office Boy (after some thought)—"Yes'r. There wasn't any debt-collectors called."

* * *

"What punishment did that defaulting banker get?"

"I understand his lawyer charged $40,000."

* * *

"That lawyer of mine has a nerve."

"Why so?"

"Listen to this item in his bill: 'For waking up in the night and thinking over your case, $5.' "

* * *

A lawyer upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect until the opposite lawyer asked the child: "What made you cry?" *"He pinched me!"* answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

During a lawyers' convention at Cape May a group of lawyers sat in rocking-chairs on the piazza of the hotel. "Lawson was a very resourceful pleader," said a Baltimore lawyer. "Lawson had a female client who was accused of stealing a ham. He told her on the way to court that when, in the course of his argument, he slapped the rail of the jury box she must burst into tears. The woman said she would remember this.

"Lawson, though, forgot it himself, and slapped the rail at the climax of a funny story wherewith he was trying to get on the jury's right side. The woman then burst into the most inappropriate sobs and wails.

" 'Why, madam, what in the world is the matter with you?' said the judge.

" 'Well, your Honor,' the prisoner answered, 'Mr. Lawson told me to cry when he slapped the rail, sir.'

"At this, with an air of triumph, Lawson made a sweeping and regal gesture.

" 'There, gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'there, I confidently leave my case. Could any man on earth reconcile the idea of crime with such candor and simplicity as this?' "

* * *

"Awh, old man, how awh you? Seen Gawge lately? They tell me he has taken to the law, and is in business with his fawther."

"Yawss, Gawge is working hard now."

"What position does he fill?"

"He sits in the outer office and makes people believe he is a client."

First Lawyer—"Can't we settle this case out of court for our clients?"

Second Lawyer—"Oh, yes; you get the property and give me a 50 per cent. mortgage for my fee."

* * *

An English journal contained the following announcement: "To be sold, one hundred and thirty law suits, the property of an attorney retiring from business. N. B.—The clients are rich and obstinate."

* * *

Benjamin Prioto, an early statesman of France (1667), used to say: "Man possesses only three things: his soul, his body and his estate, and they are perpetually exposed to the attacks of three enemies: the soul to the attacks of the theologians, the body to those of the doctors and the estate to those of the lawyers."

* * *

Advice to misers: "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of your heirs and their lawyers."

* * *

A baldheaded lawyer came into a downtown barber shop and took his accustomed chair.

"Hair cut, Joe," he said.

The barber looked at him, slapped the nude white dome of his skull with mock tenderness, and gave a loud laugh.

"Why, man," said he, "you don't need no hair cut. What you want's a shine!"

* * *

"I want you to understand that I got my money by hard work."

"Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle."

"So it was, but I had hard work getting it away from the lawyers."

* * *

"Don't you know the difference," said the counsel, "between a horse and a donkey?"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "I should never take you for a horse."

* * *

First Young Attorney—"Allow me to congratulate you. I saw you this morning hurrying along to the court house with a brief in your hand. So your first client has come?"

Second Young Attorney (with a look of satisfaction)—"Yes, my tailor has taken out a summons against me!"

* * *

"What did that young lawyer chap say, Matilda, when you told him it was time to go?"

"He immediately began argument for a stay."

* * *

Counsel for the defendant in a criminal case had made an eloquent speech, bringing tears to the eyes of many present in court; but the jury, composed of hard-headed old countrymen on whose ears oratory and sentiment fell like snowflakes on a warm chimney, were unmoved. Counsel for the prosecution, rising to reply, took their measure at a glance.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let it be understood to begin with that I am not boring for water!"

* * *

Attorney—"Have you ever been in this court before, sir?"

Witness—"Yes, sir! I have been here often."

Attorney—"Ha, ha! Been here often, have you? Now, tell the Court what for?"

Witness (slowly)—"Well, I have been here at least a half dozen times to try and collect that tailor's bill you owe me."

* * *

In the early days of Wisconsin, two of the most prominent lawyers of the State were George B. Smith and I. S. Sloan, the latter of whom had a habit of injecting into his remarks to the court the expression, "Your Honor, I have an idea." A certain case had been dragging along through a hot summer day when Sloan sprang to his feet, with his remark, "Your Honor, I have an idea."

Smith immediately bounded up, assumed an impressive attitude, and in great solemnity said:

"May it please the court, I move that a writ of habeas corpus be issued by this court immediately to take the learned gentleman's idea out of solitary confinement."

* * *

"Father," asked the little son, "what is a lawyer?"

"A lawyer? Well, my son, a lawyer is a man who gets two men to strip for a fight and then runs off with their clothes."

* * *

When a young lawyer gets his first case his fiancee recalls all she has read about $50,000 fees. But the first case usually nets about five plunks.

* * *

"What makes you think that man is necessarily a great statesman?"

"Because he is a clever lawyer."

"My dear sir, to assume that a clever lawyer is necessarily a great statesman is the same as taking it for granted that a numismatician is a financier."

* * *

"A wise lawyer is a silent man; the fewer unnecessary questions he asks the better for him," said former Secretary Root. "A little girl taught me this early in my practice. Her widowed mother came often to my office about the settlement of her estate. Sometimes she brought her daughter, a beautiful girl of ten with red curls. One morning, after a long conference with the mother, I noticed that the child seemed uncomfortable; she evidently thought I was paying too much attention to her mother. I patted her on the head and said:

"'You are a beautiful girl. Don't you want to come to my house and be my little girl?'

"She answered very decidedly: 'No, I don't. And I don't want mother to either.'"

* * *

Early in the legal career of Joseph H. Choate the future ambassador was opposed to a hot-tempered attorney, who, in the heat of argument, shouted impetuously at his young opponent: "Why, I can whip six like you!"

Choate looked at the other with profound contempt. "My father owned a bull," he said at length, "that was a wonder to fight. He could lick all the cattle in the neighborhood, and he did it too. But,"

concluded young Choate significantly, "he couldn't win a lawsuit."

* * *

"How are you getting along in the law business, old man?"

"I have one client."

"Is he rich?"

"He was."

* * *

Celtic Stranger—"Tim Hennessy has just bin arristed. What will yez charge to defind him?"

Very Young Lawyer—"Ten dollars is my fee in police court cases."

Celtic Stranger—"Well, here ut is. I've had ut in for Tim this long toime, an' 'tis worth tin darlars to git even wid him!"

* * *

If Abraham Lincoln had it to say over again, as things are to-day, he might have modified it to "a government of the people, by lawyers, for lawyers."

* * *

"It's pretty expensive to have one's own lawyer."

"But it doesn't cost anything to keep one's own counsel."

* * *

"Hello, Bill; whar you keepin' yourself these days?"

"Hello; why, I am practicing law out in Nebraska."

"Oh, is that so? You're practicing out there, eh?" (After a pause:) "Well, how long do you have to practice before you are a lawyer?"

A Boston lawyer whose practice is confined to petty criminal cases was recently endeavoring to persuade a convicted and disgusted client to appeal. "I will file a bill of exceptions," he said, "that will be a winner." "Huh," responded the client, "you couldn't file a saw."

* * *

This incident of a judge's rebuke is related in the case of a lawyer of the aggressive and belligerent class. When the latter concluded a speech of great length, delivered in a particularly loud voice, the judge quietly remarked that he had a few observations to make to the jury "now that the uproar in court has subsided."

* * *

A young Spaniard was sent as ambassador to the pope. The supreme pontiff frowned on him, and asked, "Does the king of Spain lack men, that he sends a beardless boy?"

"Sire," replied the ambassador, "if the king had supposed his ambassador would be received for his beard, he would have sent a goat." This story won a law case for a man who had been called by his experienced antagonist "a beardless youth."

* * *

A young graduate in law wrote to a prominent practitioner in Arkansas to inquire what chance there was in that section.

"I am a Republican in politics," he wrote, "and an honest young lawyer."

In a few days he received this reply: "If you are a Republican our game laws will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition."

* * *

Several lawyers were discussing the United States secret service the other day in the marshal's office in the Federal building. Much that they said was directed at a quiet but capable deputy marshal, who took it in silence until he got an opportunity to counter. The most persistent of his tormentors began to tell of a counterfeiting case where the severity of the government put a "good fellow" in jail.

"Well, it was different in my country," exclaimed the deputy marshal, breaking into the confab.

"We had the evidence on the fellow all right," he continued. "He had made about a peck of silver dollars. The only difference between his product and Uncle Sam's was that the counterfeiter put a couple more grains of silver in his. He got away with it for months, and when we began to collect evidence we had bags full of the 'phony' dollars. When the man was placed on trial the learned members of the bar were permitted to satisfy their curiosity by handling the counterfeits. But the man was acquitted."

"How was that?" one of the lawyers wanted to know.

"You see, the lawyers walked off with the evidence. They didn't leave a single dollar," was the reply.

An attorney who was also secretary of a gas company was considerably amused at the remark of his little five-year-old daughter who told a gentleman in response to his query as to what her father did for a living, that "my father is a lawyer and sells gas."

* * *

I remember thirty years ago, when I was a lawyer, there were about fifteen or eighteen of us—all lawyers—seated around a fireplace much like this. It was a raw, wet night. A bedraggled stranger, wet to the hide, came in, tried to get accommodations, and was told there was not a room left. The nearest other place was a mile away. Shivering, the stranger looked at the fire, but we formed such a solid line about it that he could not get near it. Finally one of the lawyers, in a spirit of frivolity, turned to him and said:

"My friend, are you a traveler?"

"I am, sir. I have been all over the world."

"You don't say! Been in Germany, Egypt, Japan and all the countries in Africa and Asia?"

"All of them; been everywhere."

"Ever been in hell?"

"Oh, yes; been there twice."

"How did you find things there?"

"Oh, much the same as here—lawyers all next to the fire."

* * *

"I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or to sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.

A Washington lawyer recently made an impromptu speech, in which he used the following metaphor:

"It seems to me that those who hold the bulwark of liberty in their hands ought at this time to come to the front."

* * *

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

"I suppose that is why a lawyer will talk to the jury for half a day."

* * *

Juror—"We acquitted him out of sympathy."

Friend—"For his aged mother?"

Juror—"Oh, no—for having such a lawyer."

* * *

One summer a well-known solicitor went with his family to a small seaside resort on the east coast, and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking boarders. The next year he wrote to the farmer, and in his letter said: "There are several small matters that I desire changed should I decide to pass my holidays at your house. We don't like Mary; moreover, we don't think a sty so near the house is sanitary."

The farmer replied: "Mary is went, and we 'aven't 'ad no 'ogs since you went away last August."

* * *

In some cases counsel receive answers to questions that they had no business to put, which, if not quite to their liking, are what they justly deserve. The following story of a celebrated minstrel is a case in point. On one occasion, when being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by a lawyer.

"You are in the minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Is not that rather a low calling?"

"I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

"What was your father's calling?" he inquired.

"He was a lawyer," replied the minstrel, in a tone that sent the whole court into a roar of laughter as the vanquished lawyer sat down.

* * *

An attorney at law who wished to show his smartness by quizzing an old farmer from the interior of New Jersey began by asking him if there were many girls in his neighborhood.

"Yes," replied the old man, "there's a dreadful sight of 'em—so many that there ain't half enough respectable husbands for 'em all, and some of 'em are beginning to take up with lawyers." The attorney didn't follow up the subject.

* * *

Old Mrs. Lawson was called as a witness. She was sharp and wide awake. At last, the cross-examining lawyer, out of all patience, exclaimed, "Mrs. Lawson, you have brass enough in your face to make a 12-quart pail."—"Yes," she replied, "and you've got sass enough to fill it."

* * *

An Iowa lawyer's card published in a newspaper, after announcing that he is a lawyer, is devoted to the subject of magnetic healing. It says: "He has

by magnetic power produced wonderful results. It is simply a marvelous and wonderful gift that can not be explained by himself or anybody else."

* * *

A lawyer got into an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions. "I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men." "No," retorted the attorney, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

* * *

"I guess I will make a lawyer of Josh."

"But your wife wants him to be a physician."

"Yes. He's got to be a professional man and we'd want to show our confidence in him. And I think it would be a heap safer to take Josh's law than his medicine."

LAW BOOKS

A law book dealer recently received an order from a country patron, who ordered a well-known book, and wrote this: "Will you please forward me a copy of the above-named book at once. Do not send one bound in sheep, because I am a vegetarian."

* * *

Book Agent: "Here's a book you can't afford to be without—'Every Man His Own Lawyer.'"

Farmer Jones (who once had a lawsuit): "Humph! I think an honester name for that book would be 'Every Man His Own Worst Enemy.'"

LAW ENFORCEMENT

"Here is a story of a Chicago woman who says that present marriage laws make woman the slave of man," said the square-jawed matron as she looked up from the newspaper.

"Why don't they enforce the law, then?" meekly asked Mr. Henpecke.

LAW AND FACT

In Illinois there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as of the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not to judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose. "Jedge," said he, "weren't we to jedge the law as well as the facts?" "Certainly," was the response; "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did." "Well, Jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid, "we considered that p'int."

* * *

"What's the discussion?"

"The boys had assembled to lynch a horse thief."

"Well?"

"But now a knotty point of jurisprudence has come up. Seems he stole an automobile."

LAWS AND LAWMAKERS

"Who was it that said if he could make the songs of the people he wouldn't care who made the laws?"

"Don't know. But if he's the chap who's making the songs of the people nowadays, I'd just like to have the making of laws a little while! That's all."

* * *

"Don't you know," said the policeman to the servant as she was dumping a pail of garbage in an open lot, "that what you are doing is against the law?"

"Oh, don't talk to me about the law," replied the girl. "It's all I can do to keep the Ten Commandments."

* * *

A story is told at the expense of an old Yorkshire farmer, who was called upon to explain why he had failed to take out a license for a favorite fox terrier dog.

" 'Ee's nobbut a puppy," the defendant remarked, in response to a question as to the animal's age.

"Yes, yes! So you say. But how old is he?"

"Oh, well, I couldn't tell to a bit," was the reply. "I never was much good at remembering dates, but 'e's nobbut a puppy."

On the other hand it was maintained that the animal in question was a very, very old-fashioned puppy, and the magistrate inflicted the usual fine.

Shortly afterward the farmer was met by a friend, who wanted to know how he had fared at the police court.

"Nobbut middlin'!" was the reply.

"Did they fine you?"

"Yes," responded the victim; "an' 'ang me if I can understand it! Last year, an' the year afore that, I told the same tale about the same dog, an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's been tamperin' wi' the laws sin' last year?"

* * *

A dispute about precedence once arose upon a circuit between a bishop and a judge, and after some altercation the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage: "For on these two hang all the law and the prophets." "Do you not see," said the judge, in triumph, "that even in this passage we are mentioned first?" "I grant you," replied the bishop, "you hang first."

* * *

"Why do you call up at this box, my man?"

"To learn what new laws have been passed since I went on duty," answered the policeman.

LAW OFFICE

Senator Ollie James told the following story on a young lawyer:

One afternoon a friend, upon entering the office, observed upon the desk of the new legal light a dollar alarm-clock.

"That's a good idea," said the friend. "One is very apt to oversleep on fine mornings."

The youthful attorney smiled sadly. "This alarm-clock was not bought for the reason you mention," said he. "I merely keep it here to wake me up when it is time to go home."

* * *

A celebrated New York lawyer first opened an office in a basement room, which had been previously occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and finally became irritable. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded the lawyer.

"And what do you sell?" he inquired, looking at the solitary table and a few law books.

"Blockheads."

"Begorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye hain't got but one left."

* * *

Two attorneys in partnership in a town of the United States, had the firm name of "Catchum & Cheatum," inscribed in the usual manner upon the office door; but as the singularity and juxtaposition of the words led to many a coarse joke from passers-by, the men of law attempted to destroy in part the effect of the old association by the insertion of the initials of their Christian names, which happened to by Isaiah and Uriah; but this made the affair ten times worse—the inscription ran: "I. Catchum & U. Cheatum."

A farmer came to a small country town to consult with a lawyer. He walked along the street, looking for a lawyer's sign, and at last he saw the words, "Law Office," on a window that was three stories high. The old farmer kept looking up at the window, and walked back and forth in front of the building trying to see how to get to the lawyer's office.

In a few minutes an old colored man came along and the farmer asked him how to get up to the office. The negro looked up and saw the fire escape along the front of the building and said:

"Boss, there's the lawyer's ladder, but I expect he has gone to dinner."

* * *

On the directory opposite the elevator, in a certain building, among other names there was one which bore this legend:

A———— H————,
Attorney and CONSOLER at Law,
Room 16, 3d Floor.

LAWSUIT

Two neighboring farmers became involved in a quarrel over a spring which started upon the land of one of them and flowed across the highway onto the land of the other. Finally the matter got into court. Both of the litigants had been very friendly with a certain physician, but since the quarrel one of them seemed to lose his friendship for the doctor. At last the doctor had an opportunity to meet this farmer, and asked him: "Why is it, Bill, that you

are down on me? I don't know that I have done you any harm, or anything that should have changed your friendship for me." "What," exclaimed Bill, "you have not done me any harm? If you had let that fellow who lives across the road die two years ago when everybody had given him up, instead of curing him, I would not have this trouble now. Is that not enough to do to an honest farmer?"

LEGAL BLANKS

"Papa," asked a little boy, "what is a legal blank?"

"A legal blank, Johnny," replied his father, "is a lawyer who never gets a case."

LEGAL FRATERNITY

A New York visitor from the far interior who was a stranger to law courts was taken one morning to witness the opening of court. When he heard the judge, whose ancestors were evidently of the Emerald Isle, address a Hebrew attorney as "brother," he expressed his surprise.

"Brothers!" he exclaimed. "That's a joke. Look at 'em ag'in."

"Well," replied his companion soberly, "they are brothers, all right."

"An Israelite and an Irishman! How do you make that out?" he wanted to know.

"Why, they're brothers-in-law," was the response, "the kind that sticketh closer—and also deeper—than the ordinary kind."

LEGAL QUERIES

On a busy day a woman walked into the office of the court rooms at Atlanta, Ga., and, addressing Judge Blank, said:

"Are you the reprobate judge?"

"I am the probate judge."

"That is what I was saying," she said, "and I have come to you because I am in trouble. My husband was studying to be a minister at a logical seminary, and he died detested, and left three little infidels, and I have come to be appointed their executioner."

* * *

"Is dis here de co'ht house, sah?"

"Yes, aunty."

"Will you please tell me, sah, whah I kin fin' de State's eternity, sah?"

"Yes, aunty. Down that corridor where you find the gates ajar."

* * *

"I caught the prisoner in a sinecure," said the constable, with evident satisfaction.

"In what?" asked the bewildered magistrate.

"A sinecure, your worship," blandly came the reply.

"Surely you mean a cul-de-sac?" remarked the magistrate.

The witness nodded acquiescence, but obviously he was still unconvinced, and as he stepped from the box he was heard to whisper to a brother officer: "Poor old chap's gettin' worse."

A valuable addition to the vocabulary of the law recently came to light in a New York police court presided over by a magistrate bearing the absurdly suggestive name of Finelite. A policeman, explaining the absence of a defendant, stated that he was out on bail. "There's a rapper out against him," he added. "A rapper?" queried Magistrate Finelite. "That's a new one on me." "Oh, that's merely a complaint, your Honor," explained the officer.

* * *

"Here," quoth the cultured pickpocket, as he stepped into the patrol wagon, "is where we pass from the abstract to the concrete."

LEGAL TERMS

Case: Something you pay your lawyer to have the courts postpone from time to time until nobody cares whether it is decided or not.

Probate: A place where lawyers rest while they are awaiting to get the money.

Court: A place where the rich go for protection.

Jury: Twelve men who don't know their own minds, interfered with by a judge whose duty it is to let them decide for themselves.

Referee: Any man with the highest reputation as a good guesser.

Retainer: The first hold-up.

Calendar: A graveyard of justice.

Attorney: What you think your lawyer is.

Lawyer: What you think your attorney is.

Judge: The official representative of the law's delays.

Appeal: What you usually do if you have any money left.

* * *

Criminal Law—Nets made to catch the little rascals and let the larger ones escape. They differ from fish nets.

Contempt—A legal process invoked by the court to pinch a helpless pauper and aid a millionaire's escape.

Pardon—Releasing a criminal with a political or a financial pull.

Lawyers—Men who handle the commercial interests of the world without bond; the most trusted and distrusted; praised when they win, dispraised when they lose, and who live by their good name.

An Unbiased Judge—The noblest work of man.

Dishonest clients make dishonest lawyers. The demand creates the supply.

Going to law is like going to a church fair—you take your chances and pay for them.

* * *

"That bunch of ladies saw a snake."

"I suppose they all yelled murder."

"All except a lady lawyer in the group. She yelled manslaughter."

A lawyer, in elucidating to his wife the meaning of the word "armistice" in connection with the Mexican trouble, explained that both armies would then remain in *statu quo,* upon which the lady exclaimed: "But I thought they were to stay in Vera Cruz."

* * *

"This is a mighty lawless country up here, ain't it?" said young Wilkins, a visitor to the Kentucky country, as he leaned back in the chair of the village barber, who was also the village cobbler.

"I don't know," said the old chap mildly. "Things is purty quiet jist at present."

He paused to put a keener edge on his blade, then went on with his work.

"Well," said Wilkins, "you can't deny, I reckon, that you have a lot of murders in this town?"

"We don't gen'rally speak of 'em as murders," said the old cobbler in a tone of gentle reproof. "Up here we calls 'em killin's."

"I'd call them murders all right," said Wilkins briskly. "If shooting a man down in cold blood ain't murder, then I don't know a murder when I see one, that's all. When was the last man killed, as you call it, here in this town?"

"Last week," said the venerable cobbler.

"Where 'bouts was he killed?" continued Wilkins.

"Right out yonder in the street in front of this here shop," stated the old man, with the air of one desiring to turn the conversation. "Razor hurt you much?"

"The razor is all right," said Wilkins. "What I want to know is the truth about the killing of this last man. Who killed him?" he demanded.

The cobbler let the edge of the razor linger right over the Adam's apple of the inquiring stranger for a moment.

"I killed him," he said gently.

Then the conversation began to languish.

* * *

"It's a lucky thing foh de human race," said Uncle Eben, "dat de Ten Commandments wasn't loaded down wif phraseology like de laws de legislature passes."

LEVY

A Griffin bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining room was reached, the tally of furniture ran thus:

"One dining room table, oak.

"One set chairs (6), oak.

"One sideboard, oak.

"Two bottles whiskey, full."

Then the word "full" was stricken out and replaced by "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lurched diagonally across the page until it closed with:

"One revolving door mat."

* * *

The constable was levying on a yearling which looked so starved that life seemed almost gone. The sale would not come off for some time. His advertisement read: "Will be sold between the legal hours of sale one spotted yearling—or his hide."

One of the constables in a Georgia town levied on a negro woman's aged horse and buggy which had been driven into town. The horse was blind, and so old and poor that it could scarcely walk. But, to cap it all, another woman claimed two of the wheels of the buggy, and a negro man one of the others. This put the officer in a quandary, for he had never before been called upon to drive a blind horse hitched to a buggy with but one wheel. The problem was solved by a neighbor of the debtor coming along and signing an appearance bond for the property.

LIBEL

The parson was preceded by a deacon who prayed Almighty God for more grace for his preacher. This nettled the parson, and so he came back with: "O Lord, make Brother Smith a better man; cause him to pay his debts and cease backbiting."

"Now," exclaimed Brother Smith, "you'd better make another prayer and straighten things up with the Lord."

This the parson refused to do and a libel suit followed.

* * *

An editor smarting under the immunity of lawyers from slander suits gets even by throwing off the following:

"A lawyer in a courtroom may call a man a liar, a scoundrel, villain or thief, and no one makes complaint when court adjourns. If a newspaper prints such a reflection on a man's character, there is a libel

suit or a dead editor. This is owing to the fact that people believe what an editor says."

* * *

City Editor: "This is a well-written article, but it can't be used; it's libelous."

Reporter: "Will it be all right if I 'hang' it on the policeman on the corner, downstairs?"

LICENSE

"Rough on Davis."

"What?"

"He stepped on an orange peel, fell, and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license."

LOBBYING

"What we want is the golden rule embodied in legislation," said the idealist.

"Yes," replied the "practical" politician. "But I doubt if you'd find a lobby on earth that could put that through."

MARRIAGE CEREMONY

A South Dakota J. P. is in the habit of ending his marriage ceremonies as follows: "What this court has joined together let no other court put asunder."

* * *

A man of Spanish descent was once elected justice of the peace at Guadaloupe, in southern Colorado. Before the new justice, who understood but little English, had thought of preparing a marriage ceremony,

a couple appeared and asked to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The justice required them to stand before him, and, addressing the man, said: "You marry?" The man replied, "Yes." Then, turning to the woman, the justice said: "You marry?" She also replied, "Yes." The justice thereupon said to both: "Bueno," and the ceremony was concluded.

* * *

A widower who was married for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Be sure and come, this is no amateur performance."

* * *

A New England congressman who was visiting in the country called on a boyhood friend, now a justice of the peace. While chatting of old times a couple came in to be married. The justice performed the ceremony, and after accepting a modest fee handed the bride an umbrella.

The visitor observed the proceedings in solemn silence, and after the couple had made their exit he turned to his friend and asked:

"Do you always do that, Arthur?"

"Marry them? Oh, yes, if they have the license."

"No. I mean give the bride a present."

"A present? Why, wasn't that her umbrella?"

"No," said the congressman peevishly, "it was mine."

MARRIAGE LICENSE

State Game Warden Davis was rather startled when he received a hunting license from a north Georgia county, on the back of which the following was written:

"My dere ser:

"I don't want this sorter licents. I thot i was a gettin' a Marridge licents, sumbody sent me to mr .....and sed he wood gimme a licents, mandy was so mad when i got back with this here hunten licents she wouldent have Me. she sed i didn't hav sents anuff to git a marridge licents, so she up and runs of with bill jonson and i Am in a devil of a fixt. I wants my muney back, unless this hear licents will let me shoote bill johnson.

"yours most truely, sam Jackson."

MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS

"The Duke," said the nobleman's solicitor, "expresses his love, and suggests that the young lady arrange for a settlement of a million dollars on his lordship."

"Expresses his love C. O. D. eh?" interposed the attorney for the heiress.

MASTER AND SERVANT

A young boy once got a job with a Scottish farmer. "Ye'll sleep in the barn," the farmer said, "and I'll expect you oot in the field ilka morn at 4 o'clock."

"Very well, sir," said the boy. But the first morning he overslept a little and it was 4:30 when he

reached the field. The farmer, leaning on his hoe, gave him a black look.

"Where have ye been all the forenoon?" he growled.

MEASURES

A Swede was being examined in a case in a Minnesota town where the defendant was accused of breaking a plate-glass window with a large stone. He was pressed to tell how big the stone was, but he could not explain.

"Was it as big as my fist?" asked the nervous judge, who had taken over the examination from the lawyers, in the hope of getting some results.

"It ban bigger," the Swede replied.

"Was it as big as my two fists?"

"It ban bigger."

"Was it as big as my head?"

"It ban about as long, but not so thick," replied the Swede, amid the laughter of the court.

* * *

A celebrated lawyer was having his head measured at a fashionable hat store the other day. The man remarked, "Why, how long your head is, sir." "Yes," said the lawyer, "we lawyers must have long heads." The man went on with his work, and soon exclaimed, "And it is as thick as it is long, sir."

* * *

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About 4 miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean the cry flows?"

"No," put in the judge, "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.

MEMORY

A certain senator is the author of a standard work on negotiable instruments, which, by the way, is characterized by about the most elegant literary style to be found in any law book. On one occasion a friend inquired of the senator how he came to write the book. "Well," he replied, "it was this way. Somebody asked me whether a sight draft bore interest, and I couldn't tell him. I was so ashamed of my ignorance that I determined to master the question at once, and from my study on this point I got the idea of writing a book on the subject." "Well, Senator," asked the friend, "does a sight draft bear interest?" The senator reflected for some moments and then replied, "Blamed if I haven't forgotten."

* * *

When Theodore Roosevelt was police commissioner in New York, he asked an applicant for a position on the force:

"If you were ordered to disperse a mob what would you do?"

"Pass around the hat, sir," was the reply.

MORTGAGE

"Meester liar, I bote some land of Gunder Larson and I vant a mortgage."

"A mortgage!" asked the lawyer in astonishment.

"Yah, yah."

"No, no," replied the lawyer. "You want a deed."

"No, no," insisted the simple Swede. "I vant no deet. I bote land from Pader Paderson sum yahr ago and got a deet and anoder fellar coom long mit a mortgage and took the lant, so I think a mortgage bin besser than a deet."

MORTALITY TABLE

Footpad—"Your money or your life!"

Mrs. Tightly—"That's reasonable enough, Jake! You've got only 50 cents."

MOTION

"What's the trouble?" inquired the judge.

"This lady lawyer wants to make a motion," explained the clerk, "but her gown is too tight."

* * *

"There's something uncanny about that lawyer."

"Why?"

"When his client was defeated he didn't make a motion for a new trial."

* * *

The Sinner had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Whereupon the attorneys for the Sinner filed a motion for a new trial on the ground that the scales were out of order.

* * *

"Much depends upon understanding the predilections of your trial court," once remarked the late Judge Williamson of Pennsylvania.

"Some years ago," said the judge, "I defended a man accused of chicken stealing, before a justice of the peace who had just been installed in office. I was aware that the justice acted as the presiding officer of several lodges and prided himself upon his knowledge of parliamentary law.

"The affidavit having been read, and before a plea had been entered, I asked the court whether motions were in order, and he replied that they were. I then called his attention to some trivial defect in the form of the affidavit and formally put this motion:

" 'I move you, your Honor, that the affidavit be quashed and the defendant discharged.'

" 'Is the motion seconded?' asked the court.

"A brother of the accused arose and said: 'I second the motion.'

" 'Any remarks?'

"The prosecuting attorney arose too dumfounded to speak. Finally he began to storm and bluster. He said I was making a fool out of the court and a farce out of the proceeding, and very unwisely he undertook to tell that old parliamentarian that he didn't seem to understand the nature of motions.

"In reply I said, merely, that I would be pleased to rely on the court's well-known knowledge and experience in such matters for a just ruling.

" 'The motion is in order and properly put,' said the court. 'You have all heard it. All in favor, arise.'

"The defendant, his three brothers, a hired man and myself arose. The court counted us."

* * *

Judge James R. Caton, of Virginia, relates an incident that happened "down on the East Shore." He said there was a new and inexperienced justice of the peace whose first case was a man to be prosecuted for stealing a yearling calf. The case was set by the justice for 8 o'clock one Monday morning. He opened court with great dignity. The only persons involved that were present were the sheriff, defendant, and his attorney. The prosecuting attorney failed to put in an appearance. The justice called the case; thereupon the attorney for the defendant moved to dismiss because the prosecution was not ready. This put the justice in a quandary. Finally he said: "Do I hear a second to the motion?" The lawyer punched his client, who, being thus tipped off, said: "I second the motion."

"It has been moved and seconded," said the justice with rare dignity, "that the case be dismissed. All in favor of the motion say aye." The prisoner and counsel voted for the affirmative. The sheriff cast the minority vote for the negative.

"This motion is carried, and the culprit air dismissed," said the justice.

A well-known New York lawyer and judge invited a friend of his, a lawyer from Boston, to go for a short trip on his yacht. A storm came up, and the boat began to roll in a manner the Boston man did not relish. The judge laid a hand on his friend's shoulder, and said, "My dear fellow, is there anything I can do to make you comfortable?" "Yes," was the grim reply, "overrule this motion."

* * *

"Well, how did you get along with your jury of ladies?"

"Pretty fair," said the judge. "They wanted a chafing dish in the jury room and had to go shopping every afternoon."

NATURALIZATION

An applicant for naturalization in Rochester, New York, who was unable to make much of the questions asked him, was advised by the court to study up and come back later for another trial. He told the court he was tired of answering questions, and demanded the return of the $4 which he had paid for his preliminary papers. As he did not get the money, he vowed vengeance on the examiners and court attendants and was put out of the courtroom.

* * *

The man could name all the state governors, but not a single league pitcher.

"I shall naturalize you," said the judge, "but you are far from being assimilated into an American citizen as yet."

NEGOTIABLE INSTRUMENTS

Hiram: "Haw! Haw! Haw! I skinned one of them city fellers that put the lightning-rods on my house."

Silas: "Ye did? How did you do it?"

Hiram: "Why, when I made out the check to pay him, I just signed my name without specifying the amount. I'll bet there will be somebody pretty mad when he goes to cash it."

NEWLY DISCOVERED EVIDENCE

"Why do you want a new trial?"

"On the grounds of newly discovered evidence, your Honor."

"What's the nature of it?"

"My client dug up $400 that I didn't know he had."

NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

The prisoner was but a slight man, and yet he struggled with almost superhuman strength. The Bertillon experts had bound him hand and foot, but he contorted himself to such a degree that it was impossible to get him in front of the camera.

Finally, one of the plain clothes bruisers handed him a jolt hard enough to make him sit still a minute. "We ain't a-goin' to murder youse," explained this minion of the law, "set still an' be mugged."

"But what do you want my picture for?" gasped the prisoner.

"Fer de rogues' gallery."

"Oh, pardon me for resisting," said the poor wretch, relaxing immediately and assuming a $6-a-dozen smile. "I thought it was for a newspaper!"

* * *

The automobilist, in charge of the constable, was haled before the village magistrate.

"This is an outrage, sir," protests the captive. "A most villainous outrage!"

"So?" asked the magistrate. "So? The officers timed you carefully and found that you were making fifteen miles an hour."

"Fifteen miles! Fiddlesticks! I was going a good forty, and I want to say to you right now that the next time I come down the pike into your town I shall be going eighty miles an hour and shall not stop for signals, but shall plow through policemen and everything else."

After paying his fine the automobilist returns to his machine and remarks to his companion:

"Of course I wouldn't do all that, but nowadays a fellow has to talk like old Captain Kidd if he wants to get any mention of his arrest in the papers."

* * *

Judge—"Have you formed any prejudice against the prisoner?"

Juryman—"I have seen some newspaper pictures of him."

Judge—"You are excused."

NOLLE PROSEQUI

Rastus had caught Sambo red-handed. "Ah'm gwine hab yo' arrested foh stealin' mah chickens, yo' Sambo Washin'ton—dat's jess what Ah'm gwine to do," said Rastus.

"Go ahead, niggah," retorted Sambo. "Go ahead and hab me arrested. Ah'll mek you' prove whar yo' got dem chickens yo'seff!"

* * *

Brother Brown was up before the church for drunkenness. Brother Smith through association with Brother Brown stood in peril as the next possible candidate for trial by the church conference.

Said Brother Smith: "I move that Brother Brown be forgiven, and that all other like cases be nol prossed."

NON-SUPPORT

"You are charged with non-support, Rastus. What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the judge.

"Well, Jedge, I'se done got her three more washings a week than any colored lady in the block."

* * *

"Why don't you support your wife?" the magistrate asked. "Well, you see, it's this way, boss," replied the man. "I've just started a bank account, and I don't make enough to keep that going and support the old woman, too, so I had to let her go."

"NOT GUILTY"

"Down in Texas by the Rio Grande, where I used to live and in the village which I graced with my

presence," said the Old Timer, "a certain old horse doctor was elected justice of the peace. What he didn't know about the law was sufficient.

"His first case was that of a man arrested for stealing a horse.

" 'Guilty or not guilty?' asked the justice.

" 'Not guilty,' answered the prisoner.

" 'Then what the deuce are you doing here?' demanded the justice of the peace. 'Get out!' "

* * *

Counsel for the Defense (to client who had been dozing during the verdict)—"Wake up and get out. You're acquitted!"

The Accused—"Lor' lumme. Wot! Not guilty?"

* * *

"I won't defend a man whom I believe to be guilty."

"My boy, you mustn't set your judgment up against that of the majority. I have defended plenty of men whom I believed to be guilty, but the jury decided otherwise."

* * *

"Would you defend a crook, if you knew positively that he was guilty of the crime with which he was charged?"

"Well, it would depend," replied the lawyer. "What charge do you expect them to lodge against you?"

* * *

A traveler through one of the mountainous districts of Tennessee came upon an old tumble-down farmhouse, the yard overgrown with weeds, and every-

thing in a generally dilapidated condition. On the fence in front of the place sat a man who apparently belonged with the place. The traveler looked with wonderment at the man and his surroundings, when his meditations were interrupted with the remark, "Stranger, I ain't as bad off as might seem— I don't own this place."

NUISANCE

"Has a man," asked a prisoner of a magistrate, "any right to commit a nuisance?" "No, sir; not even the mayor." "Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance, and, as no one has a right to commit me, I move for a nonsuit."

OATH

Judge—"Do you know the nature of an oath?"

Witness—"Yes, your Honor; it is generally ill-natured."

* * *

Prosecuting Attorney: "Your Honor, the sheriff's bull-pup has gone and chawed up the court Bible."

Judge: "Well, make the witness kiss the bull-pup, then. We can't adjourn court just to hunt up a new Bible."

* * *

Judge Blank of Vermont was trying a case where the defendant was accused of violation of the liquor laws and where the evidence was so contradictory that it was apparent that most of the witnesses were committing perjury.

The defendant himself had sworn that it was his first offense, in spite of the fact that the judge knew that he had been arrested a dozen times before on the same charge, and that in each instance sentence had been suspended through political influence. As the case proceeded with similar manifestations of disregard for the facts the judge plainly grew more and more disgusted.

At length a basket weaver from the mountains was put on the stand and stumbled badly over taking the oath and instead of kissing the Bible as customary, took that book from the clerk's hands and put it in his pocket.

The judge thought this about the right time to investigate the intelligence of the witness and began to question him.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" he asked.

"Nope," answered the mountaineer, shaking his head dubiously.

"Don't you know that if you should swear to a lie that you would go to hell; if there is any hell?"

"Nope."

"Don't you know that if you swear to what is not true, you will offend God; if there is any God?"

"Nope."

"Well, swear him anyway, Mr. Clark," decided the judge; "he is as likely to tell the truth as anybody in the courtroom."

* * *

In a police court at Lincoln, Nebraska, a Greek was asked by the magistrate if he understood the mean-

ing of an oath. This is the impressive way in which he defined it:

"Talka to God—talka to heaven. Talka straight —no lish business at all. Talka jes' right."

* * *

In the early days of Arizona, an elderly and pompous chief justice was presiding at the trial of a murder case. An aged negro had been ruthlessly killed, and the only eye witness to the murder was a very small negro boy. When he was called to give his testimony, the lawyer for the defense objected on the ground that he was too young to know the nature of an oath, and in examining him asked:

"What would happen to you if you told a lie?"

"De debbil 'ud git me!" the boy replied.

"Yes, and I'd get you," sternly said the chief justice.

"Dat's jus' what I said!" answered the boy.

* * *

With the coming of women to a small mining camp in the interior of Alaska, the local authorities found it advisable to caution the Indians about swearing in public. In a short time most of them realized that swearing in public was punishable by a short jail sentence.

One of these Indians was a witness in a case of some importance in the local justice court, and had testified to certain facts which greatly exasperated counsel for the defense. With his hand upraised, the lawyer impressively thundered: "Now Nick, will you swear—"

"No!" shouted the Indian; "me no swear;—swear talk no good here!"

* * *

"Now, my lad," said the eminent jurist, who was also a golf enthusiast, "I suppose you understand the nature of an oath?"

"Of course I do, sir," said the young boy. "Don't I caddy for you at your country club?"

* * *

A police justice in a Southwestern State was trying to impress upon a prisoner who was to testify in his own behalf the solemn nature of an oath. Assuming his most pompous, Dogberry-like air, the magistrate thus addressed the man in the box:

"In taking this solemn oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, take care that you do not allow yourself to be tempted to commit an awful perjury. Remember that the eyes of an all-seeing Providence and the village constable are upon you!"

* * *

A story told by Sir Stafford Northcote is as follows: A book on which witnesses were sworn in a court in Devonshire was tied round with red tape. No one ever thought of examining it until the covers became dirty, and it was suggested that a new one should be procured. To the astonishment of the officials, when the tape was removed it was found that for years witnesses had kissed, not a Testament, but a "Ready Reckoner."

A woman recently appeared before a magistrate in New York city to give testimony.

"Do I have to swear, Judge?" she asked the magistrate.

"Yes, madam."

"But, Judge, I don't like to."

"You must. Every witness makes oath before testifying; the law requires it."

"Well, if I must, I must, I guess; but I don't like to."

"Yes, you must."

"Well, damn."

And the court nearly fell off the bench.

OFFICE HOURS

There was once a lawyer who indicated his office hours by a notice on his door, "In from 10 to 1."

An old sea captain, who kept coming for about a week without finding him in, at last furiously wrote under this notice, "Ten to one you're out."

* * *

Also, in a certain Georgia town a young attorney used to put notices on his door when going out, stating what time he would return. As he never had any great amount to do in those days, this seemed unnecessary to some boys in a neighboring office, who, one day when a card stated:

"Back in two hours," wrote underneath, "What for?"

OPINION

State's Attorney (to prospective juror): "Have you formed any opinion on this case?"

Mr. Henpeck: "No, sir. I don't think my wife has read anything about it yet."

* * *

On the prosecution of a Georgia mountaineer for making moonshine whiskey, his wife, who was a witness, in order to show that he spent his time in lawful business, told that he worked in a corn patch in a cleared lot on the mountain side. In a somewhat fierce cross-examination, she admitted that she had never seen the corn field, and, when asked what proof she had of its existence, unchangingly answered, "I never saw it." The lawyer said coaxingly, "Of course not, but just tell us what you think." She turned upon him fiercely, and, glaring at him from under the shadow of her green slat bonnet, said, "I think the most becomin' thin' to a fool air a shet mouth."

* * *

Congressman Raymond B. Stephens of New Hampshire told of a grievance entertained by a farmer named Brown.

Brown, it seems, had a difference with a neighbor over a boundary line, and after six months of vocal scrapping across a 10-acre lot, the dispute finally reached such a stage that a lawyer was consulted.

"I want ye ter write him a letter," said Brown to the legal party, "an' tell him that this gosh-dasted

foolishness has got ter stop. I'd write it meself only I ain't got the legal heft ter do it."

"I guess it can be done all right," returned the lawyer, thoughtfully. "What do you want me to say to him?"

"Waal," said Brown, after a moment's reflection, "ye might begin by telling him that he's the meanest, derndest, lyin'ist, thievin'ist lop-eared cuss of a crook in ten counties, an' then kind o' work up ter what we really think of him."

OPPROBRIOUS WORDS

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground; the other leaned over and called:

"Are ye dead or alive, Mike?"

"I'm alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure, yer such a liar I don't know whether to believe ye or not."

"Well, then, I must be dead," said Mike, "for you would never dare to call me a liar if I were alive."

* * *

New York Judge—"Pat, I didn't think you would hit a little man like that."

Pat—"Suppose he called you an Irish slob?"

Judge—"But I'm not an Irishman."

Pat—"Suppose he called you a Dutch slob?"

Judge—"But I'm not a Dutchman."

Pat—"Well, suppose he called you the kind of a slob that you are?"

"What are those women mauling that man for?"

"He insulted us by saying that the suffrage movement destroyed our naturally timid sweetness and robbed us of all our gentleness."

* * *

"The man who makes such an allegation against me is a reptile."

"Well, naturally he is an *allegator.*"

* * *

Lawyer (to judge)—"I admit that my client called the plaintiff an ox, but, seeing the price of meat, I consider that rather as a compliment than an insult."

* * *

"If a man questioned your veracity, what would you do?"

"Well, if he was careful to use words of several syllables, as you suggest, I should be compelled to respond by impugning his character."

* * *

" You are charged with talking back at an officer," said the magistrate. "Have you anything to say?"

"Dayvil a word, your Honor," replied the culprit. "O'ive said too much already."

* * *

The case had been concluded, and the attorney who had defended a man on a charge of assault rose to make his final address to the jury which was to decide his client's fate. He was a flowery talker and his argument ran something like this:

"It was a beautiful evening. All nature was smilingly at rest. The birds twittered their farewell

to the sun, knowing that the moon would soon be up. And just at this time, gentlemen of the jury, in this peaceful environment, the prosecuting witness came out from behind a billboard and called my client a liar."

The jurors laughed and convicted.

* * *

Judge—"Why did you assault this man?"

Organ Grinder—"He abusa da monk, your Honor."

Judge—"What did he do?"

Organ Grinder—"He talka rough to da monk; he tella heem he looka like me."

* * *

"Do I understand you to say," asked the judge, "that his remarks were acrimonious?"

"No, Judge, your Honor, I didn't say that. I said he just swore at me. I ain't a-goin' to claim that he done what he didn't do."

* * *

"By Schiminy, how dot boy studies de languages!" is what a delighted elderly German said when his six-year old son called him a "blear-eyed son of a saw-horse."

* * *

A school girl was requested to write an essay of two hundred and fifty words about a motor car. She submitted the following:

"My uncle bought a motor car. He was riding in the country when it busted up a hill. I guess this is about fifty words. The other two hundred are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

A section foreman on a Southern railway heard the following conversation between two of his dusky laborers:

"Jim, you bettah come here an' he'p me. Ah's takin' up fer you."

"How's dat?"

"W'y, dis here niggah say you ain't fit fer de dawgs, an' Ah tole him yes you *is!*"

PARENT AND CHILD

"Mr. Garibaldi, I just want to ask you a few more questions, which I want you to answer plainly and specifically. Is there a woman living with you who is known in your neighborhood by the name of Mrs. Garibaldi?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Who takes care of her?"

"I do."

"And you support her, too, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Garibaldi, you have never been married to her, have you?"

"No, no," smiled the witness, somewhat embarrassed, "she—"

"That is all," concluded the old attorney.

There was a young attorney opposing him and it was evident that he had been taken by surprise. Confounded and confused, he stepped forward, and in a low, reproachful tone, asked:

"Mr. Garibaldi, who is that woman? You never told me anything about her."

"That—oh, that is my mother, you know," answered the witness innocently.

PARTNERSHIP

A West Virginia negro, a blacksmith, recently announced a change in his business as follows:

"Notice—De copartnership heretofore resisting between me an Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

* * *

He was a little German man, and as he boarded the car he had such a happy smile on his face that the smoker on the platform asked:

"Well, Jacob, is this a Happy New Year's for you?"

"She vhas so happy dot maype I bust myself oop!" was the reply.

"Something good has happened, eh?"

"Der best effer. Schmidt und I vhas partners from to-day."

"Let's see? Schmidt is in the ice business, I believe?"

"He vhas."

"And you have been working for him?"

"Shust so."

"And to-day——?"

"Und to-day we vhas partners. I vhas tooken in. Schmidt he handles all der money und I handles all der ice. By golly but I vhas a happy mon!"

PATENT LAW

"Do you know why inventors always become tangled up with the legal aspects of their patent business?"

"No."

"Well, Necessity, which is Invention's mother, knows no law."

PEACE WARRANT

Two of Habersham County's oldest citizens had been unfriendly neighbors in a country district for many years. Things waxed so warm it became necessary, in the mind of one of them, to take out a peace warrant for the other. To legally obtain this it was incumbent upon the litigant to swear that he was afraid of the opposing "party." To the question of his lawyer, Mr. J. C. Edwards, of Clarksville, Georgia, the old man answered, as follows:

"Mr. Smith, do you swear that you are afraid of Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, I am" (and then in an aside to Jones): "But, gol durn ye, I want ye to know that I ain't much afeerd of ye."

PENSION

An old lady called on a lawyer in San Francisco to ask him to have the United States Government grant her a pension. She told a sad story of her destitution, and added a glowing account of the heroism her husband had displayed in the Civil War.

"As I understand it," said the pension attorney, "you ask for this pension in the name of the valiant services rendered to your country by your husband?"

"No," replied the old lady. "I ask it in the name of God and His mercy."

"In that case," said the lawyer, "I'll get your pension. I have very few applications in that name."

* * *

War Veteran (in lawyer's office, making will)—"Now, I guess that provides for all the family except my son, Bill, so to him I want to leave my pension."

The Lawyer—"But you know you can't do that, Henry."

War Veteran—"Perhaps it ain't accordin' to law just now, Hezekiah, but there's no tellin' what turn the next pension raid will take."

PENALTY

"What are your usual modes of punishment?" was among the questions submitted to a teacher in a rural district in Ohio. Her answer was, "I try moral suasion first, and if that does not work, I use capital punishment."

* * *

"We ask that the defendant be placed on probation," said counsel for the defense.

"But a crime has been committed," objected the court, "and somebody should be punished."

"Well, Judge, these jurors have been locked up for nine solid weeks."

PENITENTIARY

Wesley, who lived in one of the smaller Kentucky cities, killed a negro one day for some impertinence of the negro's, and was brought to trial. The best lawyer of the section was employed for him, but by some strange freak the jury, instead of acquitting Wesley and giving him a vote of thanks, declared him guilty of some mild form of homicide. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

About a month later Wesley's father, a farmer not far from the city, came to town and sought out the leading lawyer who had conducted Wesley's defense.

"Judge," he said to the lawyer, "somethin's got to be done for Wesley."

"I can't do anything more," replied the lawyer. "I did all I could, but he's up there in the penitentiary."

"Yes, Judge," said the father eagerly; "that's just it. We've got to git him outen there. Why, Judge, I had a letter from Wesley this mornin', and he tells me he's plumb dissatisfied."

* * *

"The new warden has some very original ideas—and he's sympathetic too."

"How so?"

"You've seen that young New Yorker who is always talking about the 'great white way?' "

"Yes."

"Well, the warden keeps him busy whitewashing the main hall."

Warden: "The prisoner refuses to work unless he can practice his own trade."

Governor: "That is but natural. Put him to it. What is his trade?"

Warden:—"He is an aviator, sir."

PERJURY

A woman was in a law court when she was asked her age, and answered, "Thirty-five."

"But," objected the judge, "you were before me two years ago, and you said you were thirty-five."

"Your Honor," she loftily replied, "I am not one who would say one thing at one time and another thing at another time."

PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT

1st Lawyer: "I was looking over my boy's geometry last night. I was quite interested in that proposition, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

2nd Lawyer: "That isn't very complicated."

1st Lawyer: "No, but I was trying to think what a man would do if he had the other side of the case."

* * *

A little colored girl, deeply insulted by her playmate, who had pushed her "off'n de stoop," took her case before the justice of the peace. He inquired into the circumstances and said, turning to the injured one:

"The plaintiff is allowed to ask the defendant a question, in regard to the assault."

"Wha's dat you' say, sah?"

"I say that you may ask the defendant a question."

"Wh-what'll Ah ask her, sah?"

"Any question you like."

The child studied the floor a moment. Then, with the politest of smiles, she inquired, "Sally, am you' mamma well?"

PLEA AND ANSWER

In the early days of Sioux City the District Court was presided over by a judge who, although a man of great ability, was given to rather free indulgence in ardent drinks. He was fond of sports of all kinds, and when a chance to witness a horse race happened to coincide with a sufficient number of drinks the judge's court was apt to be adjourned for the occasion. Once when he was holding court in an outlying part of the district word reached him of an unusually attractive event which was to come off in Sioux City, to see which he would have to start almost immediately. Hastily he announced, "The sheriff will adjourn court *sine die.*"

Now, it chanced that there was a prisoner awaiting trial who had not been able to give bond, and as only two terms were held in a year, the prospect of spending six months in jail was not at all pleasing to him. His counsel sprang to his feet and made an eloquent plea in behalf of his client. The judge listened thoughtfully, and, after the lawyer was done speaking, fumbled through the docket till he found the case.

"State of Iowa against Bud Jones," he read. "What's this man charged with?"

The district attorney stated that the charge was burglary.

"Prisoner, stand up," said the judge. "You are charged with the crime of burglary, sir. What's your plea?"

"Not guilty," responded the prisoner.

"What's that?" said the judge, an expression of intense surprise coming over his face.

"Not guilty, your Honor," repeated the prisoner.

"Well, that's a blame good plea," said the judge. "Prisoner discharged. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court *sine die.*"

And his honor lit out for the train.

* * *

A prisoner on his trial, in answer to the charge, pleaded "not guilty." The jury found the charge proved, and in passing sentence the judge said: "Ye're not only guilty, but ye come here and tell lies, saying ye're not."

The prisoner who followed next for trial was doubtless influenced by this, and supposed it would be well for him to take another course, so he pleaded "guilty," and in an almost self-satisfied voice.

"Oh, ye're guilty, are ye," said the judge, "and come here to brag about it, do ye?"

* * *

A fat old gentleman was bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the office of the justice of the peace and preferred a complaint against a

joker in the neighborhood, whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defense offered on trial by the wag: First, by testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a calf. Second, he is blind, and can not see to bite. Third, even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness. Fourth, granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth. Fifth, my dog died six weeks ago. Sixth, I never had a dog.

POLICEMAN

"Why didn't you call a policeman when the holdup man attacked you?"

"It wasn't my business to do so," replied the cynical resident of a great metropolis. "Besides, the holdup man didn't need any help."

* * *

Judge—"Why didn't you seize the thief when you found him?"

Policeman—"How could I? I had my club in one hand and my revolver in the other!"

* * *

"I fine you $5."

"Judge, I only sassed a policeman."

"I fine you for foolishness. When there are so many things you could have done, why did you select this?"

The stranger entered the bank and approached the nearest teller.

"I want to make a deposit," he said.

The teller looked around cautiously, and when he spoke his voice had dropped to a whisper.

"Savings, commercial or police?"

* * *

The Prisoner—"There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey—"Phat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat."

* * *

Magistrate—"Can't this case be settled out of court?"

Mulligan—"That's what we were trying to do, your Honor, when the police interfered."

* * *

The wife of a wealthy business man of Chicago was the daughter of a policeman. As they grew rich, both she and her husband concealed the fact as much as possible, for the sake of their social prestige. At a luncheon several society women of high position had been talking about their families. "What was your father's business, Mrs. D.?" was finally asked of the business man's wife. Mrs. D. was not disturbed. "My father was in the copper business," she said with cool emphasis.

* * *

"Faith," said the policeman, examining the broken window, "this is more sayrious thin Oi thought it was! It's broke on both soides."

"Down with all organizations!"

"Sh! Not so loud before that policeman."

"What has he got to do with it?"

"He belongs to the 'copper' trust."

PREJUDICE

A prisoner at the sessions had been duly convicted of theft, when it was seen, on "proving previous convictions," that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed. "Why didn't you say so?" asked the judge of the prisoner angrily. "Your lordship, I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me."

PREPONDERANCE OF TESTIMONY

An Irish judge was trying a man for pig stealing. The evidence of his guilt was conclusive, but the prisoner insisted on calling a number of witnesses, who testified most emphatically to his general good character.

After hearing their evidence and the counsel's speeches, the judge remarked: "Gentlemen of the jury, I think that the only conclusion you can arrive at is that the pig was stolen by the prisoner, and that he is the most amiable man in the country."

PROFESSION

A man was arrested and taken before a judge. The charge was fighting. The judge asked:

"What is your occupation?"

"I'm a wholesale packer, your Honor."

"A packer," exclaimed the judge in surprise. "Hogs?"

"Yes, mostly," was the reply. "I'm a street car conductor."

* * *

"There is honor among thieves."

"Nonsense! Thieves are just as bad as other people."

* * *

Clarence Darrow, so it is related, when a very young man, just starting out to practice law, was once retained by a merchant to defend him in a suit for damages brought by an employee. Unfortunately for Mr. Darrow, his client completely lost his head under cross-examination, furnishing evidence so vastly favorable to the prosecution as to result in a four-thousand dollar verdict.

The merchant, however, was highly indignant with his lawyer for having lost the case, and allowed but a very short while to elapse before he acquainted him of his feelings about it.

"If I had a son born an idiot," he blustered, "I'd make him a lawyer."

"Your father seems to have been of another opinion," calmly rejoined Mr. Darrow.

* * *

The late Judge Gaynor related a little anecdote while lying at the hospital, after the dastardly attempt on his life, which proved that the mayor was cognizant of certain evils and not at all adverse to giving them publicly.

"I knew a man over my way," said the judge with a smile, "who had formerly been a bartender. Going into politics, he was elected a police justice. With some dread he heard his first case. Mary McMannis was up before him for drunkenness. The ex-bartender looked at her for a moment, and then said, sternly:

"Well, what are you here for?"

"If yer please, yer Honor," said Mary, "the copper beyant pulled me in, sayin' I was drunk. An' I doan't drink, yer Honor; I doan't drink."

"All right," said the justice, absent-mindedly, "all right; have a cigar."

PROCEDURE

"A cat sits on my back fence every night and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to have any trouble with neighbor Jones, but this thing has gone far enough, and I want you to tell me what to do."

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an old sick owl, and said not a word.

"I have a right to shoot the cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied young Coke Blackstone. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No, but the fence does."

"Then," concluded the light of law, "I think it safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

"We can now proceed with more precision than formerly," says a Standard Oil attorney. "More precision! And they've already been hitting us right where we live every shot!"

* * *

A client came rushing into the office of his lawyer. When he could get his breath he said: "Last night I came home and found another man kissing my wife on my front porch. I want you to start suit immediately."

"All right," said the lawyer. "If you saw a man kissing your wife you have a good cause of action for divorce and I will begin the suit."

"Divorce!" said the client. "Thunder, man, I don't want a divorce: what I want is an injunction!"

* * *

Lawyer—"I've just landed that big corporation law case for my son."

Friend—"Why, he's only two years old!"

Lawyer—"Certainly, but he'll be ready for it by the time I've finished the preliminary work of getting a jury."

* * *

Irish Barrister (addressing the Bench): "Your Honor, I shall first absolutely prove to the jury that the prisoner could not have committed the crime with which he is charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he committed. If that fails, I shall prove an alibi."

* * *

At a term of an Arkansas circuit court a case was proceeding slowly, and the judge was plainly

worried. One of the attorneys suggested to the court that he thought he could save time if permitted to talk to one of his witnesses for a minute. "All right," was the reply, "if you can make any time by stopping, go ahead."

PROHIBITION LAW

A member of the Georgia judiciary was brought into court on a charge of having in his possession four barrels of whiskey. He said he had taken them solely for his personal use.

* * *

A witness, an ardent temperance worker, while on the witness stand testified to the bad reputation of the defendant's drug store, and, on cross-examination by the defendant's counsel, the following dialogue took place: Q. Do you believe in your own mind that you could believe a word with regard to the liquor conditions in Pomeroy that was told to you by these two witnesses, just named? A. Perhaps in this case it was all right. Question repeated. A. I would have to answer in both ways in order to get it all. Yes, you could believe it,—it would be as bad as they said; and no,—they would not make it as bad as it was.

* * *

A novel defense to an indictment for burglary was interposed by a young lawyer in Montana. He asserted that his client committed the crime while intoxicated, that the State licensed the saloon which sold him the liquor, that this made the saloon keepers the agents of the State to place an enemy in the mouth of

the accused to steal away his brains, and that immediately after this brain robbery, aided and abetted by the licensed agents of the State, and, during the time that the accused was deprived of his conveniences for thought, the alleged burglary was committed, not with intent to steal any goods, wares, and merchandise, but supposing the place to be a saloon, and with intent to submit himself to a further robbery from his own upper story. In other words, it is alleged that the State, with premeditated design, set in motion the ill winds that culminated in a brain storm within the mental domain of the accused, and that this proceeding, though against the peace and dignity of the State, as well as that of the accused, was, nevertheless, in conformity to, and not, as alleged in the indictment, contrary to, the statute in such cases made and provided. In short, declaring that the State is *particeps criminis,* and that "he who is guilty of iniquity shall not have equity," this disciple of Portia said to the State, "In which predicament I say thou standest."

* * *

An advertisement setting forth the merits of a book on "Intoxicating Liquors" announces that the authors are "men who have had practical experience in and out of the courts concerning this subject."

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

"There goes a chap who does a deal to elevate mankind."

"Who is he?"

"The district attorney."

"How does he elevate humanity?"

"Sends 'em up, doesn't he?"

PUBLIC SAFETY

"Prisoner at the bar," said the portly, pompous, and florid magistrate, "you are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offense in this district. There has been a great deal of pig stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

PURE FOOD LAW

"You are charged with selling adulterated milk," said the judge.

"So I understand, your Honor," said the milkman. "I plead not guilty."

"But the testimony shows that your milk is 25 per cent. water," said the judge.

"Then it must be high-grade milk," returned the milkman. "If your Honor will look up the word 'milk' in your dictionary you will find that it consists of from 80 to 90 per cent. water. I'd ought to have sold it for cream."

QUARANTINE

An old German farmer entered the office of a well-known law firm one morning and addressed the senior partner:

"I haf der schmall pox—"

"Merciful heavens, Mr. Schmidt," exclaimed the lawyer, as the office force scrambled over each other in their hurry to get out, "don't come any nearer."

"Vot's der matter mit you fellers, anyhow?" quietly replied Schmidt. "I say I haf der schmall pox of putter oud in mein vagon vot der Mrs. ordered las' veek already."

QUANTUM MERUIT

In an action brought against a county in Iowa for services rendered by a physician to patients who were quarantined on account of diphtheria, the plaintiff's attorney, in his opening statement, is said to have uttered the following oratorical gem: "The evidence will show that this doctor treated these people that had the diphtheria with anti-intoxicants, and that after they recovered he went down and disaffected the whole premises."

QUITCLAIM

Uncle Mose, needing money, sold his pig to a wealthy Northern lawyer who had just bought the neighboring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to a Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterwards the two gentlemen met, and, upon comparing notes, suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old negro cheerfully admitted his guilt. "Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Blessed ef I know, Jedge," replied Uncle Mose, with a broad grin. "I'se no lawyer. I reckon I'll have to let yo' two gen'men settle it between yo'selves."

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION CHARGES

Apropos of foreign honesty, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler tells this story:

"On a foreign railroad," he said, "a commuter had a row with the conductor. At the end of the row the commuter turned to a friend and said:

" 'Well, the P. D. R. will never see another cent of my money after this.'

"The conductor, who was departing, looked back and snarled:

" 'What'll you do? Walk?'

" 'Oh, no,' said the commuter, 'I'll stop buying tickets and pay my fare to you.' "

"REASONABLE"

Magistrate—"You are charged with burglary in the first degree. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner—"Guilty, your Honor."

Magistrate—"I sentence you to—"

Prisoner—"Hold on, your Honor. It was reasonable burglary."

Magistrate—"Discharged."

* * *

In the Circuit Court at De Vall's Bluff, where one negro was charged with murdering another, and an old negro preacher, who had heard the court's charge

in another case, was a witness on the stand, and in reply to the prosecuting attorney's question, whether he saw any knives during the difficulty, replied:

"Well, Jedge, I would suggest that I am pretty well qualified to say dat dey had knives dere, and I believes it beyond a reasonable doubt."

REAL ESTATE

A man owned a piece of land of 120 acres—hilly, rocky, and rough. He said he could work one side as well as the other, that it hung up like a slate. He met a man in the road with a yoke of steers, and he said, "I will give you 60 acres of land for your steers." He replied, "Good." They went to a justice of the peace to make the deed to the land, and the man who owned the land had forgotten the name of the fellow who owned the steers, and the justice did not know it, so when they reached the place in the deed where it says, "I bargain, sell, and convey," he said to the fellow, "Write your name here." He answered, "I can not write." Then the land man whispered to the justice and stood back behind the door and laughed. He went his way rejoicing, and when he reached his home he was still laughing, and his sister said, "What is the matter?" He said, "I gave a fellow 60 acres of land for these steers, and when I went to make the deed I found that he could not read and write, and I put the whole 120 acres off on him."

RECALL

"Are you interested in the recall?" "Not yet," replied the habitual candidate. "What I am inter-

ested in is a means of getting somewhere in the first place."

* * *

At the dedication of the new Elk clubhouse at Canon City, Justice Bailey, of the Supreme Court, was talking about the recall. He said some people felt about it the way that old Jeff White did when he was asked if he favored it.

" 'Cidedly no, sah," replied Jeff. "I'm ag'in' it from every point of view. It got me sixty days las' time I was up afore Judge Walker for drinkin' too much gin.

" 'Jeff,' said de judge, 'have you ever been afore me befo'?'

" 'No, sah,' I answered.

"De jedge hes'tated a minute, then looked up at me and said:

" 'Jeff, I recall you very well.'

"Dat recall got me sixty days, an' I'll vote ag'in' it early and often."

* * *

"Do you believe in the recall of public officials?"

"Sure. I can recall all the presidents we have had for forty years. But I can't recall the vice-presidents."

* * *

"Senator, why don't you unpack your trunk? You'll be in Washington for six years."

"I don't know about that. My State has the recall."

"Maud Muller on a summer's day
Received the judge, but said him nay,
His job was good, but kingdoms fall,
And Maudie thought of the recall."

* * *

"You seem in fine spirits."

"I am, I have just been recalled."

"I don't see anything complimentary about that."

"Oh, yes, there is. This is the second recall."

"How is that?"

"Well, you see, I was recalled, and then they recalled the recall."

RESCISSION

A Hebrew sold a horse to a man, claiming the speed of the animal to be 2.15. A few days later the men met, and the one who had bought the horse wanted his money refunded because the horse could not make a mile less than 3.15. "Vell," said the Hebrew, "vat's der hurry, can't you vait a minute?"

RECIPROCITY

"Is you de S. P. C. A.?" asked the negro, with his arm in a sling.

"I am a member of the society," replied the earnest-looking young man.

"Well, I wants to repo't my mule to you. I been arrested twice on his account an' I ain't g'ine to hab no mo' words wif 'im."

"Has anybody hurt him?"

"No, boss. But look at me. I has been kicked, tromped on, an' cussed in mule talk. If I's got to be

kind to dat animal, I wants some understandin' dat will compel reciprocity or, at de very leas', arbitration."

RECEIVERSHIPS

From an Oregon attorney's brief on the question of an allowance to receivers, the following:

"In Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, when the charges and fees of Chancery had consumed all there was in the estate, the case terminated. And when Col. Joe Meek, as the first U. S. Marshal of Oregon, sold a ship, and reported that 'thar war barley enough for the officers,' that was the end of it. But here the receivers want more than is in the estate. They want $560, when there was only $539 left."

RECORD

A noted judge had a case at court wherein a county officer had appropriated some of the county's money, and in trying to locate certain items, the reply of the witness was: "That is as I remember it."

The judge then asked him: "Where are the records of these items?"

The reply of the witness was: "I just kept them in my head."

"That is all very well," said the judge, "but when you die, we don't want to have to travel too far to search the records."

* * *

John Booth, an old offender, was haled before a magistrate, who said to him sternly:

"I see by your record, Mr. Booth, that you have had thirty-seven previous convictions. What have you to say?"

Booth, assuming a sanctimonious air, replied:

"Well, Judge, man is not perfect."

REFERENDUM

In an upper corridor of a prominent hotel two negro maids were discussing politics. The younger seemed to have got the best of the argument until the subject of referendum was reached. Then it was that the elder one of the two shone out in triumph:

"Y'all kain't tell me nuffin' 'bout de rougher endum, Miss Chloe, kase I'se done had the rougher endum all mah life!"

REFORMATORY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the famous Denver juvenile court, said in the course of an address on charity:

"Too many of us are inclined to think that, one misstep made, the boy is gone for good. Too many of us are like the cowboy.

"An itinerant preacher preached to a cowboy audience on the 'Prodigal Son.' He described the foolish prodigal's extravagance and dissipation; he described his penury and his husk-eating with the swine in the sty; he described his return, his father's loving welcome, the rejoicing and the preparation of the fatted calf.

"The preacher in his discourse noticed a cowboy staring at him very hard. He thought that he had made a convert, and addressing the cowboy personally, he said from the pulpit:

"'My dear friend, what would you have done if you had had a prodigal son returning home like that?'

"'Me?' said the cowboy, promptly, and fiercely, 'I'd have shot the boy and raised the calf.'"

RELIGIOUS BELIEF

A man addicted to walking in his sleep went to bed all right one night, but when he awoke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on," he cried. "You mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist." To which the policeman replied. "I don't care what your religion is—yer can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."

REPLEVIN

"What 'bout dem chickens dat Caspah dun stole—get dem back?"

"Some ob dem, Marcus. Yo' see I o'deh de cou't papahs onto him, but dey wer slow in gettin' ob dem out, an' Caspah's family bein' big, de chickens wer dun s'arved befor' de papahs. I jes' dun get de fedders."

RES GESTAE

In a case of some importance, it was necessary to establish that one of the parties reached home on a particular night in a rather mellow condition. His

valet, George, was put on the stand, and denied that his master had ever been intoxicated. On cross-examination he was asked:

"What did Mr. Smith do when he reached home?"

"He jus' went right to bed, sah."

"Did he have anything to say to you?"

"Nothin' much, sah."

"Well, now tell us just what he did say."

"Well, he says 'Good-night, George.' "

"And he said nothing else?"

"Well——" very reluctantly—"he says, 'Call me early, George.' "

"And didn't he say anything besides 'Good-night, George, call me early?' "

"Well, sah, then he says, 'cause I'm to be Queen o' the May.' "

RESISTING OFFICERS

"Did the prisoner offer any resistance?"

"Only a dollar, your Honor, and I wouldn't take it."

RETAINER

The lawyer was endeavoring to pump some free advice out of the doctor.

"Which side is it best to lie on, Doc?"

"The side that pays you the retainer."

RETAINING TITLE

Balie Peyton Waggener, a Kansas lawyer, loaned his grandson, Mark Waggener, enough money to purchase a motorcycle. The money was to be paid back

by instalment, the machine to remain the property of the grandfather until the last payment had been made. The other day, while out riding, Mark met Mr. Waggener and jumped off the motorcycle. "Say, grandfather," said the boy, "who does this machine belong to?"

"It belongs to me until you have made the last payment. That was the agreement, you know. But why do you ask?" questioned Mr. Waggener.

"Well, I just wanted to make sure," remarked Mark with a grin. "Your motorcycle needs a new tire."

RIGHTS OF PERSONS

One of Judge Lindsey's stories is of a poor Irishman who was arrested on the Fourth of July for punching another man in the face. When the judge asked him if he was guilty, he said, "Sure, that's what I'm here to find out." The judge told him he was charged with striking a man. "But wasn't it the Fourth of July, and couldn't I have a bit of fun?" he asked.

"Yes," said the judge, "but your right to having fun ended where this man's nose began."

ROBBERY

Who is the chief robber?

"The tariff," says the importer.

"The lawyer," says the litigant.

"The politician," says the municipal reformer.

"The liquor dealer," says the Prohibitionist.
"Any employer of labor," says the Socialist.
"The landlord," says the single-taxer.
"The middleman," says the producer.
"The government," says the taxpayer.
"The producer," says the consumer.
"The labor union," says the employer.
"Everybody," says everybody else.

* * *

"That is a misinterpretation," said Representative Taliaferro of a certain bill. "That misinterprets the people's wishes as badly as the Jacksonville crier misinterpreted Shakespeare.

"In a Jacksonville court a lawyer quoted Shakespeare, 'Who steals my purse steals trash,' to a deaf judge.

" 'What's that?' the judge demanded.

" 'Who steals my purse,' repeated the lawyer. ' 'Twas something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave——'

" 'Louder! I can't hear you!' said the judge, irritably.

" 'Who steals my purse,' repeated the unfortunate lawyer, 'steals trash. 'Twas——'

" 'Can't you speak up?' growled the deaf judge.

"At this point the crier thought it time to interfere. He bent over the judge and shouted in his ear:

" 'He just says, sir, that anybody what steals his pocketbook won't get nothing.' "

RULES OF COURT

The late Judge Hamlin, former attorney-general of Illinois, was once engaged in the trial of a case before a judge who was not inclined to tolerate tardiness on the part of attorneys. When he adjourned court at noon, he took occasion to impress upon the lawyers that court would reconvene at 1:30 o'clock exactly. He was almost speechless with rage when Mr. Hamlin walked into the court room shortly after 2 o'clock, apparently oblivious of any offense.

"Judge Hamlin," exploded the indignant and outraged court, "your violation of the instructions of this court is reprehensible. Orders issued from this bench must be obeyed. What do you suppose the people elected me for?"

"Well, Judge," drawled Hamlin, his eyes twinkling with merriment, "that matter always has been a mystery to me."

* * *

One day when Judge Gary was trying a case he was much annoyed by a man in the back of the room who kept moving about, shifting chairs, and poking into corners. Finally the judge stopped the hearing and said: "Young man, you are disturbing the court by the noise you are making. What excuse have you to offer for your conduct?"

"Why, Judge," said the young man, "I've lost my overcoat."

"That's no excuse," retorted the judge. "People often lose whole suits in here without making half the disturbance."

An Irish lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your Honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose and apologized thus: "May it please the court, in the heat of debate I called yer Honors, gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer Honors." Then he sat down, and if the court was not satisfied it did not disclose the fact.

RULES OF EVIDENCE

In a proceeding of forcible detainer in the court of a Kentucky justice of the peace, the landlord was represented by a dyspeptic and irascible old lawyer, while for the refractory tenant appeared a resourceful young attorney who was rather more than suspected of shystering proclivities. The trial was by jury. In offering his evidence the landlord's counsel began to read some deeds. "Never mind about taking time to read your papers," said the young lawyer, "I will agree that they shall be considered read." Later, when, in the course of his argument to the jury, the old fellow started to read from the admitted documents, his adversary promptly objected. "On what grounds do you object, sir?" testily inquired the dyspeptic one. "On the ground, sir," gravely replied the other, "that they have already been considered as read." "That's right," said the alert justice with a reproachful look at the astonished attorney, "I remember it was agreed that them papers was to be considered read, an' tharfore the co't won't allow 'em to be read again."

SALES

A motion for a new trial was made before Judge R. B. Albertson, of Seattle, Washington, in the Supreme Court of King County, in an action upon an agreement calling for the delivery of thirty barrels of whiskey, all but five of which had been destroyed. The court, after reviewing the testimony, became seemingly impatient, and, with a Mark Twain twinkle in his eye, concluded: "I am unalterably opposed to any man being obliged to pay for whiskey until he gets it."

* * *

A Scandinavian had a horse that he wished to sell to his friend Pat. Pat viewed the horse and exclaimed: "That horse seems to be all right." The Scandinavian said: "But he doesn't look good." Pat rejoined by saying: "That horse looks good to me." "Vell, he doesn't look good," said the Scandinavian. Pat bought the horse. Next day he returned to the Scandinavian with the horse and said: "The horse you sold me is blind." "Vell," said the Scandinavian, "I told you the horse did not look good."

SCRUPLES

"Why do you object to vaccination?" asked the busy magistrate, sharply.

"It's a matter of conscience, sir," was the reply.

At that moment the clerk whispered to the great man on the bench.

"Ah," said his worship, "I am informed that you have a brother in the police force. Now, does he object to having his children vaccinated?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; if vaccination is not against your brother's conscience, why should it be against yours?"

"Well, you see, sir, it doesn't exactly follow. Bill, as you're talking about, has got neither children nor conscience."

He got his certificate.

* * *

Lawyer: "Do you know what 'conscientious scruples' mean?"

Witness: "Yes, indeed!"

Lawyer: "Well, what does it mean?"

Witness: "Well, my parents wanted me to be a lawyer, but I had 'em!"

SECURITY

"Now if I can get some acquaintance to indorse my note——"

"Better try some stranger."

SELF-DEFENSE

A parent who evidently disapproved corporal punishment, wrote the teacher: "Dear Miss; don't hit our Johnnie. We never do it at home except in self-defense."

Upon being called in the police court at Asheville, North Carolina, charged with an assault upon a clerk at a soda-water fountain, the defendant arose and said: "Your Honor, I am guilty, but I plead a counter-case." Whereupon the aforesaid clerk arose and replied: "Your Honor, the counter didn't have anything to do with it. I walked around the counter before I struck him."

SENTENCE

The old negro had been found guilty of murder and after having been asked by the judge if he had anything to say, very quietly nodded that he had nothing. "Well, then," replied the judge, "I declare that you be hanged by the neck on the 23rd day of August until dead, dead, dead." The sheriff turned to the old negro and started to lead him back to the prisoner's room. Just as they were starting out the door, the old man turned around, and addressing the judge, said: "Jedge, yuh sholy don't mean dis comin' August."

* * *

The prisoner stood before the bar to hear his sentence. Counsel, hopeful of a light penalty, stood beside him. His honor opened his mouth and spake.

"Horace Green," he began, "you have been guilty of a serious offense against the law of this State. I have examined into the facts of the case thoroughly, and while I find that there are mitigating circumstances, I intend not to let you go free. The court sentences you—"

Here the first ticklings of a sneeze threatened the judge's dignity. He closed his eyes, drew a long breath.

"A-t-c-h," he began, "a-t-c-h—a-t-c-h"

The convulsions grew, but the counter blast did not come. They lessened gradually, but still his honor sat with closed eyes waiting for the "CH-O-O-O!!!"

Counsel leaned forward still more hopefully and broke the awkward silence.

"I am glad, your Honor," he said, "that the court's sentence upon my client is a suspended sentence."

* * *

"That wasn't a bad epigram on the magistrate's part," said the somewhat educated tramp, who had been convicted for vagrancy.

"What did he say?" asked the tramp's pal.

"Seven days," came the reply.

"That ain't no epigram, is it?"

"I'm sure it is. I asked a parson once what an epigram was, and he says, 'It's a short sentence that sounds light, but gives you plenty to think about.' "

* * *

Judges were very considerate in the old days. Lord Brampton, in his reminiscences, relates a story illustrating this.

Baron Martin, a famous English jurist of the old school, whose native leniency and sense of fun often placed him at the mercy of the very men he was trying, was once about to sentence an old offender charged with a petty theft.

"Look," said the baron, with an assumption of severity, "I hardly know what to do; but you can take six months."

"I can't take that, my lord; it's too much," said the prisoner, respectfully, but firmly. "I can't take it. Your lordship sees I didn't steal very much, after all."

The baron indulged in one of his low, chuckling laughs before replying.

"Well, that's vera true; ye didn't steal much," he said. "Well, then, ye can tak' four months. Will that do—four months?"

"Nay, my lord, but I can't take that, neither," was the reply.

"Then tak' three."

"That's nearer the mark, my lord," the prisoner said, approvingly. "But I'd rather you made it two, if you will be so kind."

"Vera well, then, tak' two," said the judge, with the air of one who is pleased to have done the right thing at last. "And mind, don't come again. If you do I'll give ye—well, it all depends!"

* * *

Teacher asked her scholars for some very long sentences. One boy wrote: "Imprisonment for life."

* * *

A Reno man tells of a murder trial in Nevada wherein the defendant, formerly a barber, had been condemned to death. Just before the pronouncement of sentence the judge said to him:

"You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be granted."

"I should like," said the prisoner, "once more to be allowed to shave the district attorney."

* * *

"It must be fine to sing on the Glee Club."

"It ought to be fine or imprisonment."

* * *

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

"No, my lord, there is nothin' I care to say; but if you'll clear away the tables and chairs for me to thrash my lawyer, you can give me a year or two extra."

* * *

The justice's commitment of Jim Roye, colored, to the house of correction may be lacking in legal essentials, but his spelling is not open to criticism by those who admire picturesqueness and originality. When he committed Roye on the charge of "Passing bad money Vargrence and habiteral destervence of the peace and not insaen," he may have offended against the principles of law, but he performed a literary feat that would have created envy in the mind of Dogberry.

* * *

Over a bridge in the town of Athens, Georgia, in the olden times, was posted the following notice:

"Any person driving on this bridge faster than a walk, if a white person, shall be fined five dollars; if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes—half the penalty to be bestowed upon the informer."

The Magistrate (about to commit for trial)—"You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way; in fact, with quite exceptional cunning—"

The Prisoner—"Now, yer Honor, no flattery, please; no flattery, I begs yer."

* * *

"Well, prisoner," said the justice, "you have been found guilty by the jury and properly so on the evidence. The law says that you may be sentenced at hard labor for twenty years, but before passing sentence upon you I shall be glad to hear anything you may wish to say."

"I haven't anythin' to say, Judge," said the prisoner, "except that I hope your Honor will remember that there is a growin' feelin' in favor of a single term o' six years. You might also bear in mind that I've already served two terms and there's a decided prejudice among thinkin' people against a third——"

"Twenty-seven years!" roared the judge.

* * *

A Boston woman, interested in matters pertaining to prison reform, was a member of an investigating commission that visited a penal institution in Massachusetts. The heart of the Boston woman was bursting with pity for the poor prisoners. She passed them one by one with a sympathetic air, and finally paused for a while in front of one poor chap listlessly sewing shoes.

"Oh, my poor fellow," said she, "isn't it most monotonous doing that? Won't you be glad when your sentence has expired?"

"Well, I dunno, mum," answered the convict dolefully. "Mine is a life sentence."

* * *

A prisoner was brought before the judge for sentence, and he gave the man fifteen years in the Federal prison.

"Your Honor," said the prisoner's counsel, "I beg that you will reduce that sentence. As you can see, my client is in very poor health. He can not live for fifteen years. He can live but a short time. He is dying now, your Honor, and I beg that you will not be so severe in your penalty. I ask you to be merciful. I beg of you to reduce my client's sentence, in the name of humanity, for he can not live fifteen years."

"Very well, sir," said the judge; "I will commute the sentence to life imprisonment."

* * *

"Three months," said the judge.

"Your Honor," bawled the lawyer, "can't you mitigate the severity of that sentence? Would you send a beautiful actress to jail for three months?"

"Three months is very light for shooting a man."

"But, Judge, you don't understand. In three months the case will have been forgotten and then my client will be a frost in vaudeville."

* * *

When Farmer Fairweight came to London on a flying visit he discovered many things—that busses

could go without horses, that you could walk for a whole hour without striking a field or an acquaintance, and, finally, that you couldn't hit a policeman simply because he compels you to move out of other people's way.

As he was being taken to the station, he inquired what the policeman intended doing with him.

"You'll find out soon enough," said the policeman grimly. "Seven days, probably."

"Seven days! Ah, that's where I have ye, old blue-bottle!" chuckled the farmer triumphantly, producing the return half of his ticket. "I've got to go back on Monday!"

* * *

While a reporter was telephoning his story from Sing Sing, a convict hammering on the floor made it hard for the reporter to hear. "Would you mind stopping for a few minutes?" asked the reporter.

"All right, boss," said the convict, "go to it. I got twenty years to finish this job."

SEPARATION OF WITNESSES

When a defendant in Edgware police court said that he wished to call his mother as a witness, the court observed that she had been in the court all the time and had heard the evidence.

The Mother (from the rear of the court)—"Yes, but I'm stone deaf and can't hear a word."

The Clerk (in a whisper)—"Quite deaf?"

The Mother—"Yes."

SET-OFF

A verdict was rendered in Circuit Court at Bowling Green, Kentucky, that was full of humor and produced a roar of laughter in the court room. H. F. Richmond, who had swapped horses with L. M. Butler, sued him for $75, alleging breach of warranty, introducing evidence that the horse was unsound and to prove that the horse was a "stump sucker." Butler filed a counterclaim, and set up that the horse gotten from the plaintiff had fits.

After only a few moments in the jury room the jury returned the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find that this is a case of hoss and hoss, that neither the plaintiff nor defendant is entitled to recover damages, and that each shall pay his own costs in this cause expended."

SHOW AND EXHIBITION LICENSE

A showman who desired to exhibit an Egyptian mummy applied to the local judge for a license, stating that at great trouble and expense, to say nothing of danger, he had been fortunate enough to procure the greatest curiosity ever seen in the United States.

"What is it?" asked the judge.

"An Egyptian mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman.

"Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED

Notary—"Sign your name here, Uncle Rastus."

Rastus—"Ah doesn't write ma name, suh. Ah has no time fer dem triflin' details o' business. Ah allus dictates ma name, suh."

SIMPLE LARCENY

"I pleads guilty ter stealin' dem melons, Jedge," said the prisoner; "but I wants de mercy er de court." "On what grounds?" asked the judge. "On dese grounds," replied the prisoner. "I stole de melons, but de sheriff didn't give me a chance ter eat 'em!"

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Hamilton Webster (called "Ham" for short) had just been elected sheriff of a county in one of the Western States. He had received strict orders to keep no prisoner in solitary confinement. One evening he found himself in possession of but two prisoners, one of whom escaped during the night.

The next morning Ham opened the cell of the one remaining, a man arrested for horse stealing, and proceeded to kick him out, remarking: "Git out of here, you pieface! You stayed in to get me in trouble over that derned solitary confinement regulation, didn't ye?"

SPECIFIC PERFORMANCE

Mr. Justice Darling was trying a case in which the question arose whether the defendant, a vocalist, was competent to fulfill his contract. One of the wit-

nesses said in reply to the lawyer, "Well, he could not sing like the Archangel Gabriel." "I have never heard of Archangel Gabriel," was the comment. Mr. Justice Darling replied blandly with gentle sarcasm, "That, Mr. Attorney, is a pleasure to come."

SPEED LIMIT

A story is told of a certain Scottish magistrate who on rising one morning found that he had overslept himself, and had but a few minutes in which to keep a most important appointment. Making a hurried toilet, he rushed from the house and hailed a passing cab.

"Drive me," he said to the driver, "to the police court with all possible speed. On no account delay an instant."

Faithful to his instructions, the driver urged his steed to its very utmost. Faster and faster they went until, after an exciting drive, he deposited his fare at his destination in time for the appointment, but not before he had damaged a passing vehicle in his mad career.

The magistrate, on alighting, handed him his fare with the addition of a substantial tip, and then, to the man's astonishment, pressed thirty shillings into his hand, at the same time saying:

"Here's thirty shillings, my man; you will be brought before me to-morrow morning for furious driving, and I shall fine you that amount."

"Oh, but, Judge," protested the automobilist, when his honor imposed a $10 fine for overspeeding, "look at your roads! No car ever made could have gone over eight miles an hour through that mire."

"That's jest it!" said his honor, severely. " 'Twarn't nothing but thet there mud of ourn as held ye back!"

* * *

A motorist who had been scorching on a country road was brought before a justice of the peace who had fined him before.

"You have been out with that machine again, have you?" demanded the justice. "Frightening horses again, eh? Why don't you get a flying machine if you want to beat time and be eccentric?"

"It would do no good," wearily replied the prisoner. "You would arrest me for frightening the birds."

* * *

A disheveled citizen rushed into a Boston police station Saturday afternoon and shouted for vengeance.

"The automobile that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he spluttered.

"I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I—want—"

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."

"Ye say ye ain't been speedin', eh?" said Silas as he stopped the car.

"Nary a speed," said the chauffeur, trying to be amiable.

"When did ye leave Quinceville?" demanded Silas, suspiciously.

"Five o'clock this morning," said the chauffeur, with a wink at his companion.

"Five this morning, eh?" said the constable, catching the wink. "Taken ye six hours to come four miles. Wa-al, I guess I'll run ye in, anyhow, only I'll change the complaint from overspeedin' to obstructin' the highway."

* * *

Rural Justice—"I'll have to fine ye fifty dollars for exceeding the speed limit."

Autoist: "Look here, Judge, this young lady and I want to get married. Remit the fine and you get the job."

* * *

Judge—"The prisoner claims that he tooted his horn before he ran over you."

Complainant (much damaged)—"Maybe he did, your Honor; but what good is that when a car is traveling faster than sound?"

* * *

"Waal," said the constable, after some parley with the autoist, "I reckon I know speed when I see speed, and by gorry! I'll bet ye $5 ye was goin' faster'n the law allows."

"I'll bet you $5 I wasn't," said the autoist. "And there's the money."

He paid the constable the $5, and resumed his journey.

"They is suthin' in this sportin' life after all," chuckled the constable, as he folded up the bill and placed it in his pocket.

* * *

At the courts a case concerning motor driving was being heard, when the chauffeur declared that while driving at 40 miles an hour he could, if necessary, pull up in ten or twelve feet.

"Um," said the judge.

Then the next witness—an expert—gave his evidence. Said his lordship:

"If a motor car were traveling at 40 miles an hour and the brakes could be put on in such a manner as to stop it within ten or twelve feet, where would the driver go?"

"Depends very much on the sort of life he'd been living," said the expert.

* * *

Lawyer for the Plaintiff—"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant claims that when he ran over my client his car was going but three miles an hour. Think of the agony endured by my client while being run over as slowly as that!"

* * *

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," but nine times out of ten the automobile gets away first.

* * *

Judge—"So you admit you were going at the rate of 25 miles an hour?"

Chauffeur—"Yes, your Honor."

Judge—"Well, a man should pay as he goes. I'll fine you $25."

* * *

"The court has taken your case into consideration, Mr. Slithers," said the judge, at Slithers' trial for violating the motor ordinance at Crackett's Corners, "and, in view of what ye've said, an' with some trewth about the badness of our roads hereabouts in your own testimony, I've decided not to fine ye $50, as the law permits."

"That's very square of you, Judge," said Slithers.

"We try to be square, Mr. Slithers," said the judge; "and, instead of the $50 fine, we're goin' to sentence ye to work on them roads for ten days, in the hope that your sooperior wisdom as a road expert will make them consid'rably better."

* * *

Being pursued by a farmer and his three sons after being caught in the chicken yard, a young negro had just made up his mind that he was not eluding his followers as quickly as might be, when a long-eared jack rabbit jumped up from the roadside and started down the road ahead of him. The would-be chicken thief had run a few hundred feet farther when the farmer and his boys were astonished to hear the negro shout in a voice that quavered with fright, though unrestrained, "Say, for de Lord sake, you rabbit, get out ob de way and let some one run who can run."

* * *

The whizzing motor car struck a stump, and one of the occupants of the back seat, a lady possessed of

considerable *embonpoint,* executed a neat but not gaudy parabola in the atmosphere and alighted by the roadside like a polypus falling from a shot tower.

"I don't believe I have broken any bones," she stated, in reply to the inquiry of the omnipresent bystander, "but there is a lump on this bank that——"

"Lump—nothin'!" snarled a smothered voice. "I'm the constable that's goin' to arrest you goshdinged joy-riders, if I live!"

* * *

"I've got the very thing you want," said the stableman: "a thorough-going road horse. Five years old, sound as a quail, $175 cash down, and he goes 10 miles without stopping."

The purchaser threw his hands skyward. "Not for me," he said, "not for me. I vouldn't gif you vive cent for him. I lif 8 mile out in de country, und I'd haf to valk pack 2 miles."

STOLEN PROPERTY

An Indian judge, when first appointed to his position, was not well acquainted with Hindustani. He was trying a case in which a Hindu was charged with stealing a "nilghai." The judge did not like to betray his ignorance of what a nilghai was, so he said, "Produce the stolen property."

The court was held in an upper room, so the usher gasped. "Please, your lordship, it's downstairs."

"Then bring it up instantly!" sternly ordered the judge.

The official departed and a minute later a loud

bumping was heard, mingled with loud and earnest exhortations. Nearer came the noise, the door was pushed open, and the panting official appeared, dragging in the blue bull.

The judge was dumfounded, but only for an instant.

"Ah, that will do," said he. "It is always best, when possible, for the judge personally to inspect the stolen property. Remove the stolen property, usher."

STOCK AND STOCKHOLDERS

"When I was a barefoot lad, I had to spend a good deal of time minding the stock on father's farm. I'll never forget the day when father told me to take a rope and hold a couple of bull calves."

"What did they do?"

"They scorched my hands with the rope and then turned around and stepped on me."

"Unruly disposition?"

"No; wonderful instinct. They recognized me at a glance as a small stockholder."

SUBPOENA

"I have certainly received the subpœna, but I shall not appear—could not, in fact," the Lady Josephine exclaimed. "Not only am I not socially acquainted with Mr. Justice Conrad Jones, but the whole tone of his communication is so impossible that I absolutely refuse to know him."

SUBPOENA DUCES TECUM

Several prominent attorneys were discussing the peculiar and rather humorous questions put to witnesses by young attorneys entering upon their legal work, and one of the number vouched for the authenticity of this incident:

I went up to the superior civil court one day to hear a young friend of mine try his first case. All his relatives and friends were there, and the novice wore a most serious expression as he started to question a witness. He did nicely until he asked the man:

"Did you have a contract with the plaintiff?"

"Yes," replied the witness.

"What kind of a contract was it?"

"An oral one," replied the witness.

"Will you please produce it?"

The witness stood still staring at the attorney, and then looked at the judge, inquiringly. There was a ripple of laughter throughout the court room, but still the young attorney did not "catch on," and, looking toward the judge, remarked:

"Your Honor, I ask you to give the witness until 2 o'clock to produce that contract."

The court could not longer withhold, and joined in the laughter. Then the young lawyer saw his mistake, and with reddened face also had a good laugh.

* * *

The judge was checking his docket, and, looking up at the sheriff, said: "What was the return on the subpœna duces tecum, Mr. Sheriff?"

All the sheriff heard was duces tecum, and, turning, he called: "Duces tecum, duces tecum, duces tecum," and then, turning to the judge, who was shaking with mirth, said in the gravest manner: "The witness does not answer, your Honor," and then he wondered why the crowd laughed.

SUICIDE

A big policeman who walks a beat near a Greek settlement always gets angry when he hears this told at his expense, but there are those who will vouch for its truth.

A young man very much excited rushed up to this policeman and exclaimed:

"Say, Jim, did you hear about a Greek by the name of Socrates taking poison?"

"I did not," Jim replied innocently. Then he added, thoughtfully stroking his chin:

"Sure, that's the first time I ever heard of a Greek going up against anything stronger than what he sells in his own coffee house. I guess I'd better look this up and bulletin all the details to the department. It's an unusual case."

SUPREME COURT

"I asked her to marry me, and she gave me a supreme court answer."

"What kind of an answer is that?"

"Said she would give me six months to readjust myself so as to be acceptable."

"I hope the learned counsel will give the court credit of knowing some of the rudiments of law."

"I beg the pardon of your Honor," replied the youthful attorney in his blandest manner, "but I made that mistake in the lower court."

* * *

A member of the Providence bar one day met an able and conscientious judge on the street and said to him:

"I see, Judge, that the supreme court has overruled you in the case of A versus Z, but you need feel no concern about your reputation."

"No, indeed," answered the judge complacently; "I don't. I'm only concerned about the reputation of the supreme court."

* * *

It is related that Justice Clifford, who presided over the Electoral Commission in 1877, was more sensitive about corrections of his rhetoric than of his law. The Maine jurist had a habit of omitting the definite article. He was always writing "Court said" or "judgment was," leaving out the little "the" with a regularity that weighed heavily on Justice Grier. One day Justice Grier spoke about the peculiarity.

"Brother Grier," said Justice Clifford, "you may criticize my law, but my style is my own."

Few lawyers have enough courage to address the court as did Sidney Bartlett. While arguing a case, Mr. Bartlett had occasion to state what he considered to be the general rule of law applicable.

"That is not the law," interrupted Justice Gray.

"It was the law until your Honor spoke," suggested Mr. Bartlett.

* * *

When a lawyer recently told his client that the opinion of the court in his case was to be published in the Lawyers' Reports Annotated, and that his case would, by reason of its importance, be known in every town of the United States and all over the world, the client quickly inquired: "Can't you get them to add that the plaintiff keeps the ——— Hotel in the lake shore village of M——, meals 50 cents?"

* * *

Dear Sir:—

I am to-day in receipt of the opinion in *Doe* v. *Roe*. With much regret, I have to advise that you have lost your case in the court of last resort. Under other circumstances, I should take the defeat as a matter of course, but, under the circumstances, I feel that I am, in a measure, to be blamed for the loss. They have a rule in the Supreme Court that any attorney appearing before it must wear a Prince Albert. I did not know of this rule until after the case had been argued, and then it was too late. Of course, the Supreme Court didn't give that as a reason for beating us, but it was a *blamed sight better than any reason they did give.*

Yours truly,

Smith.

In the olden days justices took snuff on the bench, and Justice Bushrod Washington one day held his snuff box open with his hand extended on the arm of his chair. Henry Clay was arguing a case, and in the midst of a slight pause he leaned forward and deliberately took a pinch of snuff from Mr. Justice Washington's snuff box. Before the justices could recover from the shock of this awful transgression, Mr. Clay proceeded to lay the whole court out stone cold by saying blandly:

"I perceive your Honor still sticks to the Scotch!"

The Constitution of the United States had provided no adequate punishment for this terrible offense, and the justices were forced to condone it, but as Justice Washington afterward solemnly said:

"I believe Henry Clay to be the only man in the United States who would have dared to take such a liberty."

* * *

In Moore v. Nation (Kan.) 103 Pac. 107, the learned justice writing the opinion refers to the fact that the judges are forbidden to practice their profession in any of the courts of the State during their continuance in office, and concludes: "So that, so far as remuneration for services beyond salary is concerned, there is written above the portal of the judicial office in Kansas the inscription which Dante read at the top of the gate of hell: 'Leave every hope, ye who enter!'"

* * *

An apt illustration of the graceful and retiring modesty which sometimes characterizes the judicial

mind may be found in Michigan State Bank v. Hammond, 1 Dougl. (Mich.) 527, where the judge delivering the opinion of the court remarks that the case involves the same legal principles "which were so ably discussed and so fully considered" by the court at a former term,—a reference to which prior decision discloses the interesting fact that the opinion was written by the same judge who lauds it.

SUSPENDED SENTENCE

Magistrate—"If I let you off this time will you promise me to take the pledge?"

Delighted Prisoner (excitedly)—"Oi will, yer Honor, an' drink yer health."

* * *

"I see an Illinois judge has fined himself for speeding."

"Well, that's no more than just."

"And suspended sentence."

"Well, that's no more than human."

* * *

Old man Jones was apparently on his death-bed. All his friends had come in to partake of a last farewell. Finally Jenkins, his life-long enemy, was sent for, that there might be a reconciliation before Jones passed over the river. Jenkins came through the door and met the following from the dying citizen:

"Bill, they tell me I am gwine ter die. Sich bein' the case, I sont for ye ter tell ye that I want ter leave here without any hard feelings agin yer—that is, if I die. But, gol dern yer old hide, if I do git up from here and don't die, I want yer ter understand that things are going to go on jist like they wuz!"

SUSPICION

"You are charged," said the justice, "as a suspected person carrying firearms."

"Well, your Honor—I mean, your worship—that is, your lord," stuttered the defendant, "it's a mistake. It wasn't an offense; it was all a joke—and a good one."

"Explain yourself!" said the justice, gazing at him solemnly.

"Well, sir, it's all a rather elaborate preparation for an excellent pun I am in the habit of perpetuating on occasions. It takes a long time to explain, but it's very funny."

"Go on," said the J. P., sternly.

"Well, sir; first you get a pair of old pistols, and put them in your pocket. You see? Then you get the company to speak about the balloons. It's rather difficult sometimes; but you can lead up to it by calling the last speaker a gasbag, if he's a little fellow."

"Get on!" roared the justice.

"Then you say your life was once saved by parachutes."

"Well?"

The corners of the J. P.'s mouth were now twitching with anger.

"Then, when they say 'nonsense' you draw out the old pistols."

"What!"

"Pair-o-shoots! See?" screamed the defendant, in convulsions.

"Splendid!" said the J. P. "Three months' hard labor."

* * *

"I will ask you," said the lawyer who was trying to throw doubt on the testimony of a witness, "if you have ever been indicted for any offense against the law?"

"I never have, sir."

"Have you ever been arrested on a charge of any kind?"

"Never."

"Well, have you ever been suspected of committing a crime?"

"I'd rather not answer that question."

"Ha! You would rather not. I thought so. I insist upon your answering it. Have you ever been suspected of crime?"

"Yes, sir; often. Every time I come home from a trip abroad, the customs inspectors at New York City suspect me of being a smuggler."

* * *

"What makes you suspect that they are engaged?"

"They have stopped occupying a box at the opera and are attending the picture shows instead."

TARIFF

Some Boston men, who bought a spring supplying a Canadian table water, found themselves in a fix

when a tariff of 25 cents a gallon was imposed on the importation of spring water into the States. They wrote to a New York lawyer, and asked him how they could get round the law.

The lawyer thought hard. Then he winked.

"Freeze your water," he said. "Import it in cakes and bottle it on this side of the border. There ain't any duty on ice."

The scheme worked, and is still working. This particular spring water is drunk all over the States to-day, and on every gallon of it the firm is saved 25 cents.

* * *

"What is your attitude on the tariff?"

"Something," replied the Senator, "like that of a man who is walking a tight rope."

TAXES

At a dinner attended by the late Governor Johnson, a New York millionaire said, in reference to his taxes: "I've got a little piece of property that brings me a fair rental, and the tax gatherers haven't spotted it yet. I don't know whether I ought to tell them or not. What would you do, Governor Johnson?"

The governor's eyes twinkled. "It's the duty of every man," he said, "to live unspotted. Still if I were you, I'd pay up."

* * *

"John, what is the difference between direct taxation and indirect taxation?"

"Why, the difference between your asking me for money and going through my trousers while I'm asleep."

TECHNICALITY

Many absurdities result from a too technical enforcement of the law. Some courts make the mistake of enforcing the letter of the law and overlooking the spirit of it. This is illustrated in the following take-off:

"The prisoner is discharged."

"What's that, Judge?"

"You are discharged, I say."

"But, Judge, I pleaded guilty."

"I can't help that. Go on away."

"I pleaded guilty, your Honor, and guilty I was, and I think I ought to go to jail."

"Will you keep still? The court is done with your case."

"The indictment charged me with using poisonous flavors in soda water, Judge, and I certainly did. Now, I want to pay the penalty."

"Once and for all, my man, I order you to quit bothering this court. You were charged with adulterating soda water. The evidence showed that you labeled your bottles, 'sody water.' That lets you out. There is no law against putting impurities in sody water. The law refers only to soda water, sir—s-o-d-a, soda."

"I had no intention of evading the law, Judge. I spelt it s-o-d-y through ignorance. Can't you send me up for a month or so?"

"No, sir, not for a minute. The law is the law, and I am here to defend it from violation. Officers, throw this persistent and illogical person into the street!"

* * *

John is seven and the son of a lawyer. The father is much given to making fine distinctions in evidence, and the boy had often heard his father discuss the technical difference between absolute lying, misstatements of fact and the like.

The youngster had been caught in some boyish misdeed, and for once, in a way, though ordinarily a truthful lad, he attempted to smooth matters over.

"Son, look me straight in the eye and tell me if that statement is the truth," said the father, severely.

"Well, dad, I think that was a misstatement of fact," replied the boy. "It would have been a lie if I had expected you to believe it, but I didn't have much hope."

The father will be more careful in the future how he discusses abstract subjects around the house.

* * *

In Gibbs v. State, 34 Tex. 135, is this sample of stern justice: "The judgment in this case must be reversed, because of a fatal error in the verdict of the jury. The defendant was indicted for the theft of a gelding and the jury found him guilty of 'horse stealing.' He was therefore indicted and tried for one offense and the jury found him guilty of another."

A Tennessee lawyer entered on the motion docket of the court a motion to set aside a dismissal of a case for want of prosecution because the name of the plaintiff was not "spelt wright." A brother attorney, sending us the item, says, "Do you think that it was up to him to be fastidious about the spelling?"

* * *

"I will tell you the kind of lawyer Jones is," said the judge, in reply to a request for such information.

"He's so technical that he will fall over a crowbar to hunt for a pin, and not even see the crowbar, mind you."

* * *

The magistrate had in hand a hatchet-stealing case. It was proven that the prisoner had stolen the hatchet, but the magistrate, search his law books as he would, could find no precedent for hatchet stealing.

"Prisoner at the bar," he said at last, blaring up at the accused from over his spectacles, "I can't locate nothing in the books relatin' to hatchet stealing, though I find here a case of ax stealing, where the defendant was convicted and got heavy punishment. Prisoner at the bar, you have had a narrow escape. You may now go, and let this be a warnin' to you."

TEST CASE

"Say, paw, what's a test case?"

"A test case, my son, is a case brought in court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."

A negro had been tried and found guilty of murder, and was sentenced to be hanged. The time set for the execution had arrived, and the condemned negro was led to the scaffold.

"Rastus," said the sheriff, "have you anything to say before the sentence of the law is carried into execution?"

"No, boss," replied the prisoner. "I ain't no speechifier, but I suttenly believes dis am gwine to be a lesson to me."

* * *

"I say, Jones," said the scientific person, when greetings had been duly exchanged, "would you mind letting me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become sadly vitiated by trying all sorts of things."

The professor took some of the substance under analysis and put it on his friend's tongue, whereupon the Boston man worked it around in his mouth for fully a minute, tasting it as though he might have sampled a choice confection.

"Note any effect?" asked the professor.

"No especial effect."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I didn't think it would. There are no alkaloids in it then. How does it taste?"

"Very bitter."

"Very bitter eh?" Then, after a pause. "All right, that will do."

By this time the caller's curiosity was aroused. "What is it, anyhow?" he asked.

"I don't know. That's what I am trying to find out. Some one around here has been poisoning horses with it."

THIRD DEGREE

In a small Southern town there lived a very zealous Christian woman who was the mother of several boys not quite so religiously inclined. The boys could hardly be gotten to the church door. The exasperated mother, in her righteous anger, was one day whipping the boy for not attending and taking a responsive part in a protracted meeting then running at her church. Fast and thick fell the lashes on the boy's back. Finally, thinking the necessary thing to do was to stop the punishment at any cost, he yelled out amid his groans: "Mamma, I got it, I got it." And so, on the boy's statement that he had "got" religion, the mother happily forebore to chastise her son any longer.

* * *

"Did you give this man the third degree?" asked the police officer.

"Yes. We browbeat and badgered him with every question we could think of."

"What did he do?"

"He dozed off and merely murmured now and then, "Yes, my dear. You're perfectly right.' "

THREATS

He was one of those people who on every possible occasion consulted his attorney. Nothing pleased him more than to go to law. The lawyers regarded him as an invaluable asset.

"I have been grossly insulted," he exclaimed, rushing into the office of his solicitor for the seventh time in three days.

"In what way?" asked the solicitor, somewhat wearily.

"My next door neighbor has declared he will pull my nose next time he meets me. What shall I do about it?"

"Well," said the lawyer, as if he had given the case due deliberation, "I should soap it, then it will slip through his fingers. Good day! My bill will follow in due course."

TOPOGRAPHY

In the course of a trial, at Waterbury, Connecticut, the examiner was trying to get the topography of the country and the relative situation of objects. The witness was asked, "Which way does the road run past your house?" The reply was, "Both ways, your Honor, up and down."

* * *

Judge W. D. Anderson of Tupelo, Mississippi, told this story:

"Uncle George Snow, an old *ante bellum* negro, was introduced for the State. The counsel asked

Uncle George which side of Souchatouchee creek he lived on, to which he replied:

"Which side of the creek do I live on, boss?"

"Yes."

"Gwine up or down the creek, boss?"

TRESPASS

Complaint was made to a landed proprietor by one of his employees, that boys who were swimming in a pond were causing quite a nuisance. The owner of the property gave the man the privilege of putting up a sign, as he had asked permission to do. The notice read as follows:

"No Loffing or Swimming on Theas Growns—Order by ———. If Catched Law Will be Forced."

* * *

"About the meanest man I ever knew lived way out West, where the cyclones blow."

"Did you have personal experience with him?"

"Sure. A windstorm picked up my house and blew the whole family over on to his farm."

"Wouldn't he come to your assistance?"

"No. He rushed off and got a lawyer to bring action against us for trespass."

* * *

A gentleman calling at a hotel left his umbrella in the stand in the hall, with the following inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds weight. I shall be back in ten minutes." On returning to reclaim his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed:

"This card has been left by a man who can run twenty miles an hour. I shall not come back."

TRIAL

"Johnny, did you take that jam? Answer me this instant!"

"What jam, ma?"

"You know very well what jam. Did you take it?"

"That's a leading question, ma. I can't incriminate myself."

"JOHNNY!"

"And besides, ma, it's no crime to take jam, because there's no mention of blackberry jam in the Constitution."

"Johnny, I'm losing patience. Once more, did you take that jam?"

"Ma, I'd like a delay until next fall to prepare my case. My witnesses have gone to Europe."

"You're overruled. If I waited you might destroy the evidence."

"Then I want a change of venue."

"Overruled. This is just as good a place as the woodshed."

"Can I have a *habeas corpus,* ma?"

"Johnny, you're hurting your own case by all this quibbling. Come, now, did you take it or didn't you?"

"Ma, I'd like to appeal the case to some court that isn't in session."

"Nonsense. This court is capable of trying it. If you're guilty I want to know it, and if you're inno-

cent I should think you'd be glad to have a chance to prove it. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"NOT GUILTY, MA!"

* * *

"Life must have its trials."

"Of course it must. How else could the lawyers make their living?"

* * *

A Chinaman thus describes a trial in the English law courts: "One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve men condemn the man who has not said a word."

* * *

A big chap stood at the rail completely swathed in bandages. One might say that little of his face was visible, aside from one eye that peered through an opening in the bandages.

"You are charged with disorderly conduct," said the court.

"So I understand," said the man at the rail. "And I want to be held for trial."

This was a decidely unexpected announcement; and every one in court was correspondingly astonished.

"I should think," said the court, after a moment's hesitation, "that you would plead guilty now, and pay a fine of five dollars, ending the matter."

"I thank your Honor," said the man, "but I want to be tried."

"Why?"

"For this reason," explained the mussed-up man. "The last thing I remember was that I was standing very peaceably on a street corner. When I came to, two doctors were busily engaged in sewing me together. I want to be tried so that I can hear the stories of the witnesses. That's about the only way I'll ever find out what came off."

TRUTH

"Did you notice any suspicious characters about the neighborhood?" the judge inquired.

"Shure, yer Honor," replied the new policeman. "I saw one man, and I asked him what he was doing there at that time o'night? Sez he, 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store later on.' At that I sez, 'I wish you much success, sor.'"

"Yes," said the magistrate, in a disgusted tone, "and he did open a jewelry store in that vicinity later on, and stole seventeen watches."

"Begorra, yer Honor," answered the policeman after a pause, "the man may have been a thafe, but he was no liar."

* * *

Witness—"He's a dirty, mean, contemptible scoundrel, your worship! A low——"

Judge—"Silence, witness!"

Witness—"Well, your worship, I know the truth."

Judge—"Doesn't matter! We don't want any of that here."

"Will you tell the jury all you know about the case?"

"Yes, if they can spare the time."

* * *

"That man called me a liar, a chump, a scoundrel, and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?"

"By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth."

* * *

An aged man named Green, who had the reputation of being always ready to defend himself, was on trial for assault with intent to kill. The prosecution, in an attempt to impeach the accused, asked a witness:

"Are you acquainted with the reputation of Old Man Green for truth and veracity among his neighbors and acquaintances, in the vicinity where he lives, and among those who know him?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Is that reputation good or bad?"

"Well, sir, his reputation for truth is good, but his veracity is very bad."

This remarkable answer upset the gravity of the court and spectators.

* * *

"Mistah Johnsing, what foh you call dat son of yoh's Izaak Walton, when he was baptized George Washington?"

"Because, sah, dat rascal's reputation for verac'ty made dat change imper'tive."

Lawyer: "Are you—er—er—truthful?"

Youth: "Yes, sir, but I ain't so blame truthful as ter interfere with your business."

TRUSTS

"Say, pa, what does it mean when it says the Supreme Court dissolved a trust?"

"Well, my son, you see, hum—ha—that's a sort of solution of the trust question."

"Does it fix it so there isn't any trust any more, pa?"

"Well, my son, when you dissolve a lump of sugar in water, the sugar is still there, but you can't see it."

* * *

"What shall we say of the Senator?"

"Just say he was always faithful to his trust."

"And shall we mention the name of the trust?"

* * *

Judge Gary, apropos of the never-ending trust investigations, said:

"No big, successful business can feel safe. The heads of every such business are on pins and needles all the time. They are like the old shellback.

"An old shellback sat on a windswept ocean pier carving toy ships with a jacknife, and about the edge of the pier played half a dozen urchins. The water was deep and turbulent, but the urchins took all sorts of risks, and finally the old shellback, dropping his work, grabbed up a couple of them and spanked them soundly.

"'What did you do that for?' a bystander asked the old shellback.

"'Wall, cap'n,' he replied, 'it ain't that I care a tinker's durn whether they fall in or whether they don't. What I can't stand is the gosh-hanged uncertainty.'"

* * *

Trust Magnate: "Is the morning mail in?"

Secretary: "Yes."

T. M.: "Very well. Credit up the checks, throw the appeals for help into the waste basket, and turn the indictments over to our lawyers to be quashed."

* * *

They were on the subway. The middle-aged man was sober, but his young companion had confided to him in particular, and to the whole car in general, that the champagne had tasted unusually fine that evening.

"I see by the paper," commented the sober one, "that a lot of millionaires are going to be presented at court in London."

"Yesh," agreed the youth; "shum of 'em go to court, and shum go to jail."

* * *

"I am very glad our illegal trusts are being taken in hand," said Senator La Follette at a dinner in Madison. "A trust is so impersonal, you see, it breaks the law and you can't jail it.

"A trust, in fact, is like a slot machine. One day I saw a little boy weeping bitterly before a slot machine

that was out of order. A policeman appeared, and the boy said to him:

"'Mister, arrest this machine! It's robbed me of a nickel!'"

* * *

"I see one of our big corporations is going to do something for its old clerks."

"Good enough! What form will it take?"

"Well, after a man has been with them twenty-five years, they're going to give him a gold stripe on his sleeve."

* * *

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" begins the minister, when the bridegroom, the eminent financier, interrupts with, "I don't remember." Then, seeing the looks of amazement on the faces of all, he realizes where he is and exclaims: "I beg your pardon! For the moment I was thinking about my trial last week. Certainly I take her."

TRUST COMPANIES

"You have many feuds in your country?"

"Some few," admitted the American tourist.

"And what becomes of a feud when the last of the family is wiped out?"

"Oh, the executor generally takes it up. Or, if he is a poor shot, we have trust companies which will carry it on."

UNWRITTEN LAW

"What law is that timid, shrinking one over there by the door?"

"The unhappy law that looks as if it wished it were dead?"

"Yes; the one with the black eye."

"That's the Sherman law."

"And what is this bold and florid one that everybody treats with so much deference?"

"That's the unwritten law."

* * *

"So your son Josh is going to law school?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel; "but he don't pay no 'tention whatever to his books. I guess maybe he's goin' to be one o' these here unwritten lawyers."

* * *

The well-wishing citizen walked into the young lawyer's office, who had just hung out his shingle, and after looking critically around the bare premises, and seeing that the office contained practically nothing beside the young lawyer himself, and a table and chair or two, he remarked: "Young man, you say you are practicing law; I don't see any books." "I know," replied the young man, "but you see I am practicing the unwritten law."

* * *

"It is odd that so many eloquent arguments are made about the unwritten law."

"Why so?"

"Because the unwritten law ought to be unspeakable."

* * *

Once upon a time there lived a man who conceived that something should be done in the interests of a more definite understanding all around.

"Let us," quoth he, "have done with the uncertainties of the unwritten law. Let us, in other words, write it out." But the man's stenographer, as it chanced, was a young person. He looked at her and his heart failed him.

"How dare I dictate anything like that to her?" he sighed. The upshot being that the unwritten law is still with us.

* * *

Breathless Urchin—"You're—wanted—down—our—court—and bring a hamblance!"

Policeman—"What do you want the ambulance for?"

Urchin—"Muvver's found the lidy wot pinched our doormat!"

VENUE

The judge of one of the Missouri County Courts went to his home and becoming acquainted with some flagrant act of his seven-year-old son, summoned the lad before him. "Now, sir, lay off your coat," he said sternly. "I am going to give you a whipping that you will remember as long as you live." "If it please your Honor," said the boy, "we desire to ask a stay of the proceedings in this case until we can prepare and file a change of venue to mother's court.

Our application will be based on the belief that this court has formed an opinion regarding the guilt of the defendant, which can not be shaken by evidence, and is therefore not competent to try the case." Stay was granted and the boy allowed twenty-five cents attorney fee.

* * *

In a murder trial in the noted feud county of Breathitt, in Kentucky, ex-Chief Justice Holt was presiding as special judge, when upon a question of getting a change of venue a witness swore that the defendant could not in his opinion get a fair trial. The court said: "Mr. H., do you think, in a county as large as this one, twelve men can not be found who will give the defendant a fair trial according to the evidence and not be governed by their prejudices and the rumor of the county?" "Wall, Jedge," replied the witness, "it is this ar way. It can't be did. If we had honest officers, of course it could be did, but there are none sich, and in my opinion it can't be did."

VERDICT

The jury in a capital case had listened to the learned charge of the judge and solemnly retired. Two hours later they filed slowly back in charge of a constable, and great was the feeling of suppressed excitement in the close court room.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the sombre judge, breaking a silence that was almost painful in its intensity, "have you agreed on a verdict?"

"Yes, your Honor," was the impressive response of the foreman, "the jury are all of one mind—temporary insanity."

* * *

"Judge," said the forewoman of the jury of ladies, "we want to speak to you about the sealed verdict we just rendered."

"Well, ladies?"

"Can we unseal it and add a postscript?"

* * *

One day a case was being tried, when suddenly the justice exclaimed:

"How is this? There are only eleven jurymen in the box. Where is the twelfth?"

The foreman rose and addressed the court respectfully as follows:

"May it please your Honor, the twelfth juror had to go away on important business, but he has left his verdict with me."

* * *

This was the first case for the majority of the jury, and they sat for hours arguing and disputing over it in the bare little room at the rear of the court room. At last they straggled back to their places and the foreman, a lean, gaunt fellow, with a superlatively solemn expression, voiced the general opinion:

"The jury don't think that he done it; for we allow he wasn't there; but we think he would have done it ef he'd had the chanst."

In an argument to the supreme court of Wyoming, an attorney of the mold of Hamlet gave the court the following philosophy:

"It is sometimes said that life is a stage, and that we are the players. We do not believe it. Life is a battle, and we are the combatants. The forces are constantly being marshaled. Swords are constantly flashing, the roar of the guns and the cannons is constantly heard. The withering fire from the cannon's mouth is appalling, and death stalks about, at night and at day. Though ramparts are built and protected, though fortresses may seem unconquerable, they yet are compelled to give way. No matter for what principles the forces on one side may battle, no matter how justly they conceive their cause to be, the opposing forces, taking a different view, will sooner or later run over them, and hew them down. No wonder the courage frequently flinches and gives way to a despairing bitterness, and that despairing hearts often cry out: 'What is the use?'"

* * *

A trial took place in Texas before a colored jury. The twelve negroes were told by the judge to retire and "find a verdict."

They departed for the jury room. They began the opening and shutting of drawers, the slamming of doors, and other sounds of unusual commotion. Every one wondered what the trouble was.

At last the jury came back into the court and the foreman arose and said:

"We hab looked eberywhar', in the drawers and behind the do', an' can't find no verdict. It warn't in de room."

* * *

"The jury has been out a long time." "Yes; and I doubt their ever reaching a verdict. You see, the case is one in which a life-insurance solicitor is suing a book agent, and I fancy the jurymen are trying to figure out some scheme for sticking them both."

VERBATIM

Having been cautioned by the prosecuting attorney not to let the counsel for the defense trick him into altering his testimony on the cross-examination, the old negro on the witness stand braced himself grimly for the cross-examination. He had just detailed on direct examination how he had seen the prisoner murder his victim, throw away his razor, and flee from the scene.

"You say you saw this man drop his razor and run away?" demanded counsel for the defendant, in challenging tones.

"No, suh; Ah never sed dat," declared the witness.

The attorney consulted his notes a moment, then turned fiercely to the witness again.

"Do you mean to tell this court and jury," he thundered, "that you did not say a few minutes ago that you saw this defendant throw down his razor and run away?"

"No, suh; Ah never did, an' no lawyer can make me say something Ah knows Ah didn't say."

"Well, then what did you say?"

"Ah never said Ah saw him," responded the old negro, slowly, with dignity. "Ah said Ah seen him!"

VICIOUS ANIMALS

"The owner of a dog of a mischievous and ferocious disposition, if he permit it to go at large, knowing that it has done mischief in the destruction of one kind of animals, will be liable for the destruction of other animals by the same dog, though of a different species."—Headnote.

* * *

An Irishman was going along a road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground (as is the custom of the animal when irritated), whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said:

"If it wasn't for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think you had thrown me over this fence on purpose."

* * *

A distinguished member of the bar was once sojourning at a farm in the West of Scotland. One morning the farmer asked him to go out and have a shot or two at the rabbits, which were very plentiful. The learned lawyer went, and he blazed away for a

whole afternoon, but without singeing the hair of a rabbit. The farmer and the would-be sportsman returned home, the former silent and disappointed. At last an idea struck him.

"Mr. S——," he exclaimed, "supposin' ane o' thae rabbits had turned on ye, what wud ye hae dune?"

VOIR DIRE

Judge—"You are a freeholder?"

Talesman—"Yes, sir; I am."

Judge—"Married or single?"

Talesman—"Married three years last June."

Judge—"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

Talesman—"Not for three years, your Honor."

* * *

A lawyer once asked a man who had at various times sat on several juries, "who influenced the most—the lawyers, the witnesses, or the judge?" He expected to get some useful and interesting information from so experienced a juryman. This was the man's reply: "I'll tell yer, sir, 'ow I makes up my mind. I'm a plain man, and a reasonin' man, and I ain't influenced by anything the lawyers say, nor by what the witnesses say, no, nor by what the judge says. I just looks at the man in the docks and I says, 'If he ain't done nothing, why's he there?' And I brings 'em all in guilty."

* * *

"Have you any scruples against voting for the infliction of the death penalty in case wilful murder is

proved?" "I got to ask for infermation," said the venireman, cautiously. "Should I say 'yes' or 'no' to that question if I don't want to set on this here jury?"

WARRANT

When Irvin S. Cobb, the well-known humorist, was a reporter in Paducah, Kentucky, he was sent to do the story of the hanging of a negro.

The sheriff couldn't read or write and Cobb volunteered to read the death warrant to the negro, which he did.

The negro had worked for Cobb's father and, as Cobb finished, the condemned man peered through the cell door and said, "Thank yeh very kindly, Massa Irvin. I allus knowed ef th' time come foh you-all to do me a favor you-all w'u'd do it."

WILLS

"What was the last operation that famous surgeon performed?"

"He cut his wife out of his will."

* * *

Old Lawyer (to young partner)—"Did you draw up old Moneybag's will?"

Young Partner—"Yes, sir; and so tight that all the relatives in the world can not break it."

Old Lawyer (with some disgust)—"The next time there is a will to be drawn up I'll do it myself."

* * *

"Vell, Ikey, my poy," said Sol to his son, "I've made my vill and left it all to you."

"That's very good of you, father," remarked Ike, eyeing him suspiciously.

"But bless you, it cost a lot of money for the lawyer, and fees and things!"

"Yees," said Ike, more suspiciously.

"Vell, it ain't fair I should pay all dot, is it? So I'll shust take it off from your next month's salary."

* * *

"You say they contested the will of the deceased?"

"Yes, sir; and the Court held that he was suffering from hallucinations."

"On what ground?"

"It appears that he left three-fourths of his property to his mother-in-law."

* * *

"My dear, I have just put you down in my will for $10,000."

"Oh, auntie, what can I say to thank you? How are you feeling to-day?"

* * *

An aged merchant was very ill and sent for the family lawyer. "I wish," began the sick man, as the attorney stood by his bedside eager to catch every word.

"Yes?" answered the lawyer, hastily scribbling.

"All my property to go to my eldest daughter. I wish to die firm in the knowledge that the property is assured to her," continued the merchant, with excitement.

"Of course—of course!" fussed the attorney.

"Would it be asking too much," hesitatingly asked the dying man, "to suggest that you should marry her?"

* * *

"I've just made my will leaving my brains to a medical society."

"And I can just see their faces when they get it. Oh, you post-mortem joker!"

* * *

"Did your uncle remember you when he came to make his will?"

"Yes; he remembered me so well that he left my name out altogether."

* * *

The lawyer was drawing up Enpeck's will. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?" "Yes," answered the attorney. "On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries within a year." "But why that condition?" asked the man of law. "Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died."

* * *

An elderly gentleman, who knew something of law, lived in an Irish village where no lawyers had ever penetrated, and was in the habit of making the wills of his neighbors. At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumber by a knocking at his gate, and, putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there. "It's me, your Honor—Paddy Flaherty. I could not get a wink of sleep, thinking of the will I have made." "What's the matter with

the will?" asked the lawyer. "Matter indeed!" replied Pat. "Shure, I've not left myself a three-legged stool to sit upon."

* * *

"Oh—you have made provision for your wife in the event of her surviving you. Does that remain unaltered if she should marry again?"

"No, no," said the client eagerly. "What am I leaving her? One thousand dollars a year. If she marries again make it $2,000."

The lawyer thought there must be a misunderstanding and pointed out that most men put it the other way about.

"I know," said the client, "but the man who takes her will deserve it."

* * *

Lawyer: "In this will you really insist upon being buried at sea?" "Yes. You see my wife says that when I'm dead she's going to dance on my grave."

* * *

A Chicago business man, with many relatives, some of whom were well-to-do but grasping, sought the services of his lawyer to draw up his will. When, after much labor, the document was completed, the client asked:

"Have you fixed this thing, as I wished it, tight and strong?"

"I have done my best," said the lawyer.

"Well," continued the client, "I want to ask you another thing—not professionally, however. As a friend, and man to man, who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I am gone?"

A poor peasant on his deathbed made his will. He called his wife to him and told her of its provisions.

"I have left," he said, "my horse to my parents. Sell it, and hand over to them the money you receive. I leave you my dog; he is valuable, and will serve you faithfully."

The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out to the neighboring market with the horse and the dog.

"How much do you want for your horse?" inquired a farmer.

"I can not sell the horse alone, but you can have both at a reasonable rate. Give me $50 for the dog and $1.25 for the horse."

The farmer laughed, but as the terms were low he willingly accepted them. Then the worthy woman gave to her husband's parents the $1.25 received for the horse and kept the $50 for herself.

* * *

Henry Beard and Alex Marshall are negroes. Henry is aged and infirm. Alex has acted as a friend and brother. In consideration whereof Henry has willed to Alex all of his worldly goods, possessions and endowments—that is, if Henry dies. Here is his last will and testament:

"Selma, Ala., June 29, 1914.

"Know All Men by These Presents:

"I hereby will one hog to Alex Marshall. I do this in consideration of Alex's help and friendship to me in lifetime. Now, if I don't die, the hog ain't Alex's. But if I should die, the hog is Alex's.

"Henry Beard."

"I hear that Billums turned all his property into bonds, disinherited his son, who married a chambermaid, and left everything to a college."

"Oh, he wasn't so mean as that! Under the terms of the will, the college will have to employ the son, at a salary of seven dollars a week, to cut off its coupons."

WITNESS

Michel—"Come away, wife, or else they will want us afterward as witnesses."

* * *

"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" asked the justice sternly.

"Nussah!" said Brother Jones humbly. "I 'specks I'se sawtuh peculiar dat-uh-way, but it ain't never been mah custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken-stealin', suh."

* * *

"Sam Jackson, you are in custody of the law," announced the judge. "The State provides counsel for those who lack it. I hereby appoint these two gentlemen present in court to defend you. Have you anything to say?"

Sam's face brightened at the judge's words.

"Two lawyers, yo Honah!" he exclaimed delightedly—and then with an engaging grin: "Yas, suh, yo' Honah—but ef it ain't crowdin' the law, cain't I swop off one of dem lawyers for a witness?"

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

" 'Bout like dis way," explained the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was a passin' de Big Fo' depot."

* * *

On his eighty-fourth birthday, Paul Smith, the veteran Adirondack hotel-keeper, who started life as a guide and died owning a million dollars' worth of forest land, was talking about boundary disputes with an old friend.

"Didn't you hear of the lawsuit over a title that I had with Jones down in Malone last summer?" asked Paul. The friend had not heard.

"Well," said Paul, "it was this way, I sat in the court-room before the case opened with my witnesses around me. Jones bustled in, stopped, looked my witnesses over carefully, and said: 'Paul, are those your witnesses?' 'They are,' said I. 'Then you win,' said he. 'I've had them witnesses twice myself.' "

The lawyer had a somewhat difficult witness, and finally asked if he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

* * *

A suit had been pending for more than thirty years in Connecticut, going to and from the Supreme Court, and finally after resting awhile the witnesses were found to be dying off, and it was brought to trial. Among the witnesses were two brothers, very old men, named Beech. The one first called gave a very minute narration of facts connected with the case, and the judge asked him his age, and he replied it was ninety-one years. The court asked him about his habits. He said he had always lived a temperate and upright life and never was sick a day. The court, turning to the jury, told them they could plainly see the effects of proper and temperate habits followed through a long life. And the next witness was the older brother, who was ninety-three years of age. His testimony was equally explicit in all particulars as that of his younger brother, and the court asked him about his habits, etc., about as he had the younger brother. He said in reply, that he had led a rollicking life ever since he became fifteen years of age; had drunk, smoked, gambled, and practised many other vile

habits, etc., whereupon the judge remarked to the jury that "Beech must be a very tough timber."

* * *

A nervous witness wearing a cork leg with a knee joint was testifying in a slander suit not long ago in the northern part of Illinois. At every question put to him he twitched about and the joint of the cork leg squeaked. This got on the nerves of the judge, and, on adjourning court for noon, he remarked that the witness would give pleasure to the court if, during the intermission, he would grease his automobile.

WOMAN JURY

The lady jury had been out for hours.

The judge looked tired, the clerk yawned, the loungers slept.

The bailiff, after listening at the keyhole several times, shook his head with a discouraged air.

And then, quite unexpectedly, the jury announced it was ready to report, and the twelve ladies filed in.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" the judge demanded.

The forelady nodded and smiled.

"We have agreed upon twelve verdicts, your Honor," she told him in her flutelike voice.

"You are discharged," roared the judge.

"Isn't he horrid!" said the ladies.

* * *

"Mabel, I'm drawn on the grand jury."

"So am I, Gertrude."

"Our responsibilities will be heavy."

"I realize that. What shall we wear?"

WOMAN LAWYER

"This monster has kept us from working in the past, deprived us of the right to earn our daily bread, dictated as to the raising of his wife's children, and now, ladies of the jury, he insists that we support him in luxury!"

* * *

"I see," said the Old Philosopher (Frank L. Stanton), "that great favor is being shown to the woman-lawyer question, and yet I see danger in it. The women—heaven bless 'em—are all so beautiful that they'd sway a jury against its best convictions. Up North I listened to a woman pleading a case in court and, when the evidence was in, I knew that the opinion of judge, jury and spectators was that her client was clearly guilty, and yet she won the verdict. As beautiful as a rosy dream of light, she set the jury to dreaming, and when a recess was ordered there was a rush to take her to lunch; but the judge had asked her first, and with him she went, leaning on his arm and smiling like the Morning in his face. The prosecuting attorney nudged me, and said:

" 'The jig's up! Every man on that jury wanted to escort her to lunch, and he's jealous of the judge because he couldn't. She'll get a verdict for her client—just watch!'

" 'They ought to go according to the evidence,' I said.

" 'That's just what they're going to do,' snapped the prosecuting attorney. 'The evidence of golden tresses, and cheeks like a rose-sweet Maytime, and a

voice of sweetest music, and eyes that hold heaven in them.'

"'You're somewhat under the spell of them yourself,' I remarked.

"'You bet, I am!' said the prosecuting attorney."

* * *

Cynic—"In view of the supreme court decision about trusts, it is a good thing that women are not yet in judicial positions."

Club Woman—"Why not, sir?"

Cynic—"Just imagine a court of women trying to decide anything by the rule of reason."

* * *

Examiner—"Miss Jones, state the chief impediment to marriage."

Candidate—"When no one presents himself."

* * *

The Lady Judge—"I'm getting tired of these requests for postponement. What's your latest excuse?"

The Lady Lawyer—"Why, your Honor, we only ask you to give us another week. The fact is, my client's dressmaker is ill and can't get her going-to-court gown finished until that date."

The Lady Judge—"Granted. Next case."

* * *

Female Lawyer—"We want a writ of womanconfoundus."

Opposing Counsel (from the East)—"What in the world is that?"

His Native-California Colleague—"It's what we used to call mandamus."

"Would you marry a woman lawyer?"

"No, indeed. The ordinary woman can cross-examine quite well enough."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The wife had just thrown a paving stone through a drug-store window, merely to prove that she was entitled to a vote, and had been marched off to jail.

"Thank heaven!" said hubby. "That settles the where-shall-we-spend-the-summer problem, anyhow."

* * *

"It must complicate matters terribly for Hawkins, now that his wife has been sent to jail for three months. I wonder who will sing the baby to sleep."

"Oh, he's fixed that all right. He's had the nursery connected by 'phone with her cell."

* * *

"See here, Mary Ann, where's my dinner?"

"There ain't agoin' to be no dinner, if you please, sir."

"What's that! No dinner?"

"No, sir. The missus came 'ome from jail this afternoon, an' ate up heverything in th' 'ouse!"

* * *

Wife (with suffragette leanings)—"Until women get the vote it is impossible for them to get justice in the courts."

Husband—"True; they get more mercy than justice now."

WRITINGS

The case afoot concerned a letter. The prosecution wanted this letter admitted in evidence, but the defense wanted it barred out. Finally the judge said reluctantly:

"Hand the pesky thing up here and I'll decide on it."

So the letter was handed up to the judge, and he put on his spectacles and looked at it sideways and crosswise, and a loud laugh went up from the spectators.

"What are they laughing at?" asked a man of another beside him.

"Why, at the jedge's bluff, o' course," was the reply. "The old fool can't read readin'-writin', let alone writin'-writin'."

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